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# THE
# Compleat ANGLER:
## OR,
## Contemplative Man's Recreation.

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In TWO PARTS.

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CONTAINING,

I. A large and particular Account of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish, and Fishing: Written by the ingenious and celebrated Mr. ISAAC WALTON.

II. The best and fullest Instructions how to angle for a *Trout* and *Grayling* in a clear Stream. By CHARLES COTTON, Esq; and published by Mr. WALTON.

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All that has been accounted Valuable, Instructive, or Curious, that has ever appeared on this Subject.

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With Exact

REPRESENTATIONS of all the FISH, and the Addition of several COPPER PLATES, designed as an Embellishment to the Work.

Carefully and correctly published,

From the best Editions, with a Number of occasional Notes.

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By MOSES BROWNE,
Author of PISCATORY ECLOGUES.

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To which are added,

The *Laws* of *Angling*; and an *Appendix*, shewing at one View, the most proper *Rivers*, particular *Haunts*, *Baits*; their *Seasons*, and *Hours* in the Day of Biting; *General Directions in Practice*, for every Kind of *Fish* that is to be angled for; alphabetically disposed, in a Method peculiarly useful, and never yet attempted. With short RULES concerning the *Tackle*, *Baits*, the several Ways of *Fishing*, and *Weather* proper for ANGLING.

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*LONDON:*
Printed and Sold by HENRY KENT, at the Printing-Office in *Finch-Lane*, near the *Royal Exchange*. MDCCL.

# THE

# Editor's PREFACE.

THE Compleat Angler *of the celebrated Mr.* Walton, *which (with another scarce and valuable Piece in that Kind) I have the Pleasure of restoring in the present Manner to the Publick, has been always held in the greatest Reputation, not only by those who have a Relish for the Recreation it treats of, but by all others of different Inclinations who have ever read it, and are the least discerning in Works of* Merit *and* Nature. *Its suitable, elegant Simplicity of Stile, its lively and masterly Descriptions, the most curious Discoveries (for its Time) in Matters of philosophical and historical Science, the happiest Mixtures of religious and moral Instruction, enlivened with a Vein of innocent Humour, and chearful Entertainment, appear in every Page of it. Nothing can be drawn more in Character; the honest Man, the plain, good-natured, ingenuous Angler, is conversing with you in every Line; and there is a Modesty so winning through the Whole; in a rich Store of Learning, it expresses, under a designed and studied Concealment, that I question if its Equal is to be met with in any Book (with so unpromising a Title) that has been written in our Language.*

*The Parts of it, which consist merely of Directions for* the Sport, *are allowed to be the best that have been hitherto communicated: And, indeed, he seems to have exhausted the Subject; since nothing from that Time has been published, among the many Treatises of this Kind, but what are borrowed from his Discourses, and are Copies of the* driest Parts *of him, without any of that artless Dress of Language, and Mixture of pleasing Transitions with which he has (by a singular Genius) relieved such Places, and rendered them entertaining. He seems to me like their Lawgiver and Modeler, as* Virgil *appears among the Writers (ever since) of* Georgics *and Pastoral: An* Author *who has wrote latest of* Angling *says*, "This Art seems to have "arrived at its highest Perfection almost at once, "and to have been the same in Mr. *Walton*, as "*that of Poetry* was in *Homer*. The Improve-"ments that are made by the Generality of *later* "Writers, are indeed so few, and for the most "Part so trivial, rather adding to, and perplexing "his Words, like the Commentators on the *Greek* "Poet, than either clearing up or enlarging his "Sense; that I could not, *says he*, but wonder at "seeing so much done to so little Purpose." *They, at best, do but all of them, represent the Jay in his fartive Plumes; the reading of this Volume will detect them, and sink their Value, by restoring all they have injuriously borrowed, to their right Owner.*

*This Book has been deservedly commended, and numerous Editions have been printed of it; but it having, by an unaccountable Neglect, become of late Years difficult to obtain, though frequently enquired after by several who desired it, it was thought the recovering it in such a Way, would be reckoned a very acceptable Service: Accordingly, at the Insti-*

gation

*gation of an ingenious and learned Friend*, whose Judgment of Men and Books is sufficiently established, by his own Writings, in the Opinion of the World, I undertook this Employment of introducing* a favourite Author of the last Age, *who seemed in Danger of being forgotten, to an Acquaintance with the Readers of the same elegant Taste of my own Time. There were, besides, other Reasons, that made it seem proper I should perform this Office to* HIM, *he being one, whom it was known, I had commenced an early Intimacy with, had studied in a Track of Learning but the same Kind† with peculiar Esteem, to whom I owe my first Hints, and, in a Measure, the little Share of Reputation I have acquired in that Performance.*

*Any one will see,* this Writer, *under whatever Disguise his Humility puts on, was a Gentleman; and will find, by several accidental Passages, that he was honoured with the Friendship of some of the greatest and best Men then living. He had been famous long before, by the Lives which he compiled of several very eminent Prelates, and other celebrated Persons, whom he familiarly knew, that are conducted in a Manner so singularly easy, instructive, and pleasing, as few besides himself have succeeded in. This is taken Notice of, and the Names of several, with whom he maintained an honourable Acquaintance, are recited in some Verses by* Edward Powel, *M. A.* written, *with four other Copies, by Persons all of the same Degree, on the Occasion of his publishing the present Treatise. I shall transcribe Part of the above-mentioned Verses, which are very aptly and prettily introduced, leading in, as it*



*were,*

* Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, who may probably, on another Occasion, oblige the Publick with the Life of Mr. *Walton*.

† Essay to *Pindaric Poetry*, printed, with other Pieces, in one Volume 8vo. for *E. Cave*, at St. *John's-Gate*.

*were, his Author by the Hand, and engaging him a Respect and Veneration from his Readers.*

HE who both knew and writ the Lives of Men,
Such as once were, but scarce shall be again;
Witness his matchless *Donne* and *Herbert*, by
Whose Aids he cou'd their Speculations try.
HE that convers'd with Angels, such as were
*Oldisworth* and *Featly*, each a shining Star,
Shewing the Way to *Bethlem*; each a Saint,
Compar'd to whom our Zealots now but paint.
HE, that our pious and learn'd *Morley* knew,
And from him fetch'd Wit and Devotion too.
HE that from these such Excellencies fetch'd,
That he could tell how far, how high they reach'd;
What Learning *this*, what Graces *t'other* had,
And in what several Dress each Soul was clad:
*Reader*, this HE, this *Fisherman* comes forth,
And, in a *Fisher*'s Weeds, wou'd shroud his Worth.

*Dr.* Donne *here named, whose Writings are at this Day very justly admired, and who, a celebrated Critick of the last Age says, "had more Wit "than is to be found in all our other Poets put to-"gether," was remarkable for being the very Person who was the Instrument of Mr.* Walton's *Conversion, as himself confesses, and was ever, upon that Account, to stile him his* Spiritual Father; *of whom he has given us a well wrote ingenious Life, and some other incidental Accounts concerning him, in that excellent one which he has also written of the pious and truly valuable Mr.* Herbert.

*It was many Years after the Appearance of the first Part of this Work, that Mr.* Cotton, *who had engaged himself by Promise, and was the best qualified of any Man in* England *to undertake it, wrote*

*wrote* the second, *which he dedicated to Mr.* Walton, *whose Daughter he had married, and for whom he had a singular Esteem and Friendship; the printing of it he left to his Father's Care and Direction, who published it, together with a new Edition of his own Book, in the Manner the Reader will here find it; with the following Letter; which will give a farther Evidence of the generous Sincerity, Plainness, and Honesty, the Gentleness and Sweetness of Temper that prevailed, so distinguishedly, in this good Man's Heart.*

*To my most honoured Friend* CHARLES COTTON, *Esq;*

SIR,

YOU now see I have returned you your very pleasant, and useful Discourse, of the Art of *Fly-fishing*, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your Desires, as to endure all the Praises you have fixed upon me in it; and, when I have thanked you for them, as the Effects of an undissembled Love, then let me tell you, *Sir*, that I will really endeavour to live up to the Character you have given of me, if there were no other Reason, yet for this alone, that *you* that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my Sake, suffer by a Mistake in your Judgment.

And, *Sir*, I have ventured to fill a Part of your Page *, by Way of Paraphrase, for the Reader's clearer Understanding the Situation of your Fishing-house, and the Pleasantness of that you dwell in; and to give him also a Copy of Verses † that you were pleased to send me, *now* some Years past, in which he may see a good Picture of both; and so



* *Pages* 222. 239. † 275.

much of your own Mind too, as will make any Reader, that is bleſt with a generous Soul, to love you the better. I confeſs, that, for doing this, you may juſtly judge me too bold; if you do, I will ſay ſo too, and ſo far commute for my Offence, that, though I be more than an hundred Miles from you, and in the Eighty-third Year of my Age, yet I will forget both, and next Month begin a Pilgrimage to beg your Pardon, for I would die in your Favour, and till then will live, Sir,

*London, April 29, 1676.*

*Your moſt affectionate*
*Father, and Friend,*
ISAAC WALTON.

*There is ſomething exceeding pleaſing, and of uncommon Merit, in its Way, in Mr.* Cotton's *Performance, who was eminent beſides * this as an Author, but the Difference of Stiles is conſiderable, and afford a very pleaſing Antitheſis in comparing them. Mr.* Walton *was a Writer of the true paſtoral Character †, in which perhaps he has not his Parallel; yet, through a willing Inattention, and the Fault of the Age in which he wrote, ſome few Inaccuracies and Redundancies have inſinuated themſelves, which I ſhould be injurious to him as his* Editor, *not to retrench and prune away. I have been modeſt and ſparing in my Touches, and have ſupplied ſome Deficiencies I found in him, by the* Notes *and* Appendix, *which I have added, from later Experience. My Aim was, but to file off a Little of that Ruſt, which Time fixes on the moſt curious and finiſhed Things, and to imitate in this the*

* He wrote *Virgil Traveſtie, Wonders of the Peak, a Poem,* &c.

† If the Reader will turn particularly, in the Index, to the Articles, *Angling Songs; Deſcriptions of* [illegible]*;* [illegible]*; Blackbirds, Dialogues with,* &c. he will find Inſtances of theſe.

*the Art a judicious Painter would be supposed to use, when he is refitting up the decayed and injured Piece of some great Master: where he is concerned and diligent to use a tender Hand, and circumspect Eye, and express his utmost Skill to preserve* such Parts *of his Picture in their Likeness, Spirit, and all their original Proportions, Features and Colouring.*

*These Variations are so inconsiderable, as not to be discerned but by a judicious Eye; it may be judged, with what a scrupulous Partiality I have attempted them, from the high Opinion I have here, and in other Places, expressed of him, whose Memory and Virtues I dearly love, and have formerly, upon Account of his Abilities, commended* * "*as an* "*Author of peculiar Character, and happy above* "*all others in alluring his Reader by* a negli- "gent Beauty, in a purely natural Stile, and an "artless, masterly Simplicity."

*March* 16, 1749. MOSES BROWNE.

* *Occasional Spectator*, Numb. 5. *on rural Pleasures. Exit. Mag.* Vol. 1. Page 208.

To

# *The Author's* PREFACE.

## To *all Readers* of this *Discourse*, but especially to the honest ANGLER.

I THINK fit to tell thee these following Truths, That I did neither *undertake*, nor *write*, nor *publish*, and much less *own* this Discourse to please myself: And having been too easily drawn to please others, as I proposed not the gaining of Credit by this Undertaking, so I would not willingly lose any Part of that to which I had a just Title before I begun it, and therefore desire and hope, if I deserve not Commendation, yet I may obtain Pardon.

And though this Discourse may be liable to some Exceptions, yet I cannot doubt, but that most Readers may receive so much *Pleasure* or *Profit* by it, as may make it worthy the Time of their Perusal, if they be not very busy Men. And this is all the Confidence that I can put on, concerning the Merit of what is here offered to their Consideration and *Censure*; and if *the last* prove too severe, I have a like Liberty, and am resolved to neglect it.

I wish the *Reader* also to take Notice, that, in writing of it, I have made myself a *Recreation* of a *Recreation*; and that it might prove so to him, and not read *dull* and *tediously*, I have in several Places mixed (not any Scurrility, but) some innocent, harmless Mirth; of which, if thou be a severe sour-complexion'd Man, then I here dis-

allow

allow thee to be a competent Judge; for *Divines* say, *There are Offices given, and Offices not given, but taken.*

And I am the willinger to juſtify the pleaſant Part of it; becauſe, though it is known I can be ſerious at ſeaſonable Times, yet the whole Diſcourſe is, or rather was, a Picture of my own Diſpoſition, eſpecially in ſuch Days and Times as I have laid aſide Buſineſs, and gone a fiſhing with honeſt *Nat.* and *R. Roe*; but they are gone, and with them moſt of my pleaſant Hours, even as a Shadow that paſſeth away, and returns not.

Next, let me tell the *Reader*, that in that which is the more uſeful Part of this Diſcourſe, that is to ſay, the Obſervations of the *Nature*, and *Breeding*, and *Seaſons*, and *Catching of Fiſh*, I am not ſo ſimple as not to know, but that a captious Reader may find Exceptions againſt ſomething ſaid of ſome of thoſe; and therefore I muſt intreat him to conſider, that Experience teaches us to know, that ſeveral Countries alter their Time, and I think almoſt the Manner of Fiſhes breeding, but doubtleſs of their being in Seaſon; as may appear by three Rivers in *Monmouthſhire*, namely, *Severn*, *Wye*, and *Uſk*, where *Camden* (*Brit. f.* 633.) obſerves, that in the River *Wye*, *Salmon* are in Seaſon from *September* to *April*; and we are certain, that in *Thames* and *Trent*, and in moſt other Rivers, they are in Seaſon the ſix hotter Months.

Now for the Art of *angling* Fiſh, that is to ſay, how to make a Man that was none, to be an *Angler* *by a Book*; he that undertakes it ſhall attempt a harder Task, than Mr. *Hales* (a moſt valiant and excellent Fencer) who, in a printed Book, called, *A private School of Defence*, undertook by it to teach that Art or Science, and was laugh'd at for

his

his Labour. Not but that many useful Things might be learned by *that Book*, but he was laughed at, because that Art was not to be taught by Words, but Practice; and so must Angling. And in this Discourse I do not undertake to say all that is known, or may be said of it, but to acquaint the Reader with many Things that are not usually known to *every Angler*; and I shall leave Gleanings and Observations enough to be made out of the Experience of all that love and practise this Recreation, to which I shall encourage them. For *Angling* may be said to be so like the *Mathematicks*, that it can never be fully learned, at least not so fully, but that there will still be more new Experiments left for the Trial of other Men that succeed us.

But I think all that love this Sport, may here learn something that may be worth their Money, if they be not poor and needy Men; and in case they be, I then wish them to forbear to buy it; for I write not to get Money, but for Pleasure, and this Discourse boasts of no more; for I hate to promise much, and deceive the Reader.

And however it proves to him, yet I am sure I have found a high Content in the Search and Conference of what is here offered to his View and Censure: I wish him as much in the Perusal of it, and so I might here take my Leave, but will stay a little, and tell him, that whereas it is said by many, that in Fly-fishing for a *Trout*, the Angler must observe his twelve several Flies for the twelve Months of the Year; I say, he that follows that Rule, shall be as sure to catch Fish, and be as wise as he that makes Hay by the fair Days in an *Almanack*, and no surer; for those very Flies that use to appear about, and on the Water, in one Month of

the

the Year, may the following Year come almoſt a Month ſooner or later, as the ſame Year proves colder or hotter; and yet, in the following Diſcourſe, I have ſet down the *twelve Flies* that are in Reputation with many Anglers, and they may ſerve to give him ſome Light concerning them. And he may note, that there is in *Wales*, and other Countries, peculiar Flies, proper to the particular Place or Country; and doubtleſs, unleſs a Man makes a Fly to counterfeit that very Fly in that Place, he is like to loſe his Labour, or much of it: But for the Generality, three or four Flies neat and rightly made, and not too big, ſerve for a *Trout* in moſt Rivers all the Summer. And, for Winter *Fly-fiſhing*, it is as uſeful as an *Almanack out of Date*. And of theſe (becauſe as no Man is born an Artiſt, ſo no Man is born an Angler) I thought fit to give thee this Notice.

When I have told the Reader, that in this Impreſſion there are many Enlargements, gathered both by my own Obſervation, and the Communication of Friends, I ſhall ſtay him no longer than to wiſh him *a rainy Evening to read this following Diſcourſe*; and that (if he be an honeſt Angler) *the Eaſt Wind may never blow when he goes a Fiſhing*.

ISAAC WALTON.

THE

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THE

# THE Compleat ANGLER: OR, Contemplative Man's Recreation.

## PART I.

### CHAP. I.

*A Conference between an* ANGLER, *a* HUNTER, *and a* FALCONER; *each commending his Recreation, under the Names of* Piſcator, Venator, *and* Auceps.

*Piſ.* WELL overtaken, Gentlemen, a good Morning to you both: I have ſtretched my Legs up *Tottenham-Hill* after you, hoping your Buſineſs may occaſion you towards *Ware*, this fine, freſh *May* Morning.

*Ven.* Sir, I, for my Part, ſhall almoſt anſwer your Hopes; for my Purpoſe is to drink my Morning's Draught at *Hodſden*, where I have appointed a Friend or two to meet me; but for this Gentleman you ſee with me, I know not how far he intends his Journey; he came ſo lately into my Company, I have ſcarce had Time to aſk him the Queſtion.

*Auc.* Sir, by your Favour, I ſhall bear you Company as far as *Theobald's*, and then turn up to a

Friend's Houſe, who mews a *Hawk* for me, which I long to ſee.

*Vena.* Sir, we are all ſo happy as to have a fine, freſh, cool Morning, and I hope we ſhall each be the happier in the others Company; and, Gentlemen, that I may not loſe yours, I ſhall either abate, or mend my Pace, to enjoy it; knowing that, as the *Italians* ſay, "Good Company makes the Way "ſeem ſhorter."

*Auc.* It may do ſo, Sir, with the help of good Diſcourſe, which methinks we may promiſe from you, that look and ſpeak ſo cheerfully; and, for my Part, as an Invitation to it, I will be as free and open-hearted, as Diſcretion will allow me to be with Strangers.

*Vena.* And, Sir, I promiſe the like.

*Piſ.* I am glad to hear your Anſwers, and in Confidence you ſpeak the Truth, ſhall put on a Boldneſs to aſk you, Sir, Whether Buſineſs or Pleaſure cauſed you to be ſo early up, and walk ſo faſt; for this other Gentleman has declared, he is going to ſee a *Hawk*, that a Friend mews for him.

*Vena.* Sir, mine is a Mixture of both; a little Buſineſs, and more Pleaſure; for I intend this Day to do all my Buſineſs, and then beſtow another or two in hunting the *Otter*, which a Friend that I go to meet, tells me, is much pleaſanter than any other Chaſe; however, I mean to try it, for To-morrow Morning we ſhall meet a Pack of *Otter* Dogs on *Amwell-Hill*, who will be there ſo early, that they intend to prevent the Sun-riſing.

*Piſ.* Sir, my Fortune has anſwered my Deſires, and my Purpoſe is to beſtow a Day or two in helping to deſtroy ſome of thoſe villainous Vermin, for I hate them perfectly, becauſe they love Fiſh ſo well, or rather, becauſe they deſtroy ſo much; indeed ſo much,

much, that in my Judgment, all that keep *Otter*-Dogs ought to have a Penſion from the King, to encourage them to deſtroy the very Breed of thoſe baſe *Otters*, they do ſo much Miſchief.

*Vena.* But what ſay you to the *Foxes* of the Nation, would not you as willingly have them deſtroyed? for doubtleſs they do as much Miſchief as *Otters*.

*Piſ.* Oh! Sir, if they do, it is not ſo much to me and my Fraternity, as thoſe baſe Vermin the *Otters*.

*Auc.* Why, Sir, I pray, of what Fraternity are you, that you are ſo angry with the poor *Otters*?

*Piſ.* I am, Sir, a *Brother of the Angle*, and upon that Acount, an Enemy to the *Otter*; for you are to note, we Anglers all love one another, and therefore I hate the *Otter*, both for my own, and their Sakes, who are of my Brotherhood.

*Vena.* And I am a Lover of *Hounds*, I have followed many a Pack of Dogs many a Mile, and heard many Merry Men make Sport and Scoff at *Anglers*.

*Auc.* And I profeſs myſelf a *Falconer*, and have heard many grave, ſerious Men pity them; it is ſuch a heavy, contemptible, dull Recreation.

*Piſ.* You know, Gentlemen, 'tis an eaſy Thing to Scoff at any Recreation; a little Wit mixt with Ill-nature, Confidence, and Malice, will do it; but though they venture boldly, they are often caught in their own Trap, according to that of *Lucian*, the Father of the Family of Scoffers:

Lucian, *well ſkill'd in Scoffing, this hath writ;*
*Friend, that's your Folly, which you think your Wit,*
*This you vent freely, void of Wit and Fear,*
*Meaning another, when* yourſelf *you jeer.*

If to this, you add what *Solomon* ſays of Scoffers, "That they are an Abomination to Mankind,"

let him that thinks fit, be a Scoffer ſtill; I count them Enemies to me, and to all that love *Virtue* and *Angling*: And for you, that have heard many grave ſerious Men pity *Anglers*, let me tell you, Sir, there are many who are taken by others, to be ſerious grave Men, which we contemn and pity: Men that are *taken to be grave*, becauſe Nature hath made them of a ſour Complexion; Money-getting Men, that ſpend all their Time, firſt in getting, and next in anxious Care to keep it; Men that are condemned to be rich, and then always buſy, or diſcontented: For theſe *poor rich Men*, we *Anglers* pity them, and ſtand in no need to borrow their Thoughts to think ourſelves happy: No, no, Sir, we enjoy a Contentedneſs above the Reach of ſuch Diſpoſitions; and, as the learned and ingenuous *Montagne* ſays, (like himſelf freely) "When my "Cat and I entertain each other with mutual ſpiſh "Tricks, as playing with a Garter; who knows "but that I make my Cat more Sport than ſhe "makes me? Shall I conclude her to be ſimple, "that has her Time to begin, or refuſe Sportive- "neſs as freely as myſelf? Nay, who knows but "it is a Defect of my not underſtanding her Lan- "guage (for doubtleſs Cats talk and reaſon with one "another) that we agree no better? Or who can "tell, but that ſhe pities me for being no wiſer, "and laughs and cenſures my Folly, for making "Sport for her when we play together?" Thus freely ſpeaks *Montagne*, concerning Cats; and I hope I may take as great a Liberty to blame any Man, and laugh at him, let him be never ſo ſerious, that hath not heard what *Anglers* can ſay in Juſtification of their Art, which I may again tell you, is ſo full of Pleaſure, that we need not borrow their Thoughts to think ourſelves happy.

*Vena.*

*Vena* Sir, you have almoſt amazed me; for though I am no Scoffer, yet, let me ſpeak it without Offenſe, I have always look'd upon *Anglers* as more patient and ſimple Men, than I fear I ſhall find you to be.

*Piſ.* Sir, I hope you will not judge my Earneſtneſs to be Impatience; and for my Simplicity, if by that you mean an Harmleſneſs, or that Simplicity which was uſually found in the Primitive Chriſtians, who were like moſt *Anglers*, quiet Men, and Followers of Peace; Men that were ſo ſimply wiſe, as not to ſell their Conſciences to buy Riches, and with them Vexation, and a Fear to die: If you mean ſuch ſimple Men as lived in thoſe Times, when there were fewer Lawyers, when Men might have had a Lordſhip ſafely conveyed to them in a Parchment no bigger than your Hand, though ſeveral Sheets will not do it, ſafely, in this wiſer Age; I ſay, Sir, if you take us *Anglers* to be ſuch ſimple Men as I have ſpoke of, then myſelf, and thoſe of my Profeſſion, will be glad to be ſo underſtood: But if by Simplicity, you mean a general Defect, I hope in Time to diſabuſe you, and make the contrary appear ſo plainly, as ſhall remove all Prejudices you have entertained againſt my laudable and ancient Art; for I know it is worthy the Knowledge and Practice of a wiſe Man. But, Gentlemen, though I am able to do this, I will not be ſo unmannerly as to engroſs all the Diſcourſe to myſelf; and therefore, you two having declared yourſelves, the one to be a Lover of *Hawks*, the other of *Hounds*, I ſhall be glad to hear what each can ſay in behalf of that Recreation you love and practiſe, and afterwards to exerciſe your Attention to my own, by which Means we ſhall make the Way ſeem ſhorter; and if you like my Motion, I would have Mr. *Falconer* begin.

*Aud.* I consent with all my Heart, and to testify it, will begin as you have defired me. And, firft, for the Element I trade in, which is the Air, an Element of more Worth than Weight, an Element that doubtlefs exceeds both Earth and Water, for though I fometimes deal in thofe, yet the Air is moft properly mine, I and my *Hawks* ufe that moft, and it yields us beft Recreation; it ftops not the high foaring of my generous *Falcon*; in it fhe afcends to fuch an Height, as the dull Eyes of Beafts and Fifh are not able to reach; their Bodies are too grofs for fuch Elevations. In the Air my Troops of *Hawks* foar up on high, and when they are loft in the Sight of Men, they then attend upon the Gods, and therefore I think my *Eagle* fo juftly ftyled, "*Jove*'s faithful Servant in ordinary:" And that very *Falcon* that I am now going to fee, deferves no meaner Title; for fhe ufually in her Flight, endangers herfelf, like the Son of *Dedalus*, to have her Pinions fcorched by the Sun's Heat; but her Mettle makes her carelefs of Danger, for fhe then heeds nothing, but wings her Highway over the fteepeft Mountains and deepeft Rivers, and in her glorious Carear, looks with Contempt upon thofe lofty Steeples and magnificent Palaces which we adore and wonder at; from which Height I can make her to defcend by a Word from my Mouth, (which fhe both knows and obeys) to accept of Meat from my Hand; to own me for her Maffer, to go home with me, and be willing the next Day to afford me the like Recreation. And more, this Element of Air, which I profefs to trade in, is of fuch Worth and Neceffity, to every Creature whatfoever, that not only thofe numerous Kinds that feed on the Face of the Earth, but the various Species that have their Dwellings in the Waters, every Crea-

Creature that hath Life in its Noſtrils, ſtands in need of it: The Waters cannot preſerve the Fiſh without *Air*, witneſs the not breaking of Ice in extream Froſts; the Reaſon is, that if the inſpiring and expiring Organ of any Animal be ſtopt, it ſuddenly yields to Nature, and dies; thus neceſſary is *Air*, to the Exiſtence both of Fiſh and Beaſts; nay, even to Man himſelf, that *Air*, or *Breath of Life*, with which GOD at firſt inſpired him, he, if he wants it, dies preſently, becomes a ſad Object to all that loved and beheld him, and in an Inſtant turns to Putrefaction; but more, the very Birds of the Air, thoſe that be not *Hawks*, are ſo many, ſo uſeful, and pleaſant to Mankind, that I muſt not let them paſs without ſome Obſervations. They both feed and refreſh him; feed him with their choice Bodies, and refreſh him with their heavenly Voices. I will not undertake to mention the ſeveral kind of Fowl, by which this is done, and his curious Palate pleaſed by Day, and which with their very Excrements, afford him a feathery Lodging at Night; theſe I will paſs by; but not thoſe little nimble Muſicians of the Air, that warble forth their curious Ditties with which Nature hath furniſhed them, to the ſhame of Art; as firſt, the *Lark*, when ſhe means to rejoice, to chear herſelf, and thoſe that hear her, ſhe then quits the Earth, and ſings as ſhe aſcends higher into the Air; and having ended her heavenly Employment, grows then mute and ſad, to think that ſhe muſt deſcend to the dull Earth, which ſhe would not touch but for Neceſſity. How doth the *Black-bird* and *Throſtle*, with their melodious Voices, bid welcome to the chearful Spring, and in their fixed Months, warble forth ſuch Ditties, as no Art or Inſtrument can reach: Nay, the ſmaller Birds alſo do the like in

their particular Seasons; as namely, the *Lavrock*, the *Tit-lark*, the little *Linnet*, and the honest *Robin*, that loves Mankind both alive and dead. But the *Nightingale*, another of my airy Creatures, breathes such sweet, loud Musick out of her slender instrumental Throat, that it might make Mankind to think Miracles are not ceased. He, that at Midnight, when the very Labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have done very often, the clear Airs, the sweet Descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her Voice, might well be lifted above Earth, and say, "Lord, "what Musick hast thou provided for the Saints in "Heaven, when thou affordest Men such Strains "below!" And this makes me less wonder at the many Aviaries in *Italy*, or at the great Charge of *Varro*'s Aviary, the Ruins of which are yet to be seen in *Rome*, and is still so famous, that it is reckoned for one of those notable Things which Men of foreign Nations lay up in their Memories, when they return from Travel. This for Birds of Pleasure, of which much more might be said. — My next shall be of Birds of Political Use. It is unquestionable, that *Swallows* have been taught to carry Letters betwixt two Armies. When the *Turks* besieged *Malta*, or *Rhodes*, I remember not which, *Pigeons* are reported to carry and recarry Letters; and Mr. *Sandys* * relates it to be done betwixt *Aleppo* and *Babylon*. But if that be disbelieved, 'tis not to be doubted, but that the *Dove* was sent by *Noah* to give Notice of Land, when to him all appeared Sea, and proved a faithful Messenger. Among the Sacrifices of the Law, a Pair of *Turtle-Doves*, or young *Pigeons*, were as well accepted as costly *Bulls* and *Rams*; and when God would

* In his Travels, *p.* 496.

would feed the Prophet *Elijah*, * after a miraculous manner, he did it by *Ravens*, who brought him Meat, Morning and Evening. *Lastly*, The Holy Ghost, when he descended visibly upon our Saviour, did it by assuming the Shape of a *Dove*. ‡ You will remember, these Wonders were done by Birds of the Air, the Element in which they and I take so much Pleasure. There is also a little contemptible winged Creature, an Inhabitant of my aerial Element, the laborious *Bee*, of whose Prudence, Policy, and regular Government of their Common-wealth, I might say much, as also of their several Kinds, and how useful their Honey and Wax are for Meat and Medicine; but I will leave them to their sweet Labour, without the least Disturbance, believing them to be all very busy amongst the Herbs and Flowers that we see Nature puts forth this *May* Morning. — And now to return to my *Hawks*, from whom I have made so long a Digression; you are to note, they are usually distinguished into two Kinds, the long and short-wing'd *Hawk*; if I should inlarge my Discourse to the Observation of their several Eyries, their Mewings, their order of casting and renovating their Feathers, their reclaiming, dieting, and then come to their rare Stories of Practice: These, and many other Observations I could make, would afford me much Pleasure. But lest I exceed the Rules of Civility, by taking up more than the Proportion of Time allotted, I will here break off, and intreat you, Mr. *Venator*, to say what you are able in Commendation of *Hunting*, to which you are so much affected.



* 1 Kings i. 17.

‡ Mr. *Walton* seems to have fallen into a common Mistake; learned Men think the Original Passage implies the Manner of the Holy Spirit's descending, and not any Corporal Appearance.

*Vena.* Sir, I will now take my Turn, and begin with a Commendation of the *Earth*, as you have done moſt excellently of the *Air*; the Earth being that Element upon which I drive my pleaſant, wholſom, hungry Trade: A ſolid ſettled Element, univerſally beneficial to Man and Beaſt; to Men who have their ſeveral Diverſions upon it, as, Horſe-Races, Hunting, ſweet ſmells, pleaſant Walks. The *Earth* feeds Man, and all thoſe ſeveral Beaſts that both feed him, and afford him Recreation. What Pleaſure does he take in hunting the ſtately *Stag*, the generous *Buck*, the *wild Boar*, the cunning *Otter*, the crafty *Fox*, and the fearful *Hare*! And if I may deſcend to a lower Game, what Paſtime is it ſometimes with Gins to betray the very Vermin of the *Earth*, as, the *Fitchat*, the *Foulmart*, the *Ferret*, the *Pole-Cat*, the *Weaſel-trap*, and the like, that live upon the Face, and within the Bowels of the *Earth*! How doth the Earth bring forth Herbs, Flowers and Fruits, both for Phyſick, and the Pleaſure of Mankind; and above all, to me at leaſt, the fruitful Vine, of which when I drink moderately, it clears my Brain, chears my Heart, and ſharpens my Wit! How could *Cleopatra* have feaſted *Mark Anthony* with eight *Wild Boars* roaſted whole at one Supper, and other Meat ſuitable, if the *Earth* had not been a bountiful Mother! But to paſs by the mighty *Elephant*, which the *Earth* breeds and nouriſheth, and deſcend to the leaſt of Creatures; How doth the *Earth* afford us doctrinal Example in the little *Piſmire*, who in the Summer provides and lays up her Winter Proviſion, and teacheth Man to do the like! The *Earth* feeds and carries thoſe Horſes that carry us! If I would be prodigal of my Time and your Patience, what might not I ſay in Commendation of the *Earth*, that puts limits to the proud

and

and raging Sea, ſo deſtructive as we daily view, to thoſe that venture on it, who are there ſhipwreck'd and drowned, and left to feed *Haddocks*; while we that are ſo wiſe as to keep ourſelves on *Land*, walk and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go an Hunting, of which Recreation I will ſay a little, and then leave Mr. *Piſcator* to the Commendation of *Angling*.

*Hunting* is a Game for Princes and noble Perſons, and hath been highly prized in all Ages; it was one of the Qualifications that *Xenophon* beſtowed on his *Cyrus*, that he was a *Hunter of wild Beaſts*. *Hunting* trains up the younger Nobility to the uſe of manly Exerciſes in their riper Age; preſerves Health, and increaſes Strength and Activity; and for the Dogs we uſe, Who can ſufficiently commend their Excellency! How perfect is the *Hound* at Smelling, who never leaves his Scent, but follows it through ſo many Changes and Varieties of others, even over and into the Water and Earth! What Muſick do a Pack of Dogs make to any, whoſe Heart and Ears are ſo happy to be ſet to the Tune of ſuch Inſtruments! How will a right *Greyhound* fix his Eye on the beſt Buck in a Herd, ſingle him out, and follow him, and only him, through a whole Herd of Raſcal Game, and ſtill know and kill *him!* I know the Language of my *Hounds*, and they the Language and Meaning of one another, as perfectly as we do the Voices of thoſe with whom we diſcourſe daily. I might enlarge myſelf in the Commendation of *Hunting*, and of the noble *Hound*; as alſo of the Docibleneſs of Dogs in general, and make many Obſervations of Land Creatures, that for Compoſition, Order, Figure, and Conſtitution, approach neareſt to the Compleatneſs and Underſtanding of Man, eſpecially of thoſe which

*Moſes*

*Aleph* in the Law permitted to the *Jews*, which have cloven Hoofs, and chew the Cud. But I will not be fo uncivil to Mr. *Piſcator*, as not to allow him a Time for the Commendation of *Angling*, which he calls an Art, but doubtleſs 'tis an eaſy one, and Mr. *Auceps*, I doubt we ſhall hear a watry Diſcourſe, but I hope it will not be a long one.

*Auc.* I hope ſo too, tho' I fear it will.

*Piſ.* Gentlemen, let not Prejudice pre-poſſeſs you. I confeſs my Diſcourſe is like to prove ſuitable to my Recreation, calm and quiet: we ſeldom take the Name of GOD into our Mouths, but it is either to praiſe or pray to Him; if others uſe it vainly in the midſt of their Diverſions, ſo vainly as if they meant to conjure, I muſt tell you, it is neither our Fault nor Cuſtom, we proteſt againſt it; but pray remember, I accuſe no Body, for as I would not make a watry Diſcourſe, ſo I would not put too much Vinegar into it, nor raiſe the Reputation of my own Art by the Diminution of anothers: So much for the Prologue to what I have to ſay. The Element that I trade in, the *Water*, is the eldeſt Daughter of the Creation; the Element upon which the Spirit of GOD did firſt move: the Element which He commanded to bring forth living Creatures abeundantly, and without which, all that inhabit the Land, muſt ſuddenly turn to Putrefaction. *Moſes*, the great Law-giver and Philoſopher, ſkilled in all the Learning of the *Egyptians*, who was called *the Friend of* GOD, and knew the Mind of the Almighty, names this Element the firſt in the Catalogue of Creatures; many Philoſophers make it to comprehend all the Elements, but moſt allow it the chiefeſt in the Mixtion of Bodies. It is believed by ſome, that all Bodies are made of Water, and may be reduced back again to Water only; they endeavour to de-

monſtrate

monſtrate it thus; Take a *Willow* (or any like ſpeedy-growing Plant) newly rooted in a Box of Earth, weigh them altogether exactly, and alſo after the Tree is increaſed to an hundred Pound Weight more than when it was firſt weighed, and you ſhall find this Augment of the Tree to be without the Diminution of one Dram of Earth; whence they infer, the increaſe of Wood to be from Water, Rain, or Dew, and not from any other Element; and, they affirm, they can reduce this Wood back again to Water; and that the ſame may be done alſo in any Animal or Vegetable. And this I take to be a fair Teſtimony of the Excellency of my Element, the *Water*. The *Water* is more productive than the Earth; nay, the Earth hath no Fruitfulneſs, without Showers or Dews, all the Herbs, and Flowers, and Fruit, are produced and thrive by *Water*, and the very Minerals are fed by Streams that run under Ground, as we ſee by ſeveral Springs breaking forth on the Tops of the higheſt Hills, and is witneſſed by the daily Trial and Teſtimony of Miners: Nay, the Increaſe of thoſe Creatures that are bred and fed in the *Water*, are not only more miraculous, but advantageous to Man for lengthening his Life, and preventing Sickneſs; for 'tis obſerved by the moſt learned Phyſicians, that the caſting off *Lent*, and other Fiſh-Days, is the chief Cauſe of thoſe many putrid intermitting Agues, to which this Nation is now more ſubject than thoſe wiſer Countries that feed on Herbs and Sallads, and plenty of Fiſh, which the greateſt Part of the World now do. It may be fit to remember, that *Moſes* * appointed Fiſh to be the chief Diet for the beſt Commonwealth that ever yet was; and it is obſervable, not only

* Lev. xi. 9. Deut. xiv. 9.

only that there are Fish, as namely, the *Whale*, three times as big as the mighty *Elephant*, but that the most splendid Banquets have been of Fish. The *Romans* in the height of their Glory, made Fish the Mistress of all their Entertainments; they have had Musick to usher in their *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* and *Mullets*, which they would purchase at Rates rather to be wondered at, than believed. He that shall view the Writings of *Macrobius*, or *Varro*, may have a Confirmation of this, and of the incredible Value of their Fish and Fish Ponds. But, Gentlemen, I have almost lost myself in this Philosophical Discourse; I will pass to such Observations as I can manage with more Pleasure, and less fear of running into Error, but I must not yet forsake the *Waters*, by whose Help we have so many known Advantages; and, first, to pass by the miraculous Cures of our known *Baths*, How advantageous is the *Sea* for our daily Traffick, without which we could not now subsist! How does it not only furnish us with Food and Physick for our Bodies, but with such Observations for the Mind, as ingenious Persons would not want! How ignorant had we been of the Beauty of *Florence*, of the Monuments, Urns and Rarities that yet remain in and near *Rome*, so many, as it is said, will take up a Year's Time to view, and afford to each but a convenient Consideration! And therefore it is not to be wondered at, that so learned and devout a Father as St. *Jerome*, after his Wish *to have seen* CHRIST *in the Flesh*, and to have heard St. *Paul preach*, makes it his third, *to have seen* Rome *in her Glory*; and that Beauty is yet not all lost: For what Pleasure is it to any, who love Learning, to view the Monuments of *Livy*, the choicest of Historians; of *Tully*, the best of Orators; and to

see

ſee the Bay Trees that now grow out of the very Tomb of *Virgil!* What Pleaſure is it to a devout *Chriſtian*, to ſee there the *humble Houſe* in which St. *Paul* was content to dwell; to view the many rich *Statues* made in honour of his Memory; nay to ſee the very *Place* in which St. *Peter* and he lie buried together! Theſe are in and near to *Rome*. And how much more doth it pleaſe the pious Curioſity of a *Chriſtian*, to ſee that *Place* on which the bleſſed Saviour of the World was pleaſed to humble himſelf, to take our *Nature* and converſe with *Men*; to ſee Mount *Sion*, *Jeruſalem*, and the very Sepulchre of our JESUS! How may it beget and heighten his Zeal, to ſee the Devotions that are daily paid to him at that *Place!* Gentlemen, leſt I forget myſelf, I will ſtop here, and remind you, that but for my Element of *Water*, the Inhabitants of this Poor Iſland muſt remain Ignorant that ſuch Things have yet a Being. Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and loſe myſelf in ſuch Arguments; I might tell you that Almighty GOD is ſaid to have ſpoken to a *Fiſh*, but never to a *Beaſt*, and hath made a *Whale* a Ship, to carry and ſet his Prophet *Jonah* ſafe on the appointed Shore. but I muſt break off, for I ſee *Theobald's* Houſe, I hope you'll Excuſe me for being ſo long, and thank you for your Patience.

*Auc.* Sir, my Pardon is eaſily granted you, I except againſt nothing that you have ſaid, nevertheleſs I muſt part with you at this Park-Wall, for which I am very ſorry; but I aſſure you, Mr. *Piſcator*, I now leave you full of good Thoughts, not only of yourſelf, but your Recreation, and ſo Gentlemen, *God keep you both.*

*Piſ.* Well now Mr. *Venator*, you ſhall neither want Time, nor my Attention, to hear you enlarge your Diſcourſe concerning *Hunting*. *Vena.*

*Vena.* Not I, Sir, I remember you said that *Angling* itself was of great Antiquity, and a perfect Art, and an Art not easily attain'd, and you have so won upon me in your Discourse, that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those Particulars.

*Pis.* Sir, I did say so, and doubt not, but if you and I did converse together a few Hours, to leave you filled with the same high and happy Thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the Antiquity of *Angling*, but that it deserves Commendations, is an Art, and an Art worthy the Knowledge and Practise of a wise Man.

*Vena.* Pray, Sir, speak of them what you think fit, for we have yet five Miles to *Hodsdon*, during which Walk, I dare promise you my Patience and diligent Attention, and if you shall make appear, as you have undertaken, that it is an Art, and worth the learning, I shall beg I may attend you a Day or two a *Fishing*, and become your Scholar in the Art itself, which you so much magnify.

*Pis.* O Sir! doubt not but *Angling* is an Art worth your learning, the Question is rather, whether you are capable of learning it? for *Angling* is some what like Poetry, Men are to be born so, I mean with Inclinations to it, though both may be heightned by Practice and Experience; but he that hopes to be a good *Angler*, must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing Mind, but a large Measure of Hope and Patience, and a Love and Propensity to the Thing itself; but having once got and practised it, then, doubt not, but *Angling* will prove so pleasant, that it will become like Virtue, a Reward to itself.

*Vena.*

*Vena.* Sir, I am so full of Expectation, that I long to have you proceed, and in the order you propose.

*Pisc.* Then, First, for the Antiquity of *Angling*, of which I shall say but only this, that some think it is as ancient as *Deucalion*'s Flood; others that *Belus*, who was the first Inventor of virtuous Recreations, was the first Inventor of *Angling*; and others suppose *Seth*, one of the Sons of *Adam*, taught it to his Sons, and that by them it was derived to Posterity, and some imagin that he left it engraven on those Pillars which he erected, to preserve the Knowlege of Mathematicks, Musick, and the rest of those useful Arts, which by God's Appointment or Allowance, and his noble Industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in *Noah*'s Flood. These, Sir, have been the Opinions of several Men that have possibly endeavoured to make *Angling* more ancient than is needful, or can be safely warranted: For my Part, I shall content myself in telling you, that *Angling* is much more ancient than the Incarnation of our Saviour, for in the Prophet *Amos*, mention is made of Fish-Hooks, and in the Book of *Job* (which was long before the Days of *Amos*, for that Book is said to be wrote by *Moses*) mention is made of Fish-Hooks, which must imploy *Anglers* in those Times. But, my worthy Friend, as I would rather prove myself a Gentleman, by being Learned and Humble, Valiant and Inoffensive, Virtuous and Communicable, than by any fond Ostentation of Riches, or wanting these Virtues myself, boast that they were in my Ancestors, (and yet I grant that where a noble, an ancient Descent, and such Merits meet in any Man, it is a double Dignification of that Person;) so if this Antiquity of *Angling*, which for my Part, I have not forced,

shall,

shall, like an ancient Family, be either an Honour or an Ornament to this virtuous Art, which I profess to love and practice; I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of its Antiquity, on which I shall dwell no more, but proceed to the Commendation which I think it deserves, and in order to it, shall tell you, that in ancient Times, a Debate has risen, and it remains yet unresolved, Whether the Happiness of Man in this World doth consist more in Contemplation or Action? Some maintain their Opinion of the first, by saying, "That the nearer we Mortals come to God, by "Way of Imitation, the more happy we are." They say that God enjoys himself only by a Contemplation of his own Infiniteness, Eternity, Power, Goodness, and the like; and upon this Ground many cloysteral Men of great Learning and Devotion, prefer Comtemplation before Action; and many of the Fathers seem to approve this Opinion, as may appear in their Commentaries upon the Words of our Saviour to *Martha* *. On the contrary, there are Men of equal Authority and Credit, who prefer Action to be the more Excellent, as namely, Experiments in Physick, and the Application of it for the Ease and Prolongation of Life, by which each Man is enabled either to serve his Country or do good to particular Persons: They say, that Action is Doctrinal, teaches both Art and Virtue, and is a Maintainer of Human Society; and for these, and other like Reasons, to be preferred before Contemplation, concerning which two Opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own, and rest contented in telling you (my very worthy Friend) that both these meet together, and most properly belong to the honest, ingenious,

* Luke x. 41. 42.

ingenious, quiet, and harmleſs Art of *Angling*. And now ſhall I tell you what ſome have obſerved (and I have found to be a real Truth) that the very ſitting by the River Side, is not only the quieteſt, fitteſt Place for Contemplation, but will invite an *Angler* to it. This ſeems to be maintain'd by the learned *P. du Moline*, who in his Diſcourſe of the fulfilling of Prophecies, obſerves, that when God intended to reveal any future Events, or high Notions to his Prophets, he then carried them either to the Deſarts or the Sea-Shore, that having ſo ſeparated them from the Preſs of People and Buſineſs, and Cares of this World, he might ſettle their Minds in a quiet Repoſe, and make them fit for Revelation. This ſeems alſo to be intimated by the Children of *Iſrael*, * who having in their ſad Condition baniſhed all Mirth and Muſick from their penſive Hearts, and hung up their Mute Harps upon the Willows growing by the Rivers of *Babylon*, ſat down upon thoſe Banks bemoaning the Ruins of *Sion*, and contemplating their own ſad Condition; and an Ingenious *Spaniard* † ſays, "That Rivers, and the Inhabitants "of the Watry Elements, were made for Wiſe "Men to meditate on, and Fools to paſs by "without Conſideration." And though I would not rank myſelf with the firſt, yet give me leave to free myſelf from the laſt, by offering you a ſhort Contemplation, firſt, of Rivers, and then of Fiſh, on which I doubt not but to give you many Obſervations that will appear very conſiderable; I am ſure they have appeared ſo to me, and made many an Hour paſs away more pleaſantly, as I have ſat quietly on a Flowery Bank, by a calm River, and reflected

* Pſalm 137. † *Valdeſſo*'s Conſiderations.

reflected over what I shall now relate to you. And first, concerning Rivers, there are divers Wonders reported of them by Authors of such Credit, that we need not deny them an Historical Faith. As namely of a River in *Epirus*, that puts out any lighted Torch, and kindles any one that was not lighted: Some Waters being drank, cause Madness; some Drunkenness; and some Laughter to Death. The River *Selarus*, in a few Hours, turns a Rod or Wand to Stone, and our *Camden* mentions the like in *England*, and in *Lochmere* in *Ireland*. There is also a River in *Arabia*, of which all the Sheep that drink thereof have their Wool turned into a Vermillion Colour: and one of no less Credit than *Aristotle* tells us of a merry River, the River *Elusina*, that Dances at the Sound of Musick; for with Musick it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the Sound ceases, but then presently returns to its wonted Calmness, and Clearness. *Camden* tells us of a Well near *Kirby* in *Westmereland*, that ebbs and flows several Times every Day; and of a River in *Surry* called *Mole*, that after it has run several Miles, being opposed by Hills, makes itself a Way under Ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the Inhabitants thereabout boast, as the *Spaniards* do of their River *Anus*, that they feed divers Flocks of Sheep upon a Bridge. Lastly, for I would not tire your Patience, *Josephus*, that learned *Jew*, mentions a River in *Judea*, that runs swiftly all the six Days of the Week, and stands still and rests all the Sabbath. *

But, Sir, least this Discourse may seem tedious, I shall give it a sweet Conclusion, out of that Holy Poet Mr. *George Herbert* in his Divine Contemplation on God's Providence.

*Lord*

* The same is also related by *Philo*.

*Lord who hath Praiſe enough, nay who hath any?*
*None can expreſs thy Works but he that knows 'em;*
*And none can know thy Works, they are ſo many,*
*But only* Man, *who to thy Bounty owes 'em.*

*We all acknowledge both thy Pow'r, and Love*
*To be exact, tranſcendent and divine;*
*Who do'ſt ſo ſtrangely, and ſo ſweetly move,*
*Whilſt all Things have their end, yet none but thine.*

*Wherefore, moſt ſacred Spirit, I here preſent*
*For me, and all my Fellows Praiſe to thee;*
*And juſt it is that I ſhould pay the Rent,*
*Becauſe the Benefit accrues to me.*

And ſuitable to this, in that 104th Pſalm, wherein for height of Poetry and Wonders the Prophet *David* ſeems to exceed himſelf. How does he there expreſs his Thoughts in choice Metaphors, even to the Amazement of a contemplative Reader, concerning the *Sea*, the *Rivers*, and the *Fiſh* therein contained! And the great Naturaliſt *Pliny* ſays, "That Nature's wonderful Power is more demon-"ſtrated in the Sea than on the Land." By the numerous, various Creatures, inhabiting in and about that Element; known to the Readers of *Geſner*, *Randelitius*, *Pliny*, *Auſonius*, *Ariſtotle*, and others. These ſeem to be Wonders, but have had ſo many Confirmations from Men of Learning and Credit, that you need not doubt them: Nor are the Number, nor the various Shapes of Fiſhes more ſtrange or fit for Contemplation than their different Natures, Inclinations and Actions, concerning which, I ſhall beg your patient Ear a little longer.

The *Cuttle-Fiſh* * will caſt a long Gut out of her Throat, which (as an *Angler* does his Line) the

* See *Montagne*'s Eſſays.

ſhe lets out and in at Pleaſure, according as ſhe ſees ſome little Fiſh come near her; and (being hid in the Gravel) lets him nibble and bite the End of it, till by little and little ſhe has drawn him within her leap, and then catches and devours him: And for this Reaſon ſome have called this Fiſh the *Sea-Angler*.

And there is a Fiſh called a *Hermit*, that at a certain Age gets into a dead Fiſh's Shell, and *Hermit* like, dwells there alone, ſtudying the Wind and Weather, and ſo turns her Shell that ſhe makes it defend her from the Injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is alſo a Fiſh called by *Elian* * (in his Book of Living Creatures) the *Adonis* or Darling of the *Sea*; ſo called, becauſe it is a loving and innocent Fiſh, that hurts nothing that has Life, and is at Peace with all the numerous Inhabitants of the vaſt watery Element: And truly I think moſt *Anglers* are ſo diſpos'd to Mankind.

There are alſo luſtful and chaſte Fiſhes, of which I ſhall give you Examples.

And firſt, what *Dulartas* ſays of a Fiſh called the *Sargus*; ſuppoſing it ſhall not have the leſs Credit for being Verſe, for he has gather'd this, and other Obſervations out of Authors that have been great and induſtrous Searchers into the Secrets of Nature.

*The adult'rous* Sargus *does not change alone*
*Wives every Day, but ſtill to wand'ring prone,*
*As if the Honey of Sea-Love delight*
*Cou'd not ſuffice his ranging Appetite,*
*Sports with the ſhe-Goats on the graſſy Shore,*
*Horning their Husbands who were born before.*

And

* Chap. 16.

And the ſame Author writes concerning the *Cantharus*.

*But contrary, for nuptual Faith renown'd,*
*True to one Mate the* Cantharus *is found,*
*The* ſingle ſhe, *the dear ſelected Wife,*
*Claims him entire, his* whole of Love and Life.

Sir, but a little longer, and I have done.

*Vena.* Sir, take what Liberty you think fit, for your Diſcourſe ſeems to be Muſick, and charms me into Attention.

*Piſ.* Why then, Sir, I will take a little Liberty to tell, or rather remind you, what is ſaid of *Turtle Doves*; that they ſilently plight their Troths and marry; and then the Survivor ſcorns (as the *Thracian* Women are ſaid to do) to outlive his or her Mate; and which ever ſhall, after this, couple with another, is denied the Name and Honour of a true *Turtle-Dove.*

To parallel this Land Rarity, and teach Mankind a Leſſon of Fidelity, and condemn thoſe that talk of Religion, and yet come ſhort of the Moral Faith of Fiſh and Fowl, Men that violate the Law affirm'd by St. *Paul*, * to be written in their Hearts, which he ſays at the laſt Day, ſhall condemn and leave them without excuſe, I pray hearken to what *Dubartas* ſings; (for the hearing of ſuch conjugal Faithfulneſs will be muſick to all chaſte Ears) and therefore I pray hearken to what *Dubartas* ſings of the *Mullet.*

*But in chaſte Love the* Mullet *all outvies,*
*For when her Mate the Fiſher makes his Prize,*
*Mad to the Shore ſhe follows in Deſpair,*
*In Life and Death, reſolv'd, his Fate to ſhare.*

On

* Rom. ii. 15. 16.

On the contrary, what ſhall I ſay of the *Houſe Cock*, which treads any *Hen*, and then (different to the *Swan*, the *Partridge* and *Pigeon*) takes no Care to hatch, to feed or cheriſh his own Brood, but is ſenſeleſs though they periſh.

And 'tis as conſiderable that the *Hen* (which becauſe ſhe takes any *Cock*, expects not this Regard of the Male) who is ſure the *Chickens* are her's, has by a kind of Moral Impreſſion, her Care and Affection to her own Brood more than doubled; even to ſuch an height, that our Saviour in expreſſing his Love to *Jeruſalem* * quotes her for an Example of tender Affection, as his Father has done *Job* for a Pattern of Patience.

And like this *Cock*, there are Divers Fiſh that caſt their Spawn on Flags or Stones, and leave it uncover'd, and expos'd to become a Prey, and be devour'd by Vermin or other Fiſhes: While there are others (as namely the *Barbel*) take ſuch Care for the Preſervation of their Brood, that (unlike the *Cock* or the *Cuckoo*) they mutually labour (both the Spawner and Milter) to cover their Spawn with Sand, or watch it, or hide it in ſome ſecret Place unfrequented by Vermin, or by any Fiſh but themſelves.

Sir, theſe Examples may, to you and others ſeem ſtrange; but they are teſtified, ſome by *Ariſtotle*, ſome by *Pliny*, ſome by *Geſner*, and by many other Authors of Credit, and are believed and known by many of Wiſdom and Experience to be Truth; and indeed are, as I ſaid at the Beginning, fit for the Contemplation of a moſt ſerious and a moſt pious Man. And, doubtleſs this made the Prophet *David* ſay, *They that occupy themſelves in deep Waters ſee the Wonderful Works of*

* Matthew xxiii. 27.

*of God.* Indeed such Wonders, and Pleasures too, as the Land affords not.

And that they are fit for the Consideration of the most prudent, pious, and peaceable Men, seems to be testified by the Practice of many devout and contemplative Persons; as Patriarchs, and Prophets of old, and the Apostles of our Saviour; of which, *twelve*, he chose four that were Fishermen, whom he inspired and sent to show his blessed Will to the *Gentiles*, *Freedom from the Incumbrances of the Law, and a new Way to everlasting Life.* This was the Employment of these Fishermen, concerning which, some, have made these Observations. First, that he never reproved these for their *Calling*, as he did the *Scribes* and *Money-changers.* And Secondly, he found the Hearts of such Men by Nature were fitted for Contemplation and Quietness. Men of mild, sweet, and peaceable Spirits, as indeed most *Anglers* are. These Men our blessed Saviour (who is observed to love to plant Grace in good Natures) tho' nothing is too hard for him, yet these he chose to call from their irreprovable Employment of Fishing, and gave them Grace to be his Disciples, and follow him. *Four*, I say, of *twelve.*

And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will that these four Fishermen should have a priority of Nomination in the Catalogue of his Apostles *, as namely, first St. *Peter*, St. *Andrew*, St. *James*, St. *John*, and then the rest. And it is yet more observable, that when our blessed Saviour went up into the Mount, when he left the rest of his Disciples, chusing only three to bear him Company at his Transfiguration, that those three were Fishermen: And it is to be believed, that all the



* Matthew x.

other Apoſtles, after they followed *Chriſt*, betook themſelves to be *Fiſhermen* too; for it is certain the greater Number of them were found together fiſhing by *Jeſus* after his Reſurrection *.

And ſince I have your Promiſe to hear me with Patience, I will take the Liberty to look back on a Remark made by an ingenious and learned Man, who obſerves that God has been pleas'd to allow theſe, whom he himſelf has appointed to deliver his divine Will in holy Writ, to expreſs it in thoſe Metaphors as their former Affections or Practice had inclin'd them to: He brings *Solomon* for an Example, who before his Converſion was remarkably carnally amorous; and after, by God's Appointment, wrote that ſpiritual, holy, amorous Song betwixt God and his Church (the *Canticles*) in which he ſays, *ſhe had Eyes like the Fiſh-pools of Heſhbon.*

And if this hold in Reaſon, as I ſee none to the contrary, then it may be probably concluded, that *Moſes* (whom I told you before, wrote the Book of *Job*) and the Prophet *Amos* who was a Shepherd, were both *Anglers*, for you ſhall, in all the *Old Teſtament*, find *Fiſh-hooks*, I think, but twice mentioned, namely, by meek *Moſes* the friend of God, and by the humble Prophet *Amos*.

Concerning which laſt, the Prophet *Amos*, I ſhall add but this Obſervation, that he that ſhall read the *humble*, *lowly*, *plain Stile* of that Prophet, and compare it with the *high*, *glorious*, *eloquent Stile* of the Prophet *Iſaiah*, (though they be both equally true) may eaſily believe him to be, not only a Shepherd, but a good-natur'd, plain *Fiſherman*.

Which I do the rather believe by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epiſtles of St *Peter*

* John xxi.

*Peter*, St. *James*, and St. *John*, who we know were all *Fishers*, with the glorious Language and high Metaphors of St. *Paul*, who we may believe was not.

And for the Lawfulness of fishing it may very well be maintain'd by our Saviour's bidding St. *Peter* cast his Hook into the Water and catch a Fish, for Money to pay tribute to *Cæsar*. And, let me tell you, *Angling* is of high esteem, and much used in other Nations. He that reads the *Voyages* of *Ferdinand-Mendez-Pinto*, shall find that there he declares to have found a King and several Priests a fishing.

And he that reads *Plutarch*; shall see that *Angling* was not contemptible in the Days of *Mark Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, and that they in the midst of their wonderful Glory, us'd it as a principal Recreation. I may tell you, that in the Scripture *Angling* is always taken in the best Sense, and that tho' *Hunting* may be sometimes, yet it is but seldom to be so understood. And let me add, this more, He that views the ancient Ecclesiastical Canons, shall find *Hunting* to be forbid to Churchmen, as a toilsome, perplexing Recreation; while *Angling* is allowed to them, as being gentle and harmless; a Recreation that invites them to *Contemplation* and *Quietness*. I might here enlarge myself by telling you what Commendations our learned *Perkins* bestows on *Angling*: And how dear a Lover, and great a Practiser of it our learned Dr. *Whitaker* was, as indeed many others of great Note have been, but I will content myself with two memorable Men, that liv'd near our own Time, whom I also take to have been Ornaments to this Art.

The first is Dr. *Nowel*, sometime Dean of St. *Paul's*, *London*, a Man that in the Reformation of

Queen *Elizabeth*, was fo noted for his meek Spirit, deep Learning, Prudence and Piety, that the then Parliament, and Convocation both, chofe, enjoyn'd, and truſted him to make a Catechiſm for publick uſe, ſuch an one as ſhould ſtand as a Rule of Faith and Manners to their Poſterity. And the good old Man (though he was very learn'd, yet knowing that GOD leads us not to Heaven by many nor by hard Queſtions) like an honeſt *Author*, made that *good, plain, unperplex'd* Catechiſm, which is printed with our Service-Book. I ſay, this good Man was a dear Lover, and conſtant Practiſer of *Angling*, and his Cuſtom was to ſpend, beſides his fix'd Hours of Prayer (thoſe Hours which by Command of the Church were enjoined the Clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to Devotion by many *Primitive Chriſtians*:) Beſides thoſe Hours, this good Man was obſerv'd to ſpend a tenth Part of his Time in *Angling*; and alſo (for I have converſed with thoſe who have with him) to beſtow a tenth Part of his Revenue, and uſually all his Fifh, amongſt the Poor that inhabited near thoſe *Rivers* in which they were caught: often ſaying, "That "Charity gave Life to Religion:" And at his return to his Houſe would praiſe GOD he had ſpent that Day free from worldly Trouble; both harmleſly, and in a Recreation that became a Churchman. And this good Man was well content, if not deſirous, that Poſterity ſhould know he was an *Angler*, as may appear by his Picture, now to be ſeen and carefully kept in *Braz-n-Noſe-College* (to which he was a liberal Benefactor) in which he is drawn leaning on a Deſk, with his Bible before him, and on one Hand of him are Lines, Hooks, and other Tackling lying in a Round; and on his other Hand, are his Angle-Rods of ſeve-

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ral ſorts: And by them this is written, "That he "died the 13th of *February* 1601, being aged "95 Years, 44 of which he had been Dean of St. "*Paul*'s; and that his Age had neither impair'd "his Hearing, nor dim'd his Eyes, nor weakened "his Memory, nor made any of the Faculties of "his Mind weak or uſeleſs." 'Tis ſaid, that *Angling* and *Temperance* were great cauſes of heſe Bleſſings, and I wiſh the like to all that mitate him, and love the Memory of ſo good a Man.

My next and laſt Example ſhall be, that Under-raluer of Money, the late Provoſt of *Eaton College*, Sir *Henry Wotton* (a Man with whom I have often iſh'd and convers'd) a Man whoſe Foreign Em-ployments in the Service of this *Nation*, and whoſe *Experience*, *Learning*, *Wit*, and *Chearfulneſs* made his Company to be eſteem'd one of the Delights of Mankind. This Man (whoſe very Approba-ion of *Angling* were ſufficient to convince any nodeſt Cenſurer of it) was alſo a moſt dear Lover and a frequent Practiſer of my Art, of which he would ſay, "'Twas an Employment for his idle "Time, which was then not idly ſpent, for *Angling* "was, after tedious Study, a Reſt to his Mind, a "Cheerer of his Spirits, a Diverter of Sadneſs, a "Calmer of unquiet Thoughts, a Moderator of Paſ-"ſions, a Procurer of Contentedneſs, and that it be-"got Habits of Peace and Patience in thoſe thatpro-"feſs'd and practis'd it." Indeed my Friend you will find *Angling* to be like the Virtue of Humi-ty, which has a Calmneſs of Spirit and a World f other Bleſſings attending it. This was the Say-ng of that learned Man, and I do eaſily believe hat Peace, and Patience, and a calm Content did obabit in the chearful Heart of Sir *Henry Wotton*, becauſe

because I know that when he was beyond seventy Years of Age, he made this Description of a Part of the present Pleasure that possess'd him, as he sat quietly in a Summer's Evening on a Bank a *fishing*; it is a Description of the *Spring*, which, because it glides as soft and sweetly from his Pen, as that *River* does at this Time by which it was made, I shall repeat it to you.

*This Day Dame Nature seem'd in Love:*
*The lusty Sap began to move,*
*Enlivening fresh th' embracing Vines;*
*And Birds had drawn their Valentines.*
*The jealous* Trout *that low did lie,*
*'Rose at a well-dissembled* Fly;
*There stood my Friend with patient Skill,*
*Attentive o'er his trembling Quill.*
*Already were the Eaves possest*
*With the fleet Swallow's loony Nest;*
*The Groves at* Philomel's *sweet Voice,*
*From all their Echoes did rejoice;*
*The Show'rs were short, the Weather mild,*
*The Morning fresh, the Evening smil'd.*
Joan *takes her neat rub'd Pail, and now*
*She trips to Milk the sand-red* Cow,
*Where for some sturdy Foot-Ball Swain,*
*She strokes a Sillibub or twain.*
*The Fields and Gardens thick were set*
*With* Tulips, Crocus, Violet,
*And now, tho' late, the modest* Rose
*Did more than half a Blush disclose.*
*Thus all looks gay and full of Cheer,*
*To welcome the new-wardrob'd Year.*

These were the Thoughts that then possessed the undisturbed Mind of Sir *Henry Wotton*. Will you

you hear the Wish of another Angler, and the Commendation of his happy Life, which he also sings in Verse? *viz. Jo. Davors*, Esq;

*All harmless let me live, and near the Brink*
*Of* Trent *or* Avon *have a Dwelling-place;*
*Where I may see my Cork disportive sink*
*With eager Bite of Perch, or Trout, or Dace;*
*And on the World, and my Creator think,*
*Whilst some Men strive ill-gotten Goods t'embrace;*
*And others spend their Time in base Excess*
*Of Wine, or worse, in Brawls and Wantonness.*

*Let them that list, these Pastimes still pursue,*
*And on such pleasing Fancies feed their fill,*
*So I the Fields and Meadows green may view,*
*And daily by fresh Rivers walk at Will,*
*Among the Daises and the Vi'lets blue.*
*Red Hyacynth, and yellow Daffodil,*
*Purple Narcissus like the Morning Rays,*
*Pale Gander-grass, and azure Culver-keys.*

*I count it highest Pleasure to behold*
*The stately Compass of the lofty Sky,*
*And, in the midst thereof (like burning Gold)*
*The flaming Chariot of the World's great Eye;*
*The watry Clouds, that in the Air up-rold,*
*With sundry Kinds of painted Colours fly;*
*And fair* Aurora *lifting up her Head,*
*With Blushes parting from* Tithonius *Bed.*

*The Mountains rising stately from the Plains;*
*The Plain's wide-stretch'd Extent of level Ground;*
*The Ground diversify'd in sundry Veins;*
*The Veins incles'd with Rivers running round:*
*These Rivers making way through Nature's Chains,*
*With headlong Course to join the Sea profound:*

*The raging Sea beneath the Valleys lye,*
*Where Waters, in united Bodies move:*

*The lofty Woods, the Forests wide and long,*
*Adorn'd with Leaves and Branches fresh and green,*
*In whose cool Bowrs the Birds, with many a Song,*
*Welcome in lesser Quires the Sun's return:*
*The Meadows fair, where Flora's Gifts abound,*
*Are interwoven with delightful Grass between.*
*The Fish that in the Watry Bosom swim*
*Deep-ledg'd, or sunning on his crystal Brim.*

*All these, and many more of his Creation,*
*That made the Heavens, doth oft' the Angler see,*
*Taking therein no little Delectation,*
*To think how fair, how wonderful they be;*
*Framing thereof an inward Contemplation,*
*To set his Heart from other Fancies free;*
*And whilst he looks on these with joyful Eye,*
*His Mind is rapt above the starry Sky.*

Sir, I am glad my Memory has not loſt theſe laſt Verſes, becauſe they are ſomewhat more pleaſant and more ſuitable to *May-Day*, then my harſh Diſcourſe; and I am glad your Patience hath held out ſo long, as to hear them and me; for, both together, have brought us within Sight of the *Thatch'd Houſe*, and I muſt be your Debtor (if you think it worth your Attention) for the reſt of my promiſed Diſcourſe, till ſome other Opportunity, and a like Time of Leiſure.

*Pisc.* Sir, you have angled me on with much Pleaſure to the *Thatch'd Houſe*; and I now find your Words true, that good Company makes the Way ſeem ſhort; for truſt me, I thought we had wanted Three Miles of this Houſe, till you ſhowed

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it me: But now we are at it, we will turn in, and refresh ourselves with a Cup of Drink, and a little Rest.

*Pis.* Most gladly, Sir; and we will drink a civil Cup to all the *Otter-hunters* that are to meet you To-morrow.

*Ven.* That we will, Sir, and to all the Lovers of *Angling* too, of which Number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the Help of your good Discourse and Company, I have put on new Thoughts, both of the Art of *Angling*, and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me To-morrow, at the Time and Place appointed, and bestow one Day with me and my Friends in hunting the *Otter*, I will dedicate the next Two Days to wait on you; and we Two will for that Time do nothing but angle and talk of Fish and fishing.

*Pis.* It is a Match, Sir; I will not fail you, God willing, to be at *Amwell-hill* To-morrow Morning before Sun-rising.

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## CHAP. II.

### *Observations of the* Otter *and* Chub.

*Vena.* MY Friend, *Piscator*, you have kept Time with my Thoughts, for the Sun is just rising, and I myself just come to this Place, and the Dogs have just put down an *Otter*; look down at the Bottom of the Hill there, in that Meadow chequered with *Water-lillies* and *Lady-smocks*, there you may see what work they make. Look! look! you may see all busy, Men and Dogs, Dogs and Men, all busy!

*Pis.* Sir, I am glad to meet you, and have so fair an Entrance into this Day's Sport, and glad to

ſee ſo many Dogs, and more Men, in Purſuit of the *Otter*; let us Compliment no longer, but join them. Come, honeſt *Venator*, let us be gone, let us make haſte, I long to be doing; no reaſonable Hedge or Ditch ſhall hold me.

*Vena.* Gentlemen Huntſmen, where found you this *Otter?*

*Hunt.* Marry, Sir, we found her a Mile from this Place a fiſhing: She has this Morning eaten the greateſt Part of this *Trout*, and only left thus much of it as you ſee, and was fiſhing for more. When we came we found her juſt at it; but we were here very early, an Hour before Sun-riſe, and have given her no reſt ſince we came; ſure ſhe will hardly eſcape all theſe Dogs and Men. I am to have the Skin if we kill her.

*Vena.* Why, Sir, what is the Skin worth?

*Hunt.* It is worth Ten Shillings to make Gloves. The Gloves of an *Otter*, are the beſt Fortification for your Hands that can be thought on againſt wet Weather.

*Piſ.* I pray, honeſt Huntſman, let me ask you a pleaſant Queſtion. Do you hunt a Beaſt, or a Fiſh?

*Hunt.* Sir, it is not in my Power to reſolve you, I leave it to the College of *Carthuſians*, who have made Vows never to eat Fleſh. But I have heard the Queſtion has been debated among many great Clerks, and they ſeem to differ about it; yet moſt agree, that his Tail is Fiſh; and if his Body be Fiſh too, then I may ſay, that a Fiſh will walk on Land (for an *Otter* does ſo) ſometimes ſix, or ten Miles in a Night. But, Sir, I can tell you certainly, that he devours much Fiſh, and kills and ſpoils much more than he eats; and that thus *Dog fiſher* (for ſo the *Latins* call him) can

ſmell

ſmell a Fiſh in the Water an hundred Yards from him (*Geſner* ſays, much farther); and that his Genitals are good againſt the Falling Sickneſs; and that there is an Herb *Benione*, which being hung in a linen Cloth near a Fiſh-pond, or any Haunt that he uſes, makes him to avoid the Place; which proves, he ſmells both by Water and Land: And I can tell you, there is brave hunting this *Water-dog* in *Cornwall*, where there have been ſo many, that our *Cambden* ſays, "There is a River called "*Otterſey*, which was ſo named, by reaſon of the "Abundance of *Otters* that breed and feed in it."

And thus much for my Knowlege of the *Otter*, which you may now ſee above Water at vent, and the Dogs cloſe with him. I now ſee he will not laſt long; follow, my Maſters, for *Sweetlips* was like to have him at this Vent.

*Vena.* Oh me! all the Horſe are got over the River; what ſhall we do now, ſhall we follow them over the Water.

*Hunt.* No, Sir, no, be not ſo eager, ſtay a little, and follow me, for both they and the Dogs will be ſuddenly on this Side again, I warrant you; and the *Otter* too, it may be. Now have at him with *Killbuck*, for he vents again.

*Vena.* Marry, ſo he is; for look, he vents in that Corner. Now, *Ringwood* has her; now he is gone again, and has bit the poor Dog. Now *Sweetlips* has her; Hold her *Sweetlips!* Now all the Dogs have her, ſome above, and ſome under Water; but now, now ſhe is tired, and paſt looſing. Come, bring him to me, *Sweetlips*. Look, 'tis a Bitch *Otter*, and ſhe has lately whelped. Let us go to the Place where ſhe was put down, and, not far from it, you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you.

*Hunt.*

*Hunt.* Come, Gentlemen, come all, let us go to the Place where we put down the *Otter*. Look you, here about it was that she kennelled: Look you, here it was indeed, for here is her young ones, no less than Five. Come, let us kill them all.

*Pis.* No, I pray, Sir, save me one, and I will try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious Gentleman in *Leicestershire* (Mr. *Nich. Seagrave*) has done; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch Fish, and do many other things of Pleasure.

*Hunt.* Take one, with all my Heart, but let us kill the rest. And now let us go to an honest Alehouse, where we may have a good Cup of Barley Wine, and sing *Old Rose*, and all of us rejoice together.

*Vera.* Come, my Friend, *Piscator*, let me invite you along with us; I will bear your Charges this Night, and you shall bear mine To-morrow; for my Intention is to accompany you a Day or Two in fishing.

*Pis.* Sir, your Request is granted; I shall be glad to exchange such a Courtesy, and enjoy your Company.

*Vera.* Well, now let us go to your Sport of Angling.

*Pis.* Let us be going, with all my Heart: Adieu to you all, Gentlemen, may you meet this Day with another Bitch *Otter*, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

*Vera.* Now, *Piscator*, where will you begin to fish?

*Pis.* We are not yet come to a likely Place; I must walk a Mile further yet before I begin.

*Vera.* Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely, How do you like my Host, and the Company? Is not my Host a witty Man?

*Pis.*

*Pif.* Sir, I will let you know preſently what I think of your Hoſt; but firſt, will tell you, I am glad theſe *Otters* were killed, and I am ſorry there are no more *Otter-killers*; for I know the want of them, and, for not keeping the Fence Months, the Preſervation of Fiſh, will in time prove the Deſtruction of all Rivers; and thoſe very few that are left, that make Conſcience of the Laws of the Nation, and of keeping Days of Abſtinence, will be forced to eat Fleſh, or ſuffer more Inconveniences than is yet foreſeen.

*Vena.* Why, Sir, what are thoſe you call the Fence Months?

*Pif.* Sir, they be principally three, namely, *March*, *April*, and *May*, theſe being the uſual Months that *Salmon* come out of the Sea to ſpawn in moſt freſh Rivers; and their Fry would, about a certain time, return back to the ſalt Water, if they were not hindred by Weirs and unlawful Gins, which the greedy Fiſhermen ſet, and ſo deſtroy them by Thouſands. He that ſhall view the wiſe Statutes made in the 13th of *Edward* the Firſt, and the like by *Richard* the Third, may ſee ſeveral Proviſions made againſt the Deſtruction of Fiſh; and though I profeſs no Knowledge of the Law, yet, I am ſure, theſe Defects might be eaſily amended; but I remember a wiſe Saying, *That which is every Body's Buſineſs, is no Body's Buſineſs.* If it were otherwiſe, there could not be ſo many Nets and Fiſh that are under the Statute-ſize ſold daily amongſt us; of which the Conſervators of the Waters ſhould be aſhamed.

But, above all, the taking Fiſh in Spawning-time, may be ſaid to be againſt Nature; it is like taking the Dam on the Neſt, when ſhe hatches

her

her young; a Sin so against Nature, that Almighty God hath in holy Writ made a Law against it.

But the poor Fish have Enemies enough besides such unnatural Fishermen, as namely, the *Otters* that I spake of, the *Cormorant*, the *Bittern*, the *Ossprey*, the *Sea-gull*, the *Hern*, the *King-fisher*, the *Gorrara*, the *Puet*, the *Swan*, *Goose*, *Ducks*, and the *Craber*, or *Water-Rat*; against all which, any honest Man may make a just Quarrel; but I will not: I leave them to be quarrelled with, and killed by others; for I am not of a cruel Nature; I love to kill nothing but Fish.

And now to your Question concerning your Host: To speak truly, he is not to me a good Companion; for most of his Conceits were either Scripture Jests, or lascivious Jests; for which I count no Man witty; for the Devil will help a Man that way inclined to the first, and his own corrupt Nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a Companion that feasts the Company with Wit and Mirth, and leaves out the Sin, which is usually mixed with them, he is the Man; and, indeed, such a Companion should have his Charges borne; and to such Company I hope to bring you this Night; for at *Trout-Hall*, not far from this Place, where I propose to lodge, there is usually an *Angler*, that proves good Company, and, let me tell you, good Company, and good Discourse, are the very Sinews of Virtue: But, for such as we heard last Night, it infects others; the very Boys will learn to talk and swear as they heard my Host, and another of the Company, that shall be nameless. I am sorry he is a Gentleman, for less Religion will not save their Souls, than a Beggar's; I think more will be required at the great Day. Well, you know what Example is able to do; and I know what

what the Poet ſays in the like Caſe, which is worthy to be noted by all Parents, and People of Civility;

——————— *Many a one*
*Owes to his Country his* Religion:
*And in* another *would as ſtrongly grow,*
*Had but his Nurſe or Mother taught him ſo.*

This is Reaſon put into Verſe, and worthy the Conſideration of a wiſe Man, But of this no more; for though I love Civility, yet I hate ſevere Cenſures: I will to my own Art; and, I doubt not, but at yonder Tree, I ſhall catch a *Chub*; and then we will turn to an honeſt cleanly Hoſteſs that I know; reſt ourſelves there, and dreſs it for our Dinner.

*Vena.* Oh, Sir, a *Chub* is the worſt Fiſh that ſwims, I hoped for a *Trout* to my Dinner.

*Piſ.* Truſt me, Sir, there is not a likely Place for a *Trout* hereabout; and we ſtaid ſo long to take our Leave of your Huntſmen this Morning, that the Sun is got ſo high, and ſhines ſo clear, that I will not undertake the Catching of a *Trout* till Evening; and though a *Chub* be by you, and many others, reckoned the worſt of Fiſh, yet you ſhall ſee I will make it a good one, by dreſſing it.

*Vena.* Why, how will you dreſs him?

*Piſ.* I will tell you when I have caught him. Look you here, Sir, do you ſee? But you muſt ſtand very cloſe; there lie upon the Top of the Water, in this very Hole, twenty *Chubs*: I will catch only one, and that ſhall be the biggeſt of them all; and that I will do ſo, I will hold you twenty to one; and you ſhall ſee it done.

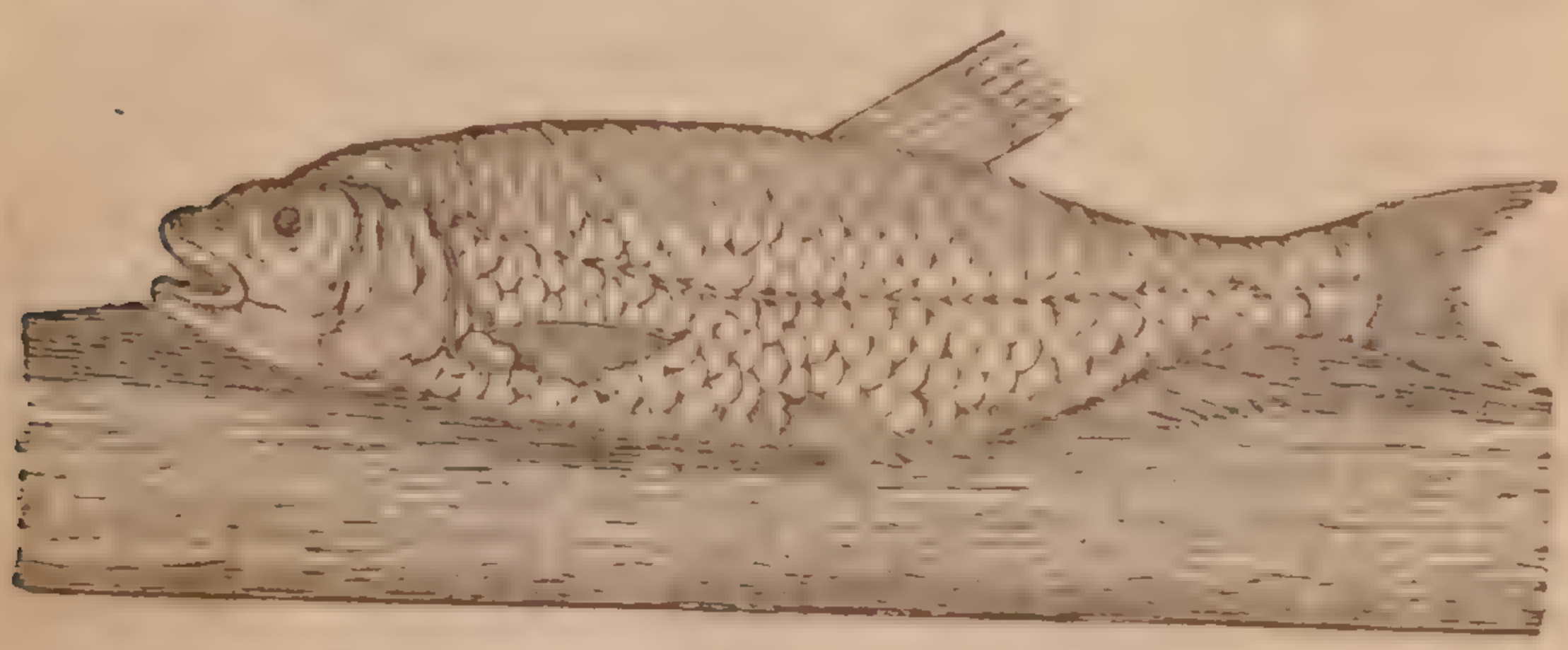
*Vena:* Marry, Sir, now you talk like an Artiſt; and I will ſay you are one, when I ſhall ſee you perform

perform what you say you can do; but I yet doubt it.

*Pis.* You shall not doubt me long, for you shall see me do it presently. Look, the Biggest of these *Chubs* has had some Bruise upon his Tail by a *Pike*, or some other Accident, and that looks like a white Spot; that very *Chub* I mean to put into your Hands instantly: Sit you but down in the Shade a little while, and I warrant you I will bring him to you.

*Vena.* I will sit down, and hope well, because you seem so confident.

*Pis.* Look you, Sir, there is a Trial of my Skill; there he is!



that very *Chub* that I shewed you with the white Spot on his Tail: And I will be as certain to make him a good Dish of Meat, as I was to catch him. I will now lead you to an honest Alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly Room, Lavender in the Windows, and twenty Ballads stuck about the Wall; there my Hostess, which, I may tell you, is both cleanly and handsome, and civil, hath dressed many a one for me, and shall now dress it after my Fashion, and I'll warrant it good Meat.

*Vena.* Come, Sir, with all my Heart, for I begin to be hungry, and long to be at it, and indeed, to rest myself too; for though I have walked but

four

four Miles this Morning, yet I begin to be weary; Yesterday's hunting hangs still upon me.

*Pis.* Well, Sir, and you shall be quickly at rest, for yonder is the House I mean to bring you to.

Hostess, how do you? Will you first give us a Cup of your best Drink, and then dress this *Chub*, as you dressed my last, when I and my Friend were here about ten Days ago? But you must do me one Courtesy, it must be done instantly.

*Hos.* I will do it, Mr. *Piscator*, and with all the Speed I can.

*Pis.* Now, Sir, has not my Hostess made haste, and does not the Fish look lovely?

*Vena.* Both, upon my Word, Sir, and therefore let us say Grace, and fall to eating of it.

*Pis.* Well, Sir, how do you like it?

*Vena.* Trust me! it is as good Meat as ever I tasted: Now let me thank you for it, drink to you, and beg a Favour of you; but it must not be denied me.

*Pis.* What is it, I pray, Sir? You are so modest, that, methinks, I may promise to grant it, before it is asked.

*Vena.* Why, Sir, it is, that from henceforth you will allow me to call you Master, and that really I may be your Scholar; for you are such a Companion, and have so quickly caught, and so excellently cooked this Fish, as makes me ambitious to be your Scholar.

*Pis.* Give me your Hand; from this Time forward I will be your Master, and teach you as much of this Art as I am able; and will, as you desire me, tell you somewhat of the Nature of most of the Fish that we are to angle for; and, I am sure, I both can and will tell you, more than any common *Angler* yet knows.

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

### *How to fish for and to dress the* Cheven *or* Chub.

*Pis.* THE *Chub*, though he eat well thus dressed, yet as he is, usually, he does not. He is objected against, not only for being full of small forked Bones dispersed through all his Body, but that he eats waterish, and the Flesh of him is not firm, but limp, and tasteless: The *French* esteem him so mean, as to call him *Un villan*; nevertheless he may be so dressed as to make him very good Meat; as namely, if he be a large *Chub*, thus:

*First scale, then wash him clean, and take out his Guts; make the Hole as little, and as near to his Gills, as you may conveniently; and especially make clean his Throat from the Grass and Weeds that are in it (for if that be not clean, it will make him taste very sour); then put some sweet Herbs * into his Belly, tie him up with two or three Splinters to a Spit, and roast him, basted often with Vinegar, or rather Verjuice and Butter, with good Store of Salt mixed with it.*

Being thus dressed, you will find him a much better Dish of Meat than you, or most Folk, even than *Anglers* themselves do imagine; for this dries up the fluid watry Humour with which all *Chubs* abound.

But, take this Rule with you, That a *Chub* newly taken and dressed, is so much better than a *Chub* of a Day's keeping, that I can compare him to nothing so fitly, as to Cherries newly gathered from the Tree, and others that have been brained, and laid a Day or two in Water. Being thus used, and

* The best Herbs are Rosemary, Thyme, Sweet Marjoram, Parsly and Winter Savory. *Pearch*, *Tench*, and *Bream*, may be so dressed, basting them with fresh Butter only.

and dreſſed preſently, and not waſhed after he is gutted (for note, that lying long in Water, and waſhing the Blood out of the Fiſh, after they be gutted, abates much of their Sweetneſs), you will find the *Chub* to be ſuch Meat as will Recompenſe your Labour. Or you may dreſs the *Cheven* or *Chub* thus;

*When you have ſcaled him, and cut off his Tail and Fins, and waſhed him very clean, then chine or ſlit him through the Middle, as Salt-fiſh is uſually cut; then give him three or four Scotches with your Knife, and broil him on Wood or Charcoal, that are free from Smoke, and all the time baſte him with beſt ſweet Butter, and good Store of Salt mixed with it; and to this add a little Thyme, cut exceeding ſmall, or bruiſed, into the Butter.* The *Cheven* thus dreſſed, hath the watry Taſte taken away, for which ſo many except againſt him. Thus was that dreſſed that you liked ſo well, and commended ſo much. But note again, that if this *Chub* that you eat of had been kept till To-morrow, he had not been worth a Ruſh; and remember that his Throat be very, very clean, and his Body not waſhed after he is gutted.

Well, Scholar, you ſee what Pains I have taken to recover the loſt Credit of the poor deſpiſed *Chub*. And now I will give you ſome Rules how to catch him; and I am glad to enter you into the Art of Fiſhing by catching a *Chub*, for there is no Fiſh better to initiate a young Angler, he is ſo eaſily caught; but then it muſt be this particular way *.

Go to the ſame Hole in which I caught my *Chub*, where, in moſt hot Days, you will find a Dozen

* In Rivers that are narrow, and much incumbered with Wood, with a ſhort Line, *viz.* one ſingle Link of Hair, you may fiſh for him in the like manner, under the cloſeſt Boughs, and at the Roots of Trees growing in the oppoſite Side of the Water.

Dozen or Twenty floating near the Top of the Water; take two or three *Grashoppers*, as you go over the Meadow, and get secretly behind a Tree, stand as free from Motion as possible, then put a *Grashopper* on your Hook, and let it hang a Quarter of a Yard short of the Water; to which End, you must rest your Rod on some Bough, and it is likely the *Chub* will sink down towards the Bottom at the Shadow of your Rod; for a *Chub* is the fearfullest of Fishes, and will do so, if but a Bird flies over him, and makes the least Shade on the Water; but they will presently rise up to the Top again, and there lie soaring, till some fresh Sight affrights them. When they thus lie, look out the best *Chub*, which (setting yourself in a right Place) you may very easily see, and move your Rod as softly as a Snail moves, to that you intend to catch; let your Bait fall gently upon the Water, three or four Inches before him, and he will infallibly take the Bait, and you will be as sure to catch him; for he is one of the leather-mouth'd Fishes of which a Hook does scarce ever lose his hold; and therefore give him play enough, before you offer to take him out of the Water. Go your way presently, take my Rod, and do as I bid you, and I will sit down and mend my Tackling, till you return back.

*Ven.* Truly, my loving Master, you have offered me as fair as I could with; I will go, and observe your Directions.

Look you, Master, what I have done! that which joys my Heart; caught just such another *Chub* as your's.

*Pis.* Marry, and I am glad of it. I am like to have a towardly Scholar of you. I now see, that, with Advice and Practice, you will make an Angler

in

in a ſhort time. Have but a Love to it, and I will warrant you.

*Vena.* But, Maſter, what if I could not have found a *Graſhopper*?

*Piſ.* Then a black Snail, with his Belly ſlit, to ſhew his white, * or a Piece of ſoft Cheeſe will uſually do as well; nay, ſometimes a *Worm*, or any kind of Fly, as the *Ant-fly*, the *Fleſh fly*, or *Wall-fly*, or the *Dor* or *Beetle*, which you may find under Cow-dung; or a Bob, which you will find in the ſame Place, and, in time, will be a *Beetle*; it is a ſhort white Worm, like to, and bigger than, a *Gentle*; or a *Cad* or *Caſe-worm*. Any of theſe will do very well to fiſh in ſuch a way; and, after this manner, you may catch a *Trout* in a hot Evening; when, as you walk by a Brook, and ſhall ſee or hear him leap at Flies, then, if you have got a *Graſhopper*, put it on your Hook, with your Line about two Yards long, ſtanding behind a Buſh or Tree where his Hole is, and make your Bait ſtir up and down on the Top of the Water. You may, if you ſtand cloſe, be ſure of a Bite, but not ſure to catch him, for he is not a leather-mouthed Fiſh; and, after this manner, you may fiſh for him with almoſt any kind of live Fly, but eſpecially with a *Graſhopper*.

*Vena.* But, before you go further, pray, good Maſter, what mean you by a leather-mouthed Fiſh?

*Piſ.* By this I mean, ſuch as have their Teeth in their Throat; as the *Chub*, the *Barbel*, the *Gudgeon*,

* Early in the Morning he takes *this*, but ſeldom in the Heat of the Day. A general Indication this, to the Angler, not to uſe any Baits when Nature puts them not forth. He always loves a large Bait, and will bite at ſeveral Sorts of Flies, or other Mixtures (as a Fly, an Oak-worm, and Paſte) put at once on the Hook together.

*geon*, *Carp*, and divers others have; and the Hook being ſtuck into the Leather or Skin of ſuch Fiſh, does very ſeldom or never loſe its Hold: But, on the contrary, a *Pike*, a *Pearch*, or *Trout*, and ſome other Fiſh, which have not their Teeth in their Throats, but in their Mouths (which you ſhall obſerve to be very full of Bones, and the Skin very thin, and little of it), I ſay, of theſe Fiſh, the Hook never takes ſo ſure hold, but you often loſe the Fiſh, unleſs they have gorged it.

*Vena.* I thank you, good Maſter, for this Obſervation. But now, what ſhall be done with my *Chub* which I have caught?

*Pif.* Marry, Sir, it ſhall be given away to ſome poor Body; for, I will warrant you, I will give you a *Trout* for your Supper; and, it is a good Beginning of your Art, to offer your firſt Fruits to the Poor, who will both thank God and you for it; which I ſee by your Silence you ſeem to conſent to. And, for your Willingneſs to part with it ſo charitably, I will alſo teach you more concerning *Chub* fiſhing. In *March* and *April*, he is taken commonly with *Worms*; in *May*, *June*, and *July*, he will bite at any *Fly*, or *Cherries*, or at *Beetles*, with their Legs and Wings cut off; or at any kind of *Snail*, or at the *black Bee*, that breeds in clay Walls; and he never refuſes a *Grashopper* at the Top of a ſwift Stream; nor, at the Bottom, the young *humble Bee*, that breeds in long Graſs, and is ordinarily found by the Mower of it. *Auguſt*, and the cooler Months, a yellow Paſte, made of the ſtrongeſt Cheeſe, and pounded in a Mortar with a little Butter and Saffron (ſo much of it, as being beaten ſmall, will turn it to a Lemon-colour). And ſome make a Paſte for the Winter Months, of old Cheeſe and Turpentine

pentine *; at which time the *Chub* is accounted beſt; for then it is obſerved, that the forked Bones are loſt, or turned into a kind of Griſtle, eſpecially if he be baked. He will bite alſo at a *Minnow* or *Penk*, as a *Trout* will; of which I ſhall tell you more hereafter, and of divers other Baits †. But, take this for a Rule, that, in hot Weather, he is to be fiſhed for towards the Mid-water, or near the Top, and, in colder, nearer the Bottom; and if you fiſh for him on the Top, with a *Beetle*, or any *Fly*, then be ſure to let your Line be very long, and to keep out of Sight. And having told you that his Spawn is excellent, and that the Head of a large *Chevin*, the Throat being well waſhed, is the beſt Part of him, I will ſay no more of this Fiſh at preſent, but wiſh you may catch the next you fiſh for. My next Obſervation and Direction ſhall be concerning the *Trout*, which I love to angle for above any Fiſh. But, leſt you ſhould judge me too nice in urging to have the *Chub* dreſſed ſo preſently after he is taken, I will commend to your Conſideration, how curious former Times have been in the like kind.

You ſhall hear, in *Seneca*'s Natural Queſtions ‡, that the Antients were ſo curious in the Newneſs of their Fiſh, that they ſeemed not freſh enough, that were not put alive into the Gueſts Hands. To that end, they uſually kept them living in Glaſs-bottles in their Dining-Rooms, and they gloried very much, to have that Fiſh taken from under their Table alive, that was inſtantly to be fed on. And, he ſays, they took a deal of Pleaſure to ſee their *Mullets* change to ſeveral Colours when

* Several mix a Bit of fat or ruſty Bacon with the former, and account it an excellent Bait.

† See the Appendix, in the Baits for the *Chub*.

‡ Lib. iii. Chap. 17.

when they were dying. But enough of this, for I doubt I have ſtaid too long from giving you ſome Obſervations of the *Trout*, and how to fiſh for him; which ſhall take up the next ſpare Time.

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## CHAP. IV.

### *Obſervations of the Nature and Breeding of the* Trout, *and how to fiſh for him. With the* Milk-maid's *Song.*

*Pif.* THE *Trout* is a Fiſh highly valued both in this and foreign Nations; he may be juſtly allowed (as the old Poet ſaid of Wine, and we *Engliſh* of Veniſon) to be a generous Fiſh: So like the *Buck*, that he alſo has *his* Seaſons; for it is obſerved, he comes in and goes out of Seaſon with him. *Geſner* ſays, his Name is of a *German* Offspring, and is a Fiſh that feeds clean and purely, in the ſwifteſt Streams, and on the hardeſt Gravel; and that he may juſtly contend with all Freſh-water, as the *Mullet* may with all Sea-fiſh, for Precedency, and Daintineſs of Taſte, and, when in right Seaſon, the moſt curious Pallates have given Preference to him.

And, let me tell you, as there are ſome barren *Does*, that are good in Summer, ſo are there ſome barren *Trouts* that are good in Winter: But there are not many ſo: for uſually they are in their Perfection in the Month of *May*, and decline with the *Buck*. In ſeveral Countries, as in *Germany*, and other Parts, compared to ours, Fiſh differ much in their Bigneſs, Shape, and otherways, and ſo do *Trouts*; it is well known, that in the Lake *Lemon* (of *Geneva*) there are *Trouts* taken of three Cubits

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bits long, as is affirmed by *Gesner*, a Writer of good Credit; and *Mercator* says, the *Trouts* that are taken there, are a great Part of the Merchandize of that famous City. Certain Waters breed *Trouts* remarkable, both for their Number and Smallness. I know a little Brook in *Kent*, that breeds them to a Number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an Hour, but none greater than about the Size of a *Gudgeon*. There are also in divers Rivers, especially such as have Communication with the Sea, as at *Winchester*, or the *Thames*, about *Windsor*, a little *Trout*, called a *Samlet* or *Skegger-Trout*; in both which Places, I have caught twenty or forty at a standing, that will bite as freely and fast as *Minnows*: These are by some taken to be young *Salmons*, but in those Waters they never grow to be larger than a *Herring*.

There is also in *Kent*, near *Canterbury*, a *Forridge-Trout*, which bears the Name of the Town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of Fish, many of them near the Bigness of a *Salmon*, but known by their different Colour, and in their best Season cut very white: None of these have been known to be taken with an Angle, unless it were one that was caught by Sir *George Hastings* (an excellent Angler, now with God;) and he hath told me, he thought that *Trout* bit not for Hunger, but Wantonness; and it is the rather to be believed, because both he then, and many others before him, have been curious to search into their Bellies, what the Food was by which they lived, and have found nothing that might satisfy their Curiosity.

It is reported by Authors, that there is a Fish that hath not any Mouth, but lives by taking Breath at the Porings of her Gills, and feeds, and is nou-



rished,

riſhed, by no Man knows what; and this may be believed of the *Ferdidge-Trout*, which, as it is ſaid of the *Stork*, that he knows his Seaſon, ſo he knows his Time, I think almoſt his Day, of coming firſt into that River out of the Sea, where he lives nine Months of the Year, and about three in the River of *Ferdidge*. The Townſmen are very punctual in obſerving the very Time of beginning to fiſh for them; and boaſt much, that their River affords a *Trout* that exceeds all others: Juſt ſo *Suſſex* boaſts of ſeveral Fiſh, as a *Shelſey Cockle*, a *Chichester Lobſter*, an *Arundel Mullet*, and an *Amerly Trout*.

This *Ferdidge-Trout* is thought to eat nothing in freſh Water; and it may be the better believed, becauſe it is known, that *Swallows* * which are not ſeen to fly in *England* for ſix Months in the Year, but about *Michaelmas* leave us for a better Climate, yet ſome of them, that have been left behind their Fellows, have been found, many Thouſands at a time, in hollow Trees, where they have been obſerved to live and ſleep out the whole Winter without Meat. So *Albertus* obſerves, that there is one Kind of *Frog* that hath her Mouth naturally ſhut up about the End of *Auguſt* †, and that ſhe lives ſo all the Winter; though it be ſtrange to ſome, yet it is known to too many among us to be doubted.

And ſo much for theſe *Ferdidge-Trouts*, which never afford an Angler Sport, but either live their time of being in the freſh Water by their Meat formerly gotten in the Sea, not unlike the *Saunſbore* or *Frog*, or by the Virtue of the freſh Water only; or as the Birds of *Paradiſe*, and the *Camelion*, are ſaid to live by the Sun and Air.

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* See Sir *Francis Bacon*'s Experiments, p. 899.
† See *Aldrovand* of *Frogs*.

There is alſo in *Northumberland* a *Trout* called a *Bull-Trout*, of a much greater Length and Bigneſs than any in theſe Southern Parts: And there are, in many Rivers that relate to the Sea, *Salmon-Trouts*, as much different from others, both in their Shape and Spots, as we ſee Sheep differ in their Bigneſs and Fineneſs of Wool; and, certainly, as ſome Paſtures breed larger Sheep, ſo do ſome Rivers, by reaſon of the Ground, over which they run, produce larger *Trouts*.

Now, the next thing I will commend to your Conſideration is, that the *Trout* is of a more ſudden Growth than other Fiſh; though he lives not ſo long as the *Perch*, and divers other Fiſhes do, as Sir *Francis Bacon* hath obſerved in his Hiſtory of *Life and Death*.

Nor is he like the *Crocodile*, which, if he lives never ſo long, yet always thrives to his Death; but contrary, the *Trout* after he is come to his full Growth, declines in his Body, but keeps his Bigneſs, or thrives only in his Head, till his Death: And he will, about (eſpecially before) the Time of his Spawning, get almoſt miraculouſly through Weirs and Flood-gates againſt the Stream, even through ſuch high and ſwift Places, as is almoſt incredible.

The *Trout* uſually ſpawns about *October* or *November*, but in ſome Rivers a little ſooner or later; which is the more obſervable, becauſe moſt other Fiſh ſpawn in Spring or Summer, when the Sun hath warmed the Earth and Water, and made them fit for Generation. And you are to note, that he continues many Months out of Seaſon; for he is like the *Buck* or *Ox*, that will not be fat in many Months, though he go in the very ſame Paſtures that Horſes do, which will be fat in one; and ſo

you may obſerve, that moſt other Fiſhes recover Strength, and grow ſooner fat, and in Seaſon, than the *Trout* doth; for till the Sun gets to ſuch an Height as to warm the Earth and Water, the *Trout* is ſick and lean, and loufy, and unwholſome. You ſhall in Winter find him have a big Head, and to be lank and thin, and lean; at which time, many of them have ſticking on them *Tags* or *Trout-lice*, which is a kind of Worm in Shape like a *Clove* or *Pin*, with a big Head, that cleaves cloſe to him, and ſucks his Moiſture; thoſe, I think, the *Trout* breeds himſelf, and never thrives till he free himſelf from them, which is not till warm Weather comes; and then as he grows ſtill ſtronger, he gets from the dead, ſtill Waters, into the ſharp Streams and Gravel, and there rubs off theſe Worms or Lice, and, as he grows ſtill ſtronger, he gets him into ſwifter and ſwifter Streams, and there lies at the watch for any *Fly* or *Minnow* that comes near him; and he eſpecially loves the *May-fly*, which is bred of the *Cod-worm* or *Caddice*, theſe make the *Trout* bold and lufty; and he is uſually fatter and better Meat at the End of that Month, than at any Time of the Year.

It is obſerved, that uſually the beſt *Trouts* are either red or yellow, though ſome, as the *Ferdidge-Trout*, are white, and yet good; but that is not uſual; and it is remarkable, that the female *Trout* hath commonly a leſs Head, and a deeper Body, than the Male, and is, for the moſt Part, better Meat. And note, that a Hog-back, and a little Head, to any Fiſh, is a ſign that that Fiſh is in Seaſon.

But yet, as you ſee ſome Willows or Palm-trees bud or bloſſom ſooner than others, ſo ſome *Trouts* are

are in particular Rivers sooner in Season: And as some Hollies or Oaks are longer before they cast their Leaves, so are some *Trouts*, in such Rivers, longer before they go out of season.

And you are to know, there are several Kinds of *Trouts*, though they all go under that general Name; just as there are tame and wild *Pigeons*; as of tame, there are *Croppers*, *Carriers*, *Runts*, &c. which all differ; and so do *Trouts*, in their Bigness, Shape, and Colour. The great *Kentish Hens* may be an Instance, compared with other *Hens*; and, doubtless, there is a Kind of small *Trout* which will never thrive to be big, that breeds very many more than others do of a larger Size; which you may the rather believe, if you consider, that the little *Wren* and *Titmouse* will have twenty Young at a time; when, usually, the noble *Hawk*, or the musical *Throstel* or *Blackbird*, exceed not four or five.

And now I shall try my Skill to catch a *Trout*; and, at my next walking, either this Evening, or To-morrow Morning, will give you Direction how you yourself shall fish for him.

*Vena.* Trust me, Master, I see it is a harder matter to catch a *Trout*, than a *Chub*; for I have put on Patience, and followed you these two Hours, and not seen a Fish stir either at your *Minnow*, or your *Worm*.

*Pis.* Well, Scholar, you must endure worse Luck sometimes, or you will never make a good Angler. But, what say you now? There is a *Trout*, and a good one too, if I can but hold him, and two or three Turns more will tire him. Now, you see, he lies still, and the Slight is to land him. Reach me that Landing-Net. So, Sir, now he is my own. What say you? Is not this worth all my labour, and your Patience?

*Peter.* On my Word, Master, this is a gallant *Trout*. What ſhall we do with him?

*Pif.* Marry, e'en eat him for Supper. We will go to my Hoſtes, from whence we came; ſhe told me, as I was going out of Doors, that my Brother *Peter*, a good Angler, and a chearful Companion, had ſent word, he would lodge there to Night, and bring a Friend with him. My Hoſtes has two Beds, and I know you and I may have the beſt. We will rejoice with my Brother *Peter*, and his Friend; tell Tales, or ſing Ballads, or make a Catch, or find ſome harmleſs Sport to content us, and paſs away a little Time, without Offence to God or Man.

*Peter.* A Match, good Maſter. Let us go to that Houſe; for the Linnen looks white, and ſmells of Lavender, and I long to lie in a Pair of Sheets that ſmell ſo. Let us be going, good Maſter, for I am hungry again with fiſhing.

*Pif.* Nay, ſtay a little, good Scholar. I caught my laſt *Trout* with a *Worm*; now I will put on a *Minnow* *, and try a Quarter of an Hour about yonder Trees for another, and ſo walk towards our Lodging. Look you, Scholar! There about we ſhall have a Bite preſently, or not at all. Have with you, Sir! On my Word I have him! Oh, it is a great Loggerhead *Chub*. Come, hang him upon that Willow-twig, and let us be going. But turn out of the Way a little, good Scholar, towards yonder high Hedge; we will ſit whilſt this Shower falls ſo gently on the teeming Earth, and gives yet a ſweeter Smell to the lovely Flowers that adorn theſe verdant Meadows.

Look! under that broad Beech-tree, I ſat down when I was laſt this Way a fiſhing, and the Birds in the adjoining Grove appeared to have a friendly Contention, with an Eccho, whoſe dead Voice ſeemed

to

* This kind of fiſhing is at the Middle of the Water.

J. Burgh Sculpsit.

to live in a hollow Tree, near to the Brow of that Primrose Hill. There I sat viewing the silver Streams glide silently towards their Center, the tempestuous Sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged Roots, and Pebble-stones, which broke their Waves, and turned them into Foam; and sometimes I beguiled Time, by viewing the harmless Lambs, some leaping securely in the cool Shade, whilst others sported themselves in the chearful Sun, and others were craving Comfort from the swoln Udders of their bleating Dams. As I thus sat, these, and other Sights, had so fully possessed my Soul with Content, that I thought, as the Poet has happily expressed it;

*High was I rapt, above the Scenes of Earth;*
*And Joys possess'd, not promis'd in my Birth.*

As I left this Place, and entered into the next Field, a second Pleasure entertained me: It was a handsome Milkmaid, that had cast away Care, and sung like a Nightingale; her Voice was good, and the Ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth Song made by *Kit. Marlow*, at least fifty Years ago *: And the Milkmaid's Mother sung an Answer to it, composed by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, in his younger Days. They were old-fashioned Poetry, but choicely Good; I think much better than the strong Lines now in fashion in this critical Age. Look! yonder on my Word, yonder they both be a milking again! I will give her the *Chub*, and persuade them to sing those two Songs to us.

God speed you, good Woman! I have been a fishing, and am going to *Black-hall* to my Bed; and, having caught more than will sup myself and friend, I will bestow this upon you and your Daughter, for I sell none.



* Mr. *Walton* wrote his *Compleat Angler* about the Year 1650.

*Milkm.* Marry, God requite you, Sir, and we will eat it chearfully; and if you come this way a fishing two Months hence, a Grace of God, I will give you a Sillabub of new Verjuice, in a new-made Hay-cock, for it; and my *Maudlin* shall sing you one of her best Ballads, for she and I both love all Anglers, they be such honest, civil, quiet Men; in the mean time, will you drink a Draught of Red Cow's Milk? You shall have it freely.

*Pisc.* No, I thank you; but I pray do us a Courtesy, that shall stand you and your Daughter in nothing, and we will think ourselves still something in your Debt; it is but to sing us a Song that was sung by ye when I last passed over this Meadow, about eight or nine Days since.

*Milkm.* What Song was it, I pray? Was it *Come Shepherds deck your Herds?* or *As at Noon Dulcina rested?* or Philida *flouts me?* or *Cheery-Chace?*

*Pisc.* No, it was none of these: It was a Song that your Daughter sung the first Part, and you the Answer to it.

*Milkm.* O, I know it now. I learned the first Part in my Golden Age, when I was about the Age of my poor Daughter; and the latter Part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three Years ago, when the Cares of the World began to take hold of me: But you shall, God willing, hear them each, and sung as well as we can, for we both love Anglers. Come, *Maudlin*, sing the first Part to the Gentlemen, with a merry Heart; and I will sing the second, when you have done.

## *The* Milkmaid's *SONG.*

*Come live with me, and be my Love,*
*And we will all the Pleasures prove*
*That Groves, or Valleys, or Hills, or Field,*
*Or Woods, and Steepy Mountains yield.*

*Then*

*Where we will ſit on riſing Rocks,*
*And ſee the Shepherds feed their Flocks*
*By ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe falls,*
*Melodious Birds ſing Madrigals.*

*Pleas'd will I make thee Beds of Roſes,*
*And twine a thouſand fragrant Poeſies;*
*A Cap of Flow'rs, and rural Kirtle,*
*Embroider'd all with Leaves of Mirtle.*

*A jaunty Gown of fineſt Wool,*
*Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;*
*And Shoes lin'd choicely for the Cold,*
*With Buckles of the pureſt Gold.*

*A Belt of Straw, and Ivy-buds,*
*With Coral Claſps, and Amber Studs,*
*If theſe, theſe Pleaſures may thee move,*
*Then live with me, and be my Love.*

*Vena* Truſt me, Maſter, it is a choice Song, and ſweetly ſung by honeſt *Maudlin*. I now ſee t was not without Cauſe, that our good Queen *Elizabeth* did ſo often wiſh herſelf a Milkmaid all he Month of *May*; becauſe they are not troubled vith Cares, but ſing ſweetly all the Day, and ſleep ecurely all the Night; and, without doubt, honeſt, nnocent, pretty *Maudlin* does ſo. I will beſtow Sir *Thomas Overbury*'s Milkmaid's Wiſh on her, *That he may die in the Spring, and have good Store of Flowers ſtuck round about her Winding-ſheet.*

## *The* Milkmaid's Mother's *ANSWER.*

*If all the World and Love were young,*
*And Truth on every Shepherd's Tongue,*
*Theſe Pleaſures might my Paſſion move*
*To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

*But fading Flowers in ev'ry Field,*
*To Winter Frosts their Treasures yield;*
*A honey'd Tongue, a Heart of Gall,*
*Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's fall.*

*Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Beds of Roses,*
*Thy Cap, thy Kirtle, and thy Posies,*
*Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,*
*In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.*

*Thy Belt of Straw, and Ivy-buds,*
*Thy Coral Clasps, and Amber Studs,*
*Can me with no Inticements move,*
*To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

*But could Youth last, could love still breed;*
*Had Joys no Date, had Age no need;*
*Then those Delights my Mind might move,*
*To live with thee, and be thy Love.*

*Pis.* Well sung, good Woman, I thank you: I will give you another Dish of Fish one of these Days, and then beg another Song of you. Come, Scholar, let *Maudlin* alone, do not you offer to spoil her Voice. Look yonder comes my Hostess to call us to Supper. How now, is my Brother *Peter* come?

*Host.* Yes, and a Friend with him: They are both glad to hear you are in these Parts, and are hungry, and long to see you, and to be at Supper.

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## CHAP. V.

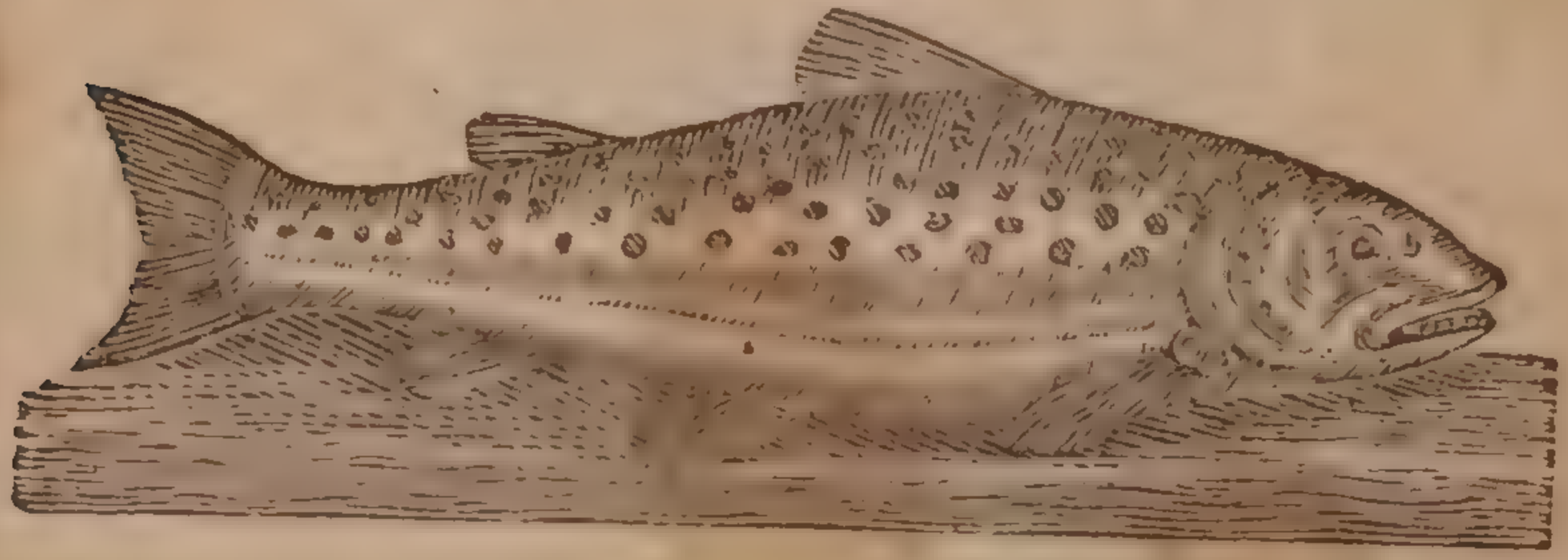
*More Directions how to fish for, and make for the* Trout, *an artificial* Minnow *and* Fly; *and some* Merriment.

*Pis.* WELL met, Brother *Peter*, I heard you and a Friend, would lodge here to Night; and that has engaged me, and my Friend, to lodge here too: He is one that would fain be a Brother of

of the Angle; he has been my Pupil but this Day, and I have taught him how to catch a *Chub* by dapping with a *Grashopper*; and he hath caught a lusty one of nineteen Inches. But, I pray, Brother, who is it that is your Companion?

*Pet.* Brother *Piscator*, my Friend is an honest Countryman, his Name is *Coridon*, a most downright, witty, merry Companion, that met me here purposely to eat a *Trout*, and be pleasant. I have not yet wet my Line since I came from home; but I will fit him To-morrow with a *Trout* for his Breakfast, if the Weather prove any thing like.

*Pis.* Nay, Brother, you shall not delay him so long, for, look you, here is a *Trout*



will fill six reasonable Bellies. Come, Hostess, dress it presently, and get us what other Meat the House will afford, and give us some of your best Barley-Wine, the good Liquor our honest Forefathers used to drink of, which preserved their Health, and made them live so long, and to do so many good Deeds.

*Pet.* On my Word, this *Trout* is in perfect Season. Come, I thank you, and here is a hearty Draught to you, and to all the Brothers of the Angle, wheresoever they be, and to my young Brother's good Fortune To-morrow. I will furnish him with a Rod, if you will, with the rest of the Tackling. We will set him up, and make him a Fisher.

And

And I will tell him one thing for his Encouragement, that his Fortune hath made him happy to be a Scholar to such a Master; a Master that knows as much, both of the Nature and Breeding of Fish, as any Man; and can tell him as well how to catch and cook them, from the *Minnow* to the *Salmon*, as any I ever met with.

*Pis.* Trust me, Brother *Peter*, I find my Scholar to be so suitable to my own Humour, which is to be free and pleasant, and civilly merry, that my Resolution is, to hide nothing that I know from him. Believe me, Scholar, this is my Resolution, and so here is to you, in a hearty Draught, and to all that love us, and the honest Art of Angling.

*Ven.* Trust me, good Master, you shall not sow your Seed in barren Ground, for I hope to return you an Increase answerable to your Hopes; but, however, you shall find me obedient and thankful, and serviceable to my best Ability.

*Pis.* It is enough, honest Scholar; come, let's to Supper. Come, my Friend *Coridon*, this *Trout* looks lovely: It was twenty-two Inches when taken, and the Belly of it looked, some Part of it, as yellow as a *Marigold*, and Part as white as a *Lilly*; and yet, methinks, it looks better in this good Sauce.

*Cor.* Indeed, honest Friend, it looks well, and tastes well; I thank you for it, and so does my Friend *Peter*, or else he is to blame.

*Pet.* Yes, so I do, we all thank you, and, when we have supped, I will get my Friend *Coridon* to sing you a Song for Requital.

*Cor.* I will sing a Song, if any body will sing another; else, to be plain with you, I sing none: I am none of these that sing for Meat, but for Company.

Company. I say, *'Tis merry in the Hall, when Men sing all.*

*Pis.* I'll promise you I will sing a Song that was lately made, at my Request, by Mr. *William Basse*, one that hath made the choice Songs of the *Hunter in his Career*, and *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note; and this which I will sing, is in Praise of Angling.

*Cor.* Mine shall be in Praise of a Countryman's Life: What will the rest sing of?

*Pet.* I will sing another Song in Praise of Angling To-morrow Night; for we will not part till then, but fish To-morrow, and sup together; and next Day every Man leave fishing, and fall to his Business.

*Vena.* It is a Match, and I will provide you a Song, or a Catch, against then too, which shall give some Addition of Mirth to the Company; for we will be civil and merry both.

*Pis.* A Match, my Masters, let us even say Grace, and turn to the Fire, drink the other Cup to wet our Whistles, and so sing away all sad Thoughts. Come on, who begins? I think it best to draw Cuts, and avoid Contention.

*Pet.* A Match. Look, the shortest Cut falls to *Coridon.*

*Cor.* Well then, I will begin, for I hate Contention.

## CORIDON's *SONG.*

*Oh! the sweet Contentment*
*The Countryman doth find!*
Heigh trololliе lollie lee,
Heigh trololliе lee:

*It's*

*It's quiet Contemplation*
*Poſſeſſes all my Mind:*
Then Care away,
And wend along with me.

*For Courts are full of Flattery,*
*As has too oft been try'd;*
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
*The City full of Wantonneſs,*
*And both are full of Pride:*
Then Care away, &c.

*But oh the honeſt Peaſant,*
*Speaks truly from his Heart;*
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
*His Pride is in his Tillage,*
*His Horſes, Plough, and Cart:*
Then Care away, &c.

*Our Cloathing is good Sheep-ſkins,*
*Gray Ruſſet for our Wives;*
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
*'Tis warmth, and not gay Trimming,*
*Prolongs our Strength and Lives:*
Then Care away, &c.

*The Clown, though hard he labour,*
*Yet on the Holy-day,*
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
*No Emperor ſo merrily*
*Can paſs his Time away:*
Then Care away, &c.

*To recompenſe our Tillage,*
*The Heav'ns aſſend us Showr's;*
Heigh trololie lollie loe, &c.
*And for our ſweet Refreſhments,*
*The Earth gives coſtly Fruits:*
Then Care away, &c.

*The Cuckoo, Lark, and Nightingale,*
*In merry Concert ſing,*
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
*And with their pleaſant Roundelays,*
*Bid welcome to the Spring:*
Then Care away, &c.
*This is not half the Happineſs*
*We jovial Ruſtics ſee;*
Heigh trololliе lollie loe, &c.
*If others think they have as much,*
*He lies —— whoe'er he be:*
Then come away,
Turn Countryman with me.

Jo. Chalkhill.

*Piſ.* Well ſung, *Coridon.* This Song was ſung with Mettle, and was choicely fitted to the Occaſion. I ſhall love you for it as long as I know you. I wiſh you were a Brother of the Angle, for a Companion that is chearful, and free from ſwearing and ſcurrilous Diſcourſe, is worth Gold. I love ſuch Mirth as does not make Friends aſhamed to look on one another next Morning; and Men, that cannot well bear it, to repent the Money they ſpend when warmed with Drink: And, take this for a Rule, you may pick out ſuch Times, and ſuch Companies, that you may make yourſelves merrier for a little Money, than you can for a great deal; for it is the Company, and not the Charge, that makes the Feaſt; and ſuch a Companion you prove: I thank you for it.

But I will not compliment you out of the Debt I owe you; and therefore I will begin my Song, and wiſh it may be as well liked.

*The*

## *The* ANGLER's *SONG.*

*As inward Love excites the Talk,*
*Some the Hound praise, and some the Hawk;*
*Whilst those who abuse less noble Sports,*
*Follow the Fair —— or Tennis courts:*
*But these Delights, I neither wish*
*Nor envy, while I freely fish.*

*Who Hunt, in Danger often ride:*
*Who Hawk, lure oft both far and wide:*
*Who Game, shall Losers often prove:*
*Th' unwary Youth, who falls in Love,*
*Is fetter'd in blind* Cupid's *Snares,*
*My Angle breeds me no such Cares.*

*Angling excels all Pastimes fair;*
*What Men so free, as Fishers are?*
*All other Sports, with vain Excess*
*The Mind and Body hath possess;*
*The Fisher's Hand alone can ply,*
*Thus I can fish, and Study too.*

*When I the thoughtless Trout espy*
*Devour my Worm, or simple Fly,*
*How small, however a Thing I find*
*Will captivate a greedy Mind;*
*And when none bite, the Wise I praise,*
*Who hope of Profit ne'er betrays.*

*The River's constant peaceful Tide,*
*Shews Perseverance free from Pride;*
*And angling, when without Success,*
*Shews Patience makes our Troubles less:*
*Thus useful Hints our Pastime lends,*
*And Fish to entertain our Friends.*

C 5

*Cor.* Well ſung, Brother, you have paid your Debt in good Coin; we Anglers are all beholden to the good Man that made this Song. Come, Hoſteſs, give us more Ale, and let us drink to him. And now let us every one go to Bed, that we may riſe early: But firſt let us pay our Reckoning, for I will have nothing to hinder me in the Morning; for my Purpoſe is to prevent the Sun-riſing.

*Pet.* A Match. Come, *Coridon*, you are to be my Bedfellow: I know, Brother, you and your Scholar will lie together: But where ſhall we meet To-morrow Night? for my Friend *Coridon* and I, will go up the Water towards *Ware*.

*Piſ.* And my Scholar and I down towards *Waltham*.

*Cor.* Then let us meet here; for here are freſh Sheets that ſmell of Lavender; and, I am ſure, we cannot expect better Meat, or better Uſage, in any Place.

*Pet.* It is a Match. Good Night to every body.

*Piſ.* And ſo ſay I.

*Vena.* And I.

---

*Piſ.* Good-morrow, Hoſteſs; I ſee my Brother *Peter* is ſtill in Bed. Come, give my Scholar and me a Morning-drink, and a Bit of Meat for Breakfaſt, and be ſure to get a good Diſh of Meat or two for Supper, for we ſhall come home as hungry as Hawks. Come, Scholar, let us be going.

*Vena.* Well now, good Maſter, as we walk towards the River, give me Directions, according to your Promiſe, how I ſhall fiſh for a *Trout*.

*Piſ.* My honeſt Scholar, I will take this very convenient Opportunity to do it.

The *Trout* is uſually caught with a *Worm*, a *Minnow* (which ſome call a *Pink*) or with a *Fly*, either

either natural or artificial; concerning which three, I will give you some Observations and Directions.

And first, for *Worms*. Of these there are very many Sorts, some breed only in the Earth, as the *Earth-worm*; others, of or amongst Plants, as the *Dug-worm*; and others breed out of Excrements, or in the Bodies of living Creatures, as in the Horns of Sheep or Deer; or some of dead Flesh, as the *Maggot* or *Gentle*, and others.

Now these be most of them particularly good for particular Fishes; but, for the *Trout*, the *Dew* (which some also call the *Lob-worm*) and the *Brandling*, are the chief; especially the first for a great *Trout*, and the latter for a less. There are also *Lob-worms*, called *Squirrel-tails*, a *Worm* that has a red Head, a Streak down the Back, and a broad Tail, which are noted to be the best, because they are the toughest, and most lively, and live longest in the Water: For you are to know, a dead Worm is but a dead Bait, and like to catch nothing, compared to a lively, quick, stirring *Worm*: And, for a *Brandling*, he is usually found in an old Dunghill, or some very rotten Place near it, but most usually in Cow or Hogs, rather than Horse-dung, which is too hot and dry for that *Worm*; but the best of them are taken in the Bark of the Tanners, which they cast up in Heaps, after they have used it about their Leather.

There are also divers other Kinds of *Worms*, which, for Colour and Shape, alter even as the Ground out of which they are got, as the *Marsh-worm*, the *Tag-tail*, the *Stag*, the *Dock*, the *Oak-worm*, the *Gilt-tail*, the *Tawdel* or *Lob-worm*, which, of all other, is the most excellent Bait for a *Salmon*, and too many to name; even as many Sorts as some think there are of Herbs or Shrubs,

or

or of ſeveral Kinds of Birds in the Air; of which I ſhall ſay no more, but tell you, that what *Worms* ſoever you fiſh with, are the better for being long kept before they are uſed; and in caſe you have not been ſo provident, then the way to cleanſe and ſcour them quickly, is to lay them all Night in Water, if they are *Lob-worms*, and then put them into your Bag, with Fennel; but you muſt not put your *Brandlings* above an Hour in Water, and then put them into Fennel, for ſudden uſe; but, if you have time, and purpoſe to keep them long, then they are beſt preſerved in an Earthen-pot, with good Store of Moſs, which is to be freſh ſhifted every three or four Days in Summer, and every Week or eight Days in Winter, or at leaſt the Moſs taken from them, clean waſhed, and wrung betwixt your Hands till dry, and then put to them again; and when your *Worm*, eſpecially the *Brandling*, begins to be ſick, and loſe of his Bigneſs, then you may recover him, by putting a little Milk or Cream, about a Spoonful a Day, into them, by Drops, on the Moſs; and if there be added to the Cream an Egg, beaten and boiled in it, then it will both fatten and preſerve them long. And note, that when the Knot which is near to the Middle of the *Brandling* begins to ſwell, he is ſick, and if he be not well looked too, near dying. There are divers Kinds of Moſs which I could name to you, but will only tell you, that which is likeſt a Buck's-horn is beſt, except it be a white Sort, which grows on ſome Heaths, and is hard to be found. And note, that in very dry time, when you are put to an Extremity for *Worms*, Walnut-tree Leaves ſqueezed into Water, or Salt in Water, and that Water poured on the Ground, where you ſhall ſee *Worms* are uſed to riſe in the Night, will make them appear preſently.

And

And now I shall shew you how to bait your Hook with a *Worm*, so as shall prevent you much Trouble, and the Loss of many a Hook too, when you fish for a *Trout* with a running Line; that is to say, by Hand at the Ground. I will direct you in this as plainly as I can, that you may not mistake.

*Suppose it a big Lob-worm, put your Hook into him somewhat above, and out again a little below the Middle; having so done, draw your Hook above the Arming of your Hook; at the entring your Hook, it must not be at the Head-end of the Worm, but at the Tail-end of him, that the Point of your Hook may come out toward the Head-end; and, having drawn him above the Arming of your Hook, then put the Point of your Hook again into the very Head of the Worm, till it come near the Place where the Point of the Hook first came out, then draw back that Part of the Worm that was above the Shank or Arming of your Hook, and so fish with it; and, if you mean to fish with two Worms, then put the second on before you turn back the Hook's-head of the first Worm.* You cannot lose above two or three Worms, before you attain to what I direct you; and, having attained it, you will find it very useful, and thank me for it, for you will run on the Ground without tangling.

Now for the *Minnow* or *Pink*. He is easily found and caught in *March* or *April*, for then he appears in the River; but Nature hath taught him to shelter himself in the Winter in Ditches near the River, and there to hide and keep himself warm in the Mud or Weeds, which rot not so soon as in a running River; in which Place if he were in Winter, the distempered Floods that are usually in that Season, would suffer him to take no Rest, but carry him headlong to Mills and Weires to his Con-

Confuſion. And of theſe *Minnows*, firſt, you are to know, that the biggeſt Size is not the beſt, but the middle-ſized and whiteſt. And it muſt be ſo put on your Hook, that it muſt turn round when it is drawn againſt the Stream; and that it may turn nimble, you muſt put it on a big ſized Hook, as I ſhall now direct you: Which is thus. Put your Hook in at his Mouth, and out at his Gill, then having drawn your Hook two or three Inches beyond or through his Gill, put it again into his Mouth, and the Point and Beard out at his Tail, and then tie the Hook and his Tail about very neatly with a white Thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the Water: That done, pull back that Part of your Line which was ſlack when you put your Hook into the *Minnow* the ſecond time; pull that Part of it ſo back, that it ſhall ſaſten the Head ſo, that the Body of the *Minnow* ſhall be almoſt ſtrait on your Hook; this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it croſs the Water, or againſt a Stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then move the Tail a little to the Right or Left-hand, and try again, till it turn quick; for if not, you are in danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impoſſible that it ſhould turn too quick; and in caſe you ſhould want a *Minnow*, then a ſmall *Loach* * or *Stickleback*, or any other ſmall Fiſh will ſerve as well: And you are to know, you may ſalt †, and by that means keep them fit for uſe three or four Days longer, and Bay-ſalt is the beſt.

And here let me tell you, what many old Anglers know right well, that at ſome Times, and in ſome

* By ſome (Mr. *Cotton* eſpecially) theſe are preferred to the *Minnow*. *See* Part 2.

† This Method Mr. *Cotton* (who was the beſt *Trout-Angler* of his Time) diſcommends. *See* Part 2.

*Thus cold a Damp the Salamander breeds,*
*The Fly* Perauila *from the Fire proceeds;*
*Kill'd with cool Air, their Bodies Flames abide,*
In Fire they feed, *which all consumes beside.*

*So fit to Boston from his Height precedes*
*An Icy Islands, Geese* * *produced from Leaves,*
*Which the Sea putrifies and drowns in Clay, fall,*
*There Birds arise, which Solan Geese we call.*

*Thus rotten Planks of broken Ships do change*
*To Barnacles, a Transformation strange!*
*'Twas first a Tree, 'tis next a shatter'd Hull,*
*A Maybream then, and last, a flying Gull.*

*Ven.* O my good Maſter, this Morning's Walk has been ſpent to my great Pleaſure and Wonder: But when ſhall I have your Direction for making artificial Flies, like thoſe the *Trout* love beſt; and alſo how to uſe them?

*Pif.* My honeſt Scholar, it is now paſt five o'Clock, we will fiſh till nine, and then go to Breakfaſt. Go you to yonder Sycamore and hide your Bottle of Drink under the hollow Root of it; for about that Time, in that Place, we will make a brave Breakfaſt, with a Piece of powdered Beef, and a Radiſh or two that I have in my Fiſh-bag; we ſhall, I warrant you, make a good, honeſt, wholſome, hungry Breakfaſt, and I will give you Direction for the making and uſing of your Fly: And, in the mean time, there is your Rod and Line; and my Advice is, that you fiſh as you ſee me do; and let us try which can catch the firſt Fiſh.

*Ven.* I thank you Maſter; I will obſerve and practiſe your Direction as far as I am able.

*Pif.*

* *See* Gerh. *Herbal and* Camden.

*Pif.* Look you Scholar, you fee I have hold of a good Fifh. I fee now it is a *Trout*; I pray put that Net under him, and touch not my Line, for if you do I lofe all. Well done Scholar, I thank you. Now for another. Truft me, I have another Bite; come, Scholar, lay down your Rod, and help me to land this, as you did the other. So now we fhall be fure to have a good Difh of Fifh for Supper.

*Ven.* I am glad of that; but I have no Fortune. Sure, Mafter, your's is a better Rod, and better Tackling.

*Pif.* Nay, then take mine, and I will fifh with your's. Look you, Scholar, I have another. Come, do as you did before: And now I have a Bite at another — Oh me! he has broke all; there s half a Line, and a good Hook loft.

*Ven.* Mafter, I can neither catch with the firft nor fecond Angle. I have no Fortune.

*Pif.* Look you, Scholar, I have yet another. nd now, having caught three Brace of *Trouts*, will tell you a fhort Tale as we walk towards our reakfaft. A Scholar, a Preacher I fhould fay, that as attempting to procure the Approbation of a rifh for their Lecturer, had got from his fellow pil the Copy of a Sermon that was firft preached, th great Commendation by him that compofed and though, the Borrower of it delivered it ord for Word as it was at firft, yet it was utterly iked, as it was preached by the fecond; which Sermon-borrower complained of to the Lender it; and was thus anfwered: "I lent you indeed my Fiddle, but not my Fiddleftick, for you are o know that every one cannot make Mufick with my Words, which are fitted for my own fouth." And fo, my Scholar, *you are to* , that as the ill Pronunciation, or ill accent-

ing of Words in a Sermon ſpoils it, ſo the ill Carriage of your Line, or not fiſhing even to a Foot in a right Place, makes you loſe your Labour; and though you have my Fiddle, that is, my very Rod and Tackling with which you ſee I catch Fiſh, yet you have not my Fiddleſtick; that is, you have not my Skill to carry your Hand and Line, nor how to guide it to a right Place; and this muſt be taught you (for you are to remember, I told you angling is an Art) either by Practice, or long Obſervation, or both. But, take this for a Rule, when you fiſh for a *Trout* with a *Worm*, let your Line have ſo much, and not more Lead, than will fit the Stream in which you fiſh; that is to ſay, more in a great troubleſome Stream than in a ſmaller, which is quieter; as near as may be, ſo much as will ſink the Bait to the Bottom, and keep it ſtill in Motion, and not more. But now let us ſay Grace, and fall to Breakfaſt. What ſay you, Scholar, to the Providence of an old Angler? Does not this Meat taſte well? And was not this Place well choſen to eat it? For this Sycamore-tree will ſhade us from the Sun's Heat.

*Ven.* All excellent good, and my Stomach excellent good too. And I now remember, and find that true which devout *Leſſius* ſays, "That poor Men, "and thoſe that faſt often, have much more Plea"ſure in eating, than rich Men and Gluttons, that "always feed before their Stomachs are empty of "their laſt Meat, and ſo rob themſelves of that "Pleaſure which Hunger brings to the others." And I do ſeriouſly approve of that Saying of your's, That "you had rather be a civil, well-grounded, "temperate, poor Angler, than a drunken Lord." But I hope there is none ſuch; however, I am certain of this, that I have been at many coſtly

Dinners

Dinners, that have not afforded me half the Content that this has done; for which I thank God and you. And now, good Master, proceed to your promised Direction, for making and ordering my artificial Fly.

*Pis.* My honest Scholar, I will do it, for it is a Debt due to you by my Promise; and because you shall not think yourself more engaged to me than indeed you really are, I will freely give you such Directions as were lately given to me by an ingenious Brother of the Angle, an honest Man, and an excellent Fly-fisher.

You are to note, that there are twelve Kinds of artificial Flies to angle with upon the Top of the Water *. *Note*, by the way, *that the fittest Season of using these, is in a blustering windy Day, when the Waters are so troubled, that the natural Fly cannot be seen, or rest upon them.*

The first is the *Dun-fly* in *March*; the Body is made of Dun-wool, the Wings of the Partridge's Feathers. The second is another *Dun-fly*, the Body of black Wool, and the Wings made of black Drake's Feathers, and of the Feathers under his Tail. The third is the *Stone-fly* in *April*, the Body of black Wool, made yellow under the Wings and Tail, and made with the Wings of the Drake. The fourth is the *Ruddy-fly*, in the Beginning of *May*, the Body made of red Wool, wrapt about with black Silk, and the Feathers are the Wings of the Drake, with the Feathers of a red Capon also, which hang dangling on his Sides, next to the



* This Catalogue has been copied by almost every Writer on the Subject, and could be never mended. But longer Trials have shewn, that three or four of the Sorts, which every Fishing-shop now supplies, at a cheap Expence, will serve throughout every Season of the Year, as well as the whole List. *I have angled* (says an experienced Artist) *successfully, with an artificial* May-fly in *August.*

Tail. The fifth is the yellow or greenish *Fly* in *May*; likewise, the Body made of yellow Wool, and the Wings made of a red Cock's Hackel or Tail. The fixth is the black *Fly* in *May* alfo, the Body made with black Wool, and lapt about with the Herle of a Peacock's Tail, the Wings are made of the Wings of a brown Capon, with hi. blue Feathers in his Head. The feventh i the fad yellow *Fly* in *June*, the Body is made of black Wool, with a yellow Lift on either Side, and the Wings taken from the Wings of a Buzzard, lound with black, braked Hemp. The Eighth is the *Moorifh-fly*, made with the Body of duskifh Wool, and the Wings made of the blackifh Mail of the Drake. The Ninth is the *Tawny-fly*, good till the Middle of *June*, the Body made of tawny Wool, the Wings made contrary one againft the other, of the whitifh Mail of the wild Drake. The tenth is the *Waſp-fly* in *July*, the Body made of black Wool, lapt about with yellow Silk, the Wings made of the Feathers of the Drake, or of the Buzzard. The eleventh is the *Shell-fly*, good in *Mid-July*, the Body made of greenifh Wool, lapt about with the Herle of a Peacock's Tail, and the Wings made of the Wings of the Buzzard. The twelfth is the dark *Drake-fly*, good in *Auguſt*, the Body made with black Wool, lapt about with black Silk, his Wings are made with the Tail of the black Drake, with a black Head. Thus have you a Jury of *Flies*, likely to betray and condemn all the *Trouts* in the River.

I ſhall next give you ſome other Directions for *Fly-fishing*, ſuch as are recommended by Mr. *Thomas Barker*, a Gentleman that hath ſpent much Time in fiſhing; but I ſhall do it with a little Variation. Firſt, let your Rod be light, and very

gentle.

gentle. I take the beſt to be of two Pieces, and let not your Line (eſpecially for three or four Links next the Hook) exceed three or four Hairs at the moſt, though you may fiſh a little ſtronger above, in the upper Part of your Line; but if you can attain to angle with one Hair, you ſhall have more Riſes, and catch more Fiſh. Now, you muſt be ſure not to cumber yourſelf with too long a Line, as moſt do; and, before you begin to angle, contrive to have the Wind on your Back, and the Sun, if it ſhines, to be before you, and to fiſh down the Stream, and carry the Point or Top of your Rod downward; by which means, the Shadow of yourſelf, and Rod too, will be leaſt offenſive to the Fiſh, for the Sight of any Shade amazes them, and ſpoils your Sport, of which you muſt take great care.

In the Middle of *March* (till which time a Man ſhould not in honeſty catch a *Trout*) or in *April*, if the Weather be dark, or a little windy or cloudy, the beſt fiſhing is with the *Palmer-worm*, of which I laſt ſpoke to you *. Of theſe there are divers Kinds, or at leaſt of divers Colours; theſe, and the *May-fly*, are the Ground of all Fly-angling; which ure to be thus made:

Firſt, you muſt arm your Hook with the Line n the Inſide of it, then take your Sciſſars, and cut much of a brown Mallard's Feather, as in your wn Reaſon will make the Wings of it, you aving withal regard to the Bigneſs or Littleneſs of our Hook; then lay the outmoſt Part of your eather next to your Hook, then the Point of our Feather next the Shank of your Hook; and, ving ſo done, whip it three or four times about e Hook, with the ſame Silk with which your



* See *Page* 72.

Hook was armed, and having made the Silk fast, take the Hackle of a Cock or Capon's Neck, or a Plover's Top, which is usually better; take off the one Side of the Feather, and then take the Hackle, Silk, or Cruel, gold or silver Thread, make these fast at the Bent of your Hook, that is to say, below your Arming; then you must take the Hackle, the silver or gold Thread, and work it up to the Wings, shifting or still removing your Fingers as you turn the Silk about your Hook, and still looking at every Stop that your Gold, or what Materials soever you make your Fly of, lie right and neatly; and, if you find they do so, then, when you have made the Head, make all fast, and work your Tackle up to the Head, and make that fast; then, with a Needle or Pin, divide the Wing into two, and, with the Arming-silk, whip it about, cross-ways, betwixt the Wings; and, with your Thumb, you must turn the Point of your Feather towards the Bent of your Hook, working it three or four times about the Shank of it; then view the Proportion, and if all be neat, and to your liking, fasten. I confess, no Direction can be given to make a Man of a dull Capacity able to make a Fly well; and yet I know this, with a little Practice, will help an ingenious Angler in a good Degree; but, to see a Fly made by an Artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it; and then an ingenious Angler may walk by the River, and mark what Fly falls upon the Water that Day *, and catch one of them, if he see the *Trouts* leap at a Fly of that kind, and having Hooks always hung, ready with him, and a Bag also with Bear's Hair, or the Hair of a brown or sad-coloured Heifer, Hackles of a Cock or Capon, several

* The Method is, to shake or beat the Boughs or Bushes growing over the Water.

veral coloured Silk and Crewel to make the Body of the Fly, the Feathers of a Drake's-head, black or brown Sheep's Wool, or Hog's Wool, or Hair; Thread of Gold and Silver, Silk of ſeveral Colours, eſpecially ſad-coloured, to make the Fly's Head; and there be alſo other coloured Feathers, both of little Birds, and ſpeckled Fowl: I ſay, having thoſe with him in a Bag, and trying to make a Fly, though he miſs at firſt, yet ſhall he at laſt hit it better, even to ſuch Perfection, that none can well teach him; and if he attain to make his Fly right, and have the Luck to hit alſo where there is Store of *Trouts*, a dark Day, and a right Wind, he will catch ſuch Plenty of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the Art of Fly making.

*Vena.* But, my loving Maſter, if any Wind will not ſerve, then I wiſh I were in *Lapland* to buy a good Wind of one of the honeſt Witches that ſell ſo many, and ſo cheap.

*Piſ.* Marry, Scholar, but I would not be there, nor, indeed, from under this Tree; for look how it begins to rain, and, by the Clouds, if I miſtake not, we ſhall preſently have a ſmoking Shower, and therefore ſit cloſe: This Sycamore-tree will ſhelter us; and, I will tell you, as they ſhall come into my Mind, more Obſervations of Fly-fiſhing for a *Trout*.

But firſt, you are to take notice of the Winds, that the Southern is ſaid to be beſt; one obſerves,

——— *The Wind, when South,*
*Blows your crav'd Bait e'en in the Fiſhes Mouth.*

Next to that, the Weſt Wind is believed to be the beſt; and, having told you the Eaſt Wind is the worſt, I need not tell you which is the beſt in the third Degree; and yet, as *Solomon* obſerves,

that "he that conſiders the Wind ſhall never ſow," ſo he that buſies his Head too much about them, if the Weather be not made extream cold by an Eaſt Wind, ſhall be a little ſuperſtitious; for, as it is obſerved, that there is no good Horſe of a bad Colour; ſo I have obſerved, that if it be a cloudy Day, and not extream cold, let the Wind ſit in what Corner it will, and do it's worſt. And yet, take this for a Rule, *that I would willingly fiſh ſtanding on the Lee-ſhore*: And you are to take Notice, *That the Fiſh lie or ſwim nearer to the Bottom, and in deeper Water, in the Winter, than in Summer, and alſo nearer the Bottom in any cold Day, and then get nearſt the lee Side of the Water.*

But I promiſed to tell you more of Fly-fiſhing for a *Trout*, which I may have time enough to do, for you ſee it rains *May-latter*. Firſt, for a *May-fly*, you may make his Body with greeniſh-coloured Crewel, or willowiſh Colour, darkening it in moſt Places with waxed Silk, or ribbed with a black Hair, or ſome of them ribbed with ſilver Thread, and ſuch Wings for the Colour, as you ſee the Fly to have at that Seaſon, nay, at that very Day on the Water; or you may make the *Oak-fly* with an orange, tawny and black Ground, and the Brown of a Mallard's Feather for the Wings: And, you are to know, that theſe two are moſt excellent Flies, that is, the *May-fly*, and the *Oak-fly* *. And, let me again tell you, that you keep

* The *Caddis*, or *Oak-worm*, upon the Point of the Hook, with the artificial Fly, is recommended. When the Fiſh have a Tip, they will take the Oak-worm upon the Water, rather than under it, or than the Fly itſelf; and it is more eaſily kept by them. After you have diſh'd with theſe Flies on the Surface all they can find, cut off their Wings, and fiſh with them at Mid-water, or a little lower. This is reckoned a valuable Secret.

keep as far from the Water as you can poſſibly, whether you fiſh with a Fly or Worm, and fiſh down the Stream; and, when you fiſh with a Fly, if it is poſſible, let no Part of your Line touch the Water, but your Fly only, and be ſtill moving your Fly upon the Water, or caſting it into the Water, you yourſelf being always moving down the Stream. Mr. *Barker* commends ſeveral Sorts of the *Palmer-flies*, not only thoſe ribbed with Silver and Gold, but others that have their Bodies all made with black, or ſome with red, and a red Hackle. You may alſo make the *Hawthorn-fly*, which is all black, and not big, but very ſmall, the ſmaller the better; or a Fly made with a Peacock's Feather, is excellent in a bright Day. You muſt be ſure you want not in your Magazine-bag the Peacock's Feather, and Grounds of ſuch Wool and Crewel as will make the *Graſhopper*. And note, *that uſually the ſmalleſt Flies are beſt*: And alſo, *that the light Fly does uſually make moſt Sport in a dark Day, and the darkeſt and leaſt Fly, in a bright or clear Day.* And laſtly note, that you are to repair upon any Occaſion to your Magazine-bag; and, as you find Reaſon, vary and make them lighter or ſadder, according to the Day.

And now I ſhall tell you, that fiſhing with a natural Fly is excellent, and affords much Pleaſure: They may be found thus; the *May fly* uſually in and about that Month near to the River-ſide, eſpecially againſt Rain: The *Oak-fly*, on the Butt or Body of an Oak or Aſh, from the Beginning of *May*, to the End of *Auguſt*; it is a browniſh Fly, and eaſy to be ſo found, and ſtands uſually with his Head downwards, that is to ſay, towards the Root of the Tree. The ſmall black Fly, or *Hawthorn-fly*, is to be had on any Hawthorn-buſh after the

Leaves

Leaves are come forth; with these, and a short Line, (as I shewed, to angle for a *Chub*) you may dape or dop, and also with a *Grashopper* behind a Tree, or in any deep Hole, still making it to move on the Top * of the Water, as if it were alive, and still keeping yourself out of Sight, you shall certainly have Sport if their be *Trouts*, in a hot Day, especially in the Evening of a hot Day.

Scholar, my Direction for Fly-fishing is ended with this Shower, for it has done raining. And now look about you, and see how pleasantly that Meadow looks; nay, and the Earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. *Herbert* says, of such Days and Flowers as these, and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the River, sit down quietly, and try to catch the other Brace of *Trouts*.

*Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,*
*Fair Bridal of the Earth and Sky,*
*Dews shall lament thy Fall to Night,*
*for thou must die.*

*Sweet Rose, whose Hew, angry and brave,*
*Bids the rash Gazer wipe his Eye,*
*Thy Root is ever in its Grave,*
*and thou must die.*

*Sweet Spring, full of sweet Days and Roses,*
*A Box where Sweets compacted lie;*
*My Musick shews you have your Closes,*
*and all must die.*

*Only a sweet and virtuous Soul,*
*Like seasond Timber never gives,*
*But when the whole World turns to Coal,*
*then chiefly lives.*

*Vena.*

* This is the usual Practice. Yet the largest *Trouts* are taken, by letting the *Fly* sink, five or six Inches, under the Water.

*Vena.* I thank you, good Master, for your good Direction for Fly-fishing, and for the sweet Enjoyment of the pleasant Day, which is so far spent without Offence to God or Man; and I thank you for the sweet Close of your Discourse with Mr. *Herbert*'s Verses, who, I have heard, loved angling; and I the rather believe it, because he had a Spirit suitable to Anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended.

*Pisc.* Well, my loving Scholar, and I am pleased to know that you are so well pleased with my Direction and Discourse.

And now, Scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our Angle-rods, which we left in the Water to fish for themselves; you shall chuse which shall be your's, and it is an even Lay one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a Dead-rod, and laying Night-hooks, are like putting Money to use, for they both work for the Owners, when they do nothing but sleep or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last Hour, and sat as quietly, and free from Cares, under this Sycamore, as *Virgil*'s *Tityrus*, and his *Melibæus*, did under their broad Beech-tree. No Life, my honest Scholar, no Life so happy, and so pleasant, as the Life of a well-governed Angler; for when the Lawyer is swallowed up with Business, and the Statesman is preventing or contriving Plots, then we sit on Cowslip Banks, hear the Birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much Quietness, as these silent, silver Streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. *Boteler* said of Strawberries, "*Doubtless, God could have made a*

*better*

*better Barry*; *but, doubtless, God never did*: And so, if I might be Judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent Recreation, than Angling. I will tell you, Scholar, when I sat last on this Primrose-bank, and looked down these Meadows, I thought of them, as *Charles* the Emperor did of the City of *Florence*, *That they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holy Days.* As I then sat on this very Grass, I turned my Thoughts into Verse: It was a Wish which I will repeat to you.

## *The* Angler's Wish.

*In flow'ry Meads, here let me live;*
*These chrystal Streams sweet Salutes give;*
*To whose harmonious bubbling Sound,*
*My dancing Heart rebound:*
*Stretch'd here at ease, I view the Deer*
*Court his chaste Mate to Sports of Love;*
*Or, angling on these Banks, I find*
*Health breath'd from Gales of Western Wind.*
*See pearly Dew-drops deck the Flow'rs,*
*Wash'd off by* April's *lusty Show'rs.*
*Here listen to my* Chlora's *Song,*
*There see the Black-bird feed her Young;*
*Or the Lavrock build her Nest,*
*While calm'd my wearied Spirits rest,*
*Raising my grov'ling Thoughts above*
*This Earth, and all vain Mortals Love;*
*Here joying in my peaceful Sports,*
*From Law-suits free, and Pomp of Courts.*
*Or let me with my Friend and Book,*
*Layter long Days near* Shawford-Brook,
*Eat by him there my lovely Meat,*
*There see the Sun arise and set;*

There

*There bid Good-morrow to next Day,*
*And meditate my Time away;*
*And angle on, and Paſſage crave*
*In quiet, to my welcome Grave.*

When I had ended this Compoſure, I left this Place, and ſaw a Brother of the Angle ſit under that Honeyſuckle-hedge (one that will prove worth your Acquaintance); I ſat down by him, and preſently we met with an accidental Piece of Merriment, which I will relate to you; for it rains ſtill.

On the other Side of this very Hedge ſat a Gang of Gypſies; and, near to them, a Gang of Beggars: The Gypſies were then to divide all the Money that had been got that Week, either by ſtealing Linnen or Poultry, or by Fortune-telling, or Legerdemain, or indeed by any other Slights and Secrets belonging to their myſterious Government: And the Sum that was got, proved to be but twenty and ſome odd Shillings. The odd Money was agreed to be diſtributed amongſt the Poor of their own Corporation; and, for the remaining twenty Shillings, that was to be divided unto four Gentlemen Gypſies, according to their ſeveral Degrees in their Common-wealth.

And the firſt, or chiefeſt Gypſy, was to have a third Part of the twenty Shillings, which all Men know to be 6*s.* 8*d.*

The ſecond was to have a fourth Part of the 20*s.* which all know to be 5*s.*

The third was to have a fifth Part, which all know to be 4*s.*

The fourth and laſt Gypſy was to have a ſixth Part of the 20*s.* which all Men know to be 3*s.* 4*d.*

As

As for Example;

3 times 6 *s.* 8 *d.* is 20 *s.*
So is 4 times 5 *s.* — 20 *s.*
So is 5 times 4 *s.* — 20 *s.*
And so is 6 times 3 *s.* 4 *d.* 20 *s.*

And yet he that divided the Money was so very a Gypsy, that, though he gave to every one these said Sums, he kept one Shilling of it for himself.

As for Example;

| *s.* | *d.* |
|---|---|
| 6 | 8 |
| 5 | 0 |
| 4 | 0 |
| 3 | 4 |
| make but 19 | 0 |

But now you shall know, that when the four Gypsies saw he had got one Shilling by dividing the Money, though not one of them knew why to demand more, yet, like Lords and Courtiers, every Gypsy envied him that was the Gainer, and wrangled with him, and said, the remaining Shilling belonged to him: And so they fell to so high a Contest about it, as none that knows the Faithfulness of one Gypsy to another will easily believe; only we that have lived these last twenty Years are certain, that Money has been able to do much Mischief. However, the Gypsies were too wise to go to Law, and therefore voted their choice Friends *Rook* and *Shark*, and our late *English Guzman*, to be their Arbitrators and Umpire; and so they left their Honeysuckle-hedge, and went to tell Fortunes, and cheat, and get more Money and Lodging in the next Village. When these were gone, we heard as high a Contention amongst

the

the Beggars, *Whether it was easiest to rip a Cloak? or to unrip a Cloak?* One Beggar affirmed, it was all one; but that was denied, by asking her, *If doing and undoing was all one?* Then another said, *It was easiest to unrip a Cloak, for that was to let it alone.* But she was answered, by asking her, *How she unript it, if she let it alone?* And she confessed herself mistaken. These, and twenty such-like Questions, were proposed, and answered, with as much beggarly Logick, and Earnestness, as was ever heard to proceed from the Mouth of the most pertinacious Schismatick; and sometimes all the Beggars (whose Number was neither more nor less than the Poets nine Muses) talked altogether about this ripping and unripping, and none heard what the other said. But, at last, one Beggar craved Audience, and told them, That old Father *Clause*, whom *Ben Johnson*, in his *Beggar's Bush*, created King of their Corporation, was that Night to lodge at an Alehouse, called *Catch-her-by-the-way*, not far from *Waltham-Cross*, in the high Road towards *London*; and he desired them to spend no more Time about that, and such-like Questions, but refer all to *Clause* at Night, and, in the mean time, draw Cuts what Song should be sung next, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the Motion; and the Lot fell to her that was the youngest and veriest Virgin of the Company; and she sung *Frank Davidson*'s Song, which he made Forty Years ago *, and all the Company joined to sing the Burthen with her. The Ditty was this; but first the Burthen:

*Bright shines the Sun, play, Beggars play,*
*Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.*

*What*

* About the Year 1610.

*What Noise of Viols is so sweet,*
*As when our merry Clappers ring?*
*What Mirth's away when Beggars meet?*
*A Beggar's Life is for a King.*
*Eat, drink, and play, sleep when we list,*
*Go where we will,—so Steals be nigt.*
*Bright shines the Sun, play, Beggars play,*
*Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.*

*The World is our's, and our's alone,*
*We have alone the World at Will,*
*We purchase nought, all is our own,*
*Both Fields and Streets we Beggars fill.*
*Play, Beggars play, play, Beggars play,*
*Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.*

*An hundred Herds of black and white*
*Upon our Grounds securely feed,*
*And yet if any dare us bite,*
*He dies therefore, as sure as Creed;*
*Thus Beggars Lord it as they please,*
*And only Beggars live at ease.*
*Bright shines the Sun, play, Beggars play,*
*Here's Scraps enough to serve to Day.*

*Ven.* I thank you, good Master, for this Piece of Merriment, and this Song, which was well humoured by the Maker, and well remembred by you.

*Pis.* But, I pray, forget not the Catch which you promised to make against Night for our Countryman, honest *Coridon*, will expect that, and my Song, which I must be forced to patch up, for it is so long since I learned it, that I have forgot a Part of it. But come, now it has done raining, let us stretch our Legs a little, in a gentle Walk to the River, and try what Interest our Angles will

pay

pay us, for lending them so long to be used by the *Trouts*: Lent them, indeed, like Usurers, for our Profit, and their Destruction.

*Vena.* Ah me! look you, Master, a Fish! a Fish!—Oh, alas, Master! I have lost her *.

*Pis.* Ay, marry Sir, that was a good Fish, indeed. If I had had the Luck to have taken up that Rod, then it is twenty to one he should not have broke my Line by running to the Rod's End, as you suffered him: I would have held him within its bent, unless he had been Fellow to the great *Trout* that is near an Ell long, which was of such a Length and Depth, that he had his Picture drawn, and now to be seen at my Host *Rickaby*'s, the *George* in *Ware*; and it may be, by giving that very great *Trout* the Rod, that is, by casting it to him into the Water, I might have caught him at the long run; for so I use always to do when I meet with an over-grown Fish †, and you will learn to do so too hereafter: For I tell you, Scholar, fishing is an Art, or, at least, it is an Art to catch Fish.

*Vena.* But, Master, I have heard, that the great *Trout* you speak of is a *Salmon*.

*Pis.* Trust me, Scholar, I know not what to say to it; there are many Country-people that believe *Hares* change Sexes every Year: And many learned Men think so too; for, in dissecting them, they

* There is this Method, if you miss a *Trout*, by getting off, or breaking your Tackle, how to take her afterwards. Near to her Hold, if you can discover it, or where you struck her, fix a short Stick in the Water, the Rind so loosed as to hold your Line in it, and yet the Bark close enough to keep it from slipping out, or the Stream carrying it away. Your Hook and Line must be very strong. Bait with a *Lob-worm*, and let it hang a Foot from the Stick; secure the other End of your Line to some Stick or Bough in the Bank, and, within one Hour, you may be sure of her, if all your Tackle hold.

† Mr. *Cotton* disputes this Practice, and offers his Reasons, as will be seen in the second Part of this Book.

they find Reasons to incline them to that Belief; and, whether this was a *Salmon* when he came into the fresh Water, and his not returning to the Sea, hath altered him to another Colour or Kind, I am not able to say; but, I am certain, he hath all the Signs of being a *Trout*, both for his Shape, Colour, and Spots; and yet many think he is not.

*Vena.* But, Master, will this *Trout*, I had hold of, die? For it is like he hath the Hook in his Belly.

*Pis.* I will tell you, Scholar, that unless the Hook be fast in his very Gorge he will live, and, a little time, with the help of the Water, will rust the Hook; and it will at length wear away, as the Gravel does in the Horse's Hoof, which only leaves a false Quarter.

And now, Scholar, let us go to my Rod. Look you, Scholar, I have a Fish on, but it proves a logger-headed *Chub*; and this is not much amiss, for it will pleasure some poor Body as we go to our Lodging, to meet our Brother *Peter*, and honest *Coridon*. Come, now bait your Hook afresh, and lay it into the Water, for it rains again, and we will even retire to the Sycamore-tree, and there I will give you more Directions concerning fishing; for I would fain make you an Artist.

*Vena.* Good, Master, pray let it be so.

*Pis.* Well, Scholar, now we are sat down, and at ease, I shall tell you a little more of *Trout* fishing. You are to know, that there is Night as well as Day-fishing, for a *Trout*, and that in the Night, the best *Trouts* come out of their Holes; and the Manner of taking them is on the Top of the Water, with a great *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, or rather two, which you are to fish with in a Place where the Waters run somewhat quietly (for, in a Stream, the Bait will not be so well discerned); I say,

ſay, in a quiet or dead Place, near to ſome Swift, there draw your Bait over the Top of the Water to and fro; and, if there be a good *Trout* in the Hole, he will take it, eſpecially if the Night be dark; for then he is bold, and lies near the Top of the Water, watching the Motion of any *Frog*, or *Water-rat*, or *Mouſe*, that ſwims betwixt him and the Sky; theſe he hunts after, if he ſees the Water but wrinkle or move in one of theſe dead Holes, where theſe great old *Trouts* uſually lie near to their Holds: For you are to note, that the great, old *Trout* is both ſubtil and fearful, and lies cloſe all Day, and does not uſually ſtir out of his Hold, but lies in it as cloſe in the Day, as the timorous Hare does in her Form; for the chief Feeding of both is ſeldom in the Day, but uſually in the Night, and then the great *Trouts* feed very boldly.

And you muſt fiſh for him with a ſtrong Line, and not a little Hook, and let him have time to gorge your Hook, for he does not uſually forſake it, as he often will in Day-fiſhing; and, if the Night be not dark, then fiſh ſo, with an artificial Fly of a light Colour: Nay, he will ſometimes riſe at a dead Mouſe, or a Piece of Cloath, or any thing that ſeems to ſwim croſs the Water, or to be in Motion: This is a choice Way, but I have not often uſed it, becauſe it is void of the Pleaſures that ſuch Days as theſe, that we two now enjoy, afford an Angler.

And, you are to know, that, in *Hampſhire*, which I think exceeds all *England* for ſwift, ſhallow, clear, pleaſant Brooks, and Store of *Trouts*, they uſe to catch *Trouts* in the Night by the Light of a Torch or Straw, which, when they have diſcovered, they ſtrike with a *Trout-ſpear*, or other-

otherways. This kind of way they catch very many; but, I would not believe it till I was an Eye-witness of it; nor do I like it, now I have seen it.

*Ven.* But, Master, do not *Trouts* see us in the Night?

*Pis.* Yes, and hear and smell too, both then and in the Day-time; for *Gesner* observes, the *Otter* smells a Fish forty Furlongs off him in the Water: And that it may be true, seems to be affirmed by Sir *Francis Bacon* *, who proves, that Waters may be the Medium of Sounds, by demonstrating it thus; That if you knock two Stones together very deep under Water, those that stand on a Bank near to that Place, may hear the Noise, without any Diminution of it by the Water. He also offers the like Experiment concerning the letting an Anchor fall, by a very long Cable or Rope, on a Rock, or the Sand, within the Sea; and this being so well observed, and demonstrated, as it is, by that learned Man, has made me to believe, that Eels unbed themselves, and stir at the *Noise* of Thunder; and not only as some think, by the Motion or Stirring of the Earth, which is occasioned by that Thunder. And this Reason of Sir *Francis Bacon* †, has made me crave Pardon of one that I laughed at, for affirming, "That he knew *Carps* come to a cer-"tain Place in a Pond to be fed, at the Ringing of "a Bell, or the Beating of a Drum:" And it shall be Rule for me, to make as little Noise as I can when I am fishing, until Sir *Francis Bacon* be confuted, which I shall give any Man Leave to do.

And, least you may think him singular in this Opinion, I will tell you, this seems to be believed by

* Natural History, *Cent.* 8th. † Exper. 792.

by our learned Dr. *Hackwell* *, who quotes *Pliny* to report, that one of the Emperor's had particular Fish-ponds, and in them several Fish that appeared and came when they were called by their distinct Names. And St. *James* tells us, *That all Things in the Sea have been tamed by Mankind.* And *Pliny*, that *Antonia*, the Wife of *Drusus*, had a *Lamprey*, at whose Gills she hung Jewels, or Ear-rings. And that others have been so weak, as to shed Tears at the Death of Fishes which they have kept and loved. These Observations, which will to most Hearers appear wonderful, seem to have a further Confirmation from *Martial*, who writes thus:

*Piscator fuge, ne nocens, &c.*

*Rash Angler, here thy guilty Sport forbear,*
*These finny Natives are a Monarch's care.*
*The gentle Kind obey his known Command,*
*And feed familiar from his sporting Hand.*
*Each has his Name, which sev'rally they hear,*
*And to their Owner's Summon's strait appear.*

All the further use I shall make of this shall be, o advise Anglers to be patient, and forbear swear-ng, least they should be heard, and catch no Fish.

And so I shall proceed next to tell you, it is ertain, some Fields near *Lemster*, a Town in *Herefordshire*, are observed, to make the Sheep at graze upon them more fat than the next, nd to bear finer Wool; that is to say, that at Year in which they feed in such a parti-lar Pasture, they shall yield finer Wool than they d the Year before they came to feed in it, and urfer again, if they shall return to their former ture; and again return to finer Wool, being fed in

* Apology for God's Power and Providence, *p.* 360.

in the fine Wool-ground: Which I tell you, that you may the better believe that I am certain, if I catch a *Trout* in one Meadow, he ſhall be white and faint, and very like be louſy; and, as certain, if I catch a *Trout* in the next, he ſhall be ſtrong and red, and luſty, and much better Meat. Truſt me, Scholar, I have caught many a *Trout* in a particular Meadow, that the very Shape, and the enamelled Colour of him, hath been ſuch as has joyed me to look on him; and I have with much Pleaſure concluded with *Solomon*, *Every Thing is beautiful in his Seaſon.*

I will next, by your Favour, ſay a little of the *Umber* or *Grayling*, which is ſo like a *Trout*, for his Shape * and Feeding, that I deſire I may exerciſe your Patience with a ſhort Diſcourſe of him.

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## CHAP. VI.

### *Obſervations of the* Umber *or* Grayling, *and Directions how to fiſh for them.*

*Piſ.* THE *Umber* and *Grayling* are thought by ſome to differ, as the *Herring* and *Pilchard* do. But though they may do ſo in other Nations, I think thoſe in *England* differ nothing but in their Names †. *Aldrovandus* ſays, they are of the *Trout* kind; and *Geſner*, that, in his Country, which is *Switzerland*, he is accounted the choiceſt Fiſh; and, in *Italy*, is, in the Month of *May*, ſo highly valued, that he is ſold then at a much higher Rate than any other Fiſh. The *French*

* For this Reaſon the Picture, both of *Tits*, and the *Salmon*, (which is another Fiſh of the *Trout* Kind) are omitted, as needleſs. Which Mr. *Walton* thought proper to do likewiſe.

† The larger *Grayling* is called an *Umber*; as the full-grown *Jack* is named a *Pike*.

*French* (who call the *Chub Un Villan*) call the *Umber*, of the Lake *Leman*, *Un Umble Chevaliere*; and they value the *Umber* or *Grayling* so highly, that they say he feeds on Gold, and that many have been caught in their famous River *Loire*, out of whose Bellies Grains of Gold have been often taken. Some think he feeds on Water-Thyme *, and smells so at his first taking out of the Water. And they may think so, with as good Reason as we do, that our *Smelts* imitate the Violet in smell at their being first caught; which I think is a Truth. *Aldrovandus* says, *The* Salmon, Grayling, Trout, *and all Fish that live in clear and sharp Streams, are made by their Mother Nature, of such exact Shape and pleasant Colour, purposely to invite us to a Joy and Contentedness in feasting with her.* Whether this is a Truth or not, is not my Purpose to dispute; but it is certain, all that write of the *Umber*, declare him to be very medicinal. *Gesner* says, *The Fat of a* Grayling, *being set with a little Honey a Day or two in the Sun, in a little Glass, is very excellent against Redness, or any thing that breeds in the Eyes. Salvian* takes him to be called *Umber* †, from his swift swimming or gliding out of Sight, more like a Shadow or Ghost, than a Fish. Much more might be said both of his Smell and Taste; but I shall only tell you, that St. *Ambrose*, the glorious Bishop of *Milan*, who lived when the Church kept fasting Days, calls him the *Flower-Fish*, or *Flower of Fishes*, and was so far in love with him, that he could not let him pass without the Honour of a long Discourse; but I must; and pass on to tell you, how to take this dainty Fish.



* Perhaps from hence he has his *Latin* Name *Thymallus*.
† From the *Latin*, *Umbra*, a Shadow.

First, note, That he grows not to the Bigness of a *Trout*; for the biggest of them do not usually exceed eighteen Inches. He lives in such Rivers as the *Trout* does, and is customarily taken with the same Baits, and after the same Manner; for he will bite either at the *Minnow*, *Worm*, or *Fly*, (though not often at the *Minnow*) and is very gamesome at the *Fly*, and much simpler, and therefore bolder than the *Trout*; for he will rise twenty times at one *Fly*, if you miss him, and yet rise again. He has been taken with a Fly made of the red Feathers of a *Parraket*, and will rise at one, not unlike a *Gnat*, or small *Moth*, or indeed at most Flies that are not too big. He is a Fish that lurks close all Winter, but is very pleasant and jolly after *Mid-April*, or in *May*, and the hot Months. His Shape is fine, his Flesh white, and his Teeth, those little ones which he has, are in his Throat; yet he has so tender a Mouth, that he is oftner lost after an Angler has hooked him, than any other Fish. Though there are many of these Fish in *Trent*, and other smaller Rivers, as that which runs by *Salisbury*, yet he is not so general a Fish as the *Trout*, nor to me so good to eat, or to angle for. And so I shall take my Leave of him, and come to some Observations of the *Salmon*, and how to catch him.

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## Chap. VII.

### *Observations of the* Salmon, *with Directions how to fish for him.*

*Pis.* THE *Salmon* is accounted the King of fresh Water Fish, and is ever bred in Rivers relating to the Sea, yet so high, or far from it, as admit of no tincture of Salt or Brackishness. They are said to breed or cast their Spawn in most

Rivers

Rivers in the Month of *Auguſt*. Some ſay, that then they dig Holes or Graves in ſafe Places in the Gravel, and there lodge their Eggs or Spawn, after the Milter, or Male, has done his natural Office, and then hide it moſt cunningly, covering it over with Gravel and Stones, and ſo leaving it to their Creator's Protection, who, by a gentle Heat which he infuſes into that cold Element, makes it brood and beget Life in the Spawn, and to become *Samlets* early the Spring following.

The *Salmons* having ſpent their appointed Time, and done this natural Duty in the freſh Waters, haſte back to the Sea before Winter, both the *Milter* and *Spawner*; but, if they be ſtopt by Flood-gates or Weirs, or loſt in the freſh Waters, then thoſe ſo left behind grow ſick and lean, and unſeaſonable, and kipper, that is to ſay, have bony Griſtles grow out of their lower Chaps, not unlike a Hawk's Beak, which hinder their feeding *; and in time, ſuch Fiſh ſo left behind, pine away and die: It is obſerved, that they may live thus one Year from the Sea, but they then grow inſipid and taſteleſs, loſing both their Blood and Strength, and they languiſh and die the ſecond Year; and, it is conjectured, thoſe little *Salmons*, called *Skeggers*, which abound in many Rivers relating to the Sea †, are bred by ſuch ſick *Salmon* that could not get to the Sea; and that, though they abound, yet they never thrive to any conſiderable Bigneſs.

But, if the old *Salmon* gets to the Sea, then that Griſtle wears away, or is caſt off, as the Eagle is



* Later Writers (I know not on what Ground) account otherways for this Excreſcence. It is peculiar to the Male, and is ſaid to be only a natural temporary Defence given him againſt other Fiſh that would devour his Spawn.

† Particularly thoſe of *Yorkſhire*, *Devonſhire*, and *Dorſetſhire*. They make their Viſits there from the Sea about *May*.

faid to caſt his Bill, and he recovers his Strength, and comes next Summer to the ſame River, if it be poſſible, to enjoy the former Pleaſures that there poſſeſſed him: For, as one has wittily obſerved, they are, like ſome Perſons of Honour and Riches, which have both their Winter and Summer Houſes, the freſh Rivers for Summer, and the ſalt Water for Winter, to ſpend their Life in, which is not (as Sir *Francis Bacon* has remarked in his Hiſtory of *Life and Death*) above ten Years. And it is to be obſerved, that though they grow big in the Sea, yet they grow not fat but in the freſh Rivers; and that the further they get from the Sea, they are both the fatter and better.

Next, I ſhall tell you, that though they make very hard ſhift to get out of the freſh Rivers into the Sea, yet they will make harder ſhift to get out of the Sea into the freſh Rivers to ſpawn, or poſſeſs the Pleaſures they have formerly found in them; to which end, they will force themſelves through Flood-gates, or over Weirs, or Hedges, or any Steps in the Water, even beyond common Belief. *Geſner* ſpeaks of ſuch Places as are known to be above eight Foot high above the Current: And our *Camden* mention, in his *Britannia*, the like Wonder to be in *Pembrokeſhire*, where the River *Teify* falls into the Sea *, and that the Fall is ſo down right and high, that the People ſtand and wonder at the Strength and Sleight that they ſee the *Salmons* uſe to get out of the Sea into the ſaid River; and the Manner and Height of the Place is ſo notable, that it is known far by the Name of *Salmon-leap*; concerning which, take this out of *Michael Drayton* †, my honeſt old Friend.

*And*

* The beſt of theſe Cataracts in *England*, is thought by ſome to be in the River *Wear*, near the City of *Durham*. There is another very famous one at *Old Bridge*, in *Scotland*.

† Poem of *Poly-Albion*.

*And when the* Salmon *seeks a fresher Stream to find,*
*(Which hither from the Sea comes yearly by his Kind)*
*As he towards Season grows, and stems the watry Tract*
*Where* Tivy *falling down, makes an high Cataract,*
*Forc'd by the rising Rocks that there her Course oppose,*
*As tho' within her Bounds they meant her to inclose;*
*Here when the lab'ring Fish does at the Foot arrive,*
*And finds that by his Strength he does but vainly strive,*
*His Tail takes in his Mouth, and bending like a Bow*
*That's to full Compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw,*
*Then springing at his Height, as doth a little Wand*
*That bended End to End, elastic, from the Hand*
*Far off itself doth cast; so does the* Salmon *vaut;*
*And if at first he fail, his second Summer-saut,*
*He instantly essays, and from his nimble Ring,*
*Still jerking, never leaves until himself he fling*
*Above th' opposing Stream.*——

I shall next tell you, it is observed by *Gesner* and others, that there is no better *Salmon* than in *England*; and though some of our Northern Countries have as fat and as large as the River *Thames*, yet none are of so excellent a Taste.

And, as I have told you, that Sir *Francis Bacon* observes, the Age of a *Salmon* exceeds not ten Years; so let me next acquaint you, that his Growth is very sudden. It is said, that after he is got into the Sea, he becomes from a *Samlet*, not so big as a *Gudgeon*, to be a *Salmon*; in as short a time as a *Gosling* becomes a *Goose* Much of this has been discovered, by tying a Ribband, or some known Tape or Thread, in the Tails of young *Salmons*, which have been taken in Weirs, as they have swam towards the salt Water, and then by re-taking Part of them again with the known Mark, at the same Place at their return from the Sea, which is

uſually about ſix Months after: And the like Experiment has been tried upon young *Sawlſers*, who have, after ſix Months Abſence, been obſerved to return to the ſame Chimney, there to make their Neſts and Habitations for the Summer following: Which has inclined many to think, that every *Salmon* uſually returns to the ſame River in which it was bred; as young *Pigeons* taken out of the ſame Dove-cote, have been found to do.

And you are yet to obſerve further, that the He *Salmon* is uſually bigger than the Spawner, and that he is more kipper, and leſs able to endure a Winter in the freſh Water, then the She is, yet ſhe is, at that time of looking leſs kipper and better, as watry, and as bad Meat.

And yet, as there is no general Rule without an Exception, ſo there are ſome few Rivers in this Nation, that have *Trouts* and *Salmons* in ſeaſon in Winter; as it is certain there are in the River *Wye*, in *Monmouthſhire*, where their proper Seaſon is, as *Cambden* obſerves, from *September* till *April*: But, my Scholar, the Obſervation of this, and many other Things, I muſt in Manners omit, becauſe they will prove too large for our narrow Compaſs of Time, and, therefore, I ſhall next fall upon my Direction how to fiſh for this *Salmon*.

And for that firſt, you ſhall obſerve, that uſually he ſtays not long in a Place, as *Trouts* will, but, as I ſaid, covets ſtill to go nearer the Spring-head; and that he does not (as the *Trout*, and many other Fiſh) lie near the Water-ſide, or Bank, or Roots of Trees, but ſwims in the deep and broad Parts of the Water, uſually in the Middle, and near the Ground. There you are to fiſh for him. And he is to be caught as the *Trout* is, with a *Worm* or *Minnow*, (which ſome call a *Pink*) or with a *Fly*. He

He is indeed very ſeldom obſerved to bite at a *Minnow*, yet ſometimes he will, and not often at a *Fly*, but more uſually at a *Worm*, and chiefly at a *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, which ſhould be well ſcowered, that is to ſay, ſeven or eight Days in Moſs, before you fiſh with them; and, if you double your Time into ſixteen or twenty, or more Days, it is ſtill the better, for your Worms will ſtill be clearer, tougher, and more lively, and continue ſo, longer, upon your Hook; and they may be kept longer ſtill, by keeping them cool, and in freſh Moſs. Many uſe to fiſh for a *Salmon* with a Ring of Wire on the Top of their Rod, through which the Line may run to as great a Length as it is needful when he's hooked; and, to that end, ſome uſe a Wheel about the Middle of their Rod, or nearer their Hand, which are to be obſerved, either by ſeeing one of them, or a large Demonſtration of Words.

And now I ſhall tell you, that which may be called a Secret. I have been a fiſhing with old *Oliver Henly* (now with God) a noted Fiſher both for *Trout* and *Salmon*; and I have obſerved, that he would take three or four Worms out of his Bag, and put them into a little Box in his Pocket, where he uſually let them continue half an Hour, or more, before he would bait his Hook with them: I have asked him the Reaſon; and he has replied, "He did pick the beſt out to be in Readineſs "againſt he baited the Hook the next time." But he has been obſerved, both by others and myſelf, to catch more Fiſh than I, or any other Man, that has ever gone a fiſhing with him, eſpecially *Salmons*. And, I have been told lately, by one of his moſt intimate Friends, that the Box in which he put theſe Worms, was anointed with a Drop or

two, or three, of the Oil of *Ivy-berries*, made by Expreſſion or Infuſion; and that, by the Worms remaining in that Herb an Hour, or a like Time, they had incorporated a kind of Smell that was irreſiſtibly attractive, enough to force any Fiſh within the Smell of them to bite. This I heard not long ſince, but have not tried it; yet I grant it probable, and refer my Reader to Sir *Francis Bacon*'s Natural Hiſtory, where he proves Fiſhes may hear: And, I am certain, *Gesner* ſays, the *Otter* can ſmell in the Water; and I know not but Fiſh may do ſo too; it is left for a Lover of Angling, or any that deſires to improve that Art, to try this Concluſion.

I ſhall alſo impart two other Experiments (but not tried by myſelf) which I will deliver in the ſame Words; that they were given me (by an excellent Angler, a real Friend) in Writing. He told me, the latter was too good to be told, but in a learned Language, leaſt it ſhould be made common.

*Take the ſtinking Oil, drawn out of the Polypody of an Oak, by a Retort, mixed with Turpentine, and Hive-honey, anoint your Bait therewith* *, *and it will doubtleſs attract the Fiſh.*

*The other is,* Vulnera Hederæ grandiſſime, inſpector ſudant Balſamum oleo gelato, albicantique perſimile, odoris vero longe ſuaviſſime †.

It

* Some adviſe, to anoint only eight Inches of the Line above the Hook, which ſhould be always of double Hairs, that it may ſtick on the better.

† In *Engliſh* ---- *Slit the largeſt Branches of an Ivy-Tree, it will ſweat an Oiliſh-like Balſam, white in Colour, and of a very pleaſant Odour.*"

Several other Unguents are enumerated by Writers, who ſhew an Affectation of making a ſimple Recreation a Myſtery; and ſome of them, with an uncommon Eclat, recommend Ingredients in their Compoſitions;

It is supremely sweet to any Fish, and yet *Asa-fœtida* may do the like.

But in these things I have no great Faith, yet grant it probable; and have had from some chymical Men (namely, from Sir *George Hastings*, and others)



Compositions; the bare naming of which, in Persons of humane and delicate Tempers, must excite something of Horror, and sound more like Witches Spells: As a Mixture of human Fat, Man's Scull or Bones powdered, Mummy, the Earth taken off a fresh Grave, sprinkled on the Worms; pretended to do Wonders in Dr. *Charras*'s applauded Receipt, and *J. D*'s Secrets of angling. The Oil of Spike, that of Polypody of the Oak, of Ivy-berries, or the Gum of the Tree, Asa-fœtida, Turpentine, mentioned by Mr. *Walton*, seem to be, simply applied either to the Line or Baits, as powerful as any, or all. Yet, for the Satisfaction and Trial of the curious Angler, I have selected two or three Receipts of the compounded Kind, whose Ingredients are innocent, and whose Effects are accounted extraordinary.

*Take Juice of Camomile, half a Spoonful; chymical Oil of Spike, one Dram; Oil of Comfrey, by Infusion, one Dram and an half; Goose-Grease, two Drams: Dissolve them well over the Fire, and let them stand till cold. Keep them in a strong glass Bottle, unstopped, for three or four Days; then stop it very close, and anoint your Bait when you angle, with this Composition. Some add to it three Drams of Spirit of Vitriol, and call it the universal and infallible Bait.* Or,

*Take Asa-fœtida, three Drams; Camphire, one Dram; Venice-Turpentine, one Dram: Beat all together, with some Drops of the chymical Oils of Lavender and Camomile, of each an equal Quantity; anoint eight Inches of the Line above the Hook with it, as before-directed. This for a* Trout *in a muddy, and a* Gudgeon *in a clear Water, has the Preference to any Unguent whatsoever.* Or,

Put *Camphire* in the Moss to your Worms the Day you angle. *Or dissolve two Ounces of Gum-ivy in a Gill of Spring Water; mix this with a like Quantity of Oil of sweet Almonds. Get Linnen Thrums, the Ends of the Weaver's Warp, well washed and squeezed. Wet them in this Composition, and put into them your Worms, well scoured, the Day you angle.* Or,

*Take a handful of Houseleek; half a handful of inner-green Bark of Ivy-stalks, pound them well together, and wet your Moss with the pressed Juice. Some commend the Juice of Nettles with the Houseleek; and some the Houseleek only.*

*Oil of Anise, Spikenard of* Spain, *Sperma-cæti, powdered Castor, Galbanum, are all highly commended, and may be tried singly, or compounded; either mixed up in Paste, or used as Unguents.*

others) an Affirmation of them, to be very advantageous: But no more of these, especially in this Place.

I might here, before I take my Leave of the *Salmon*, tell you, that there is more than one Sort of them; as namely, a *Torn*, and another, called in some Places a *Salmat*, or by some, a *Skegger*; but these, and others which I forbear to name, may be Fish of another Kind, and differ, as we know a *Herring* and *Pilchard* do, which, I think, are as different as the Rivers in which they breed, and must by me be left to the Disquisitions of Men of more Leisure, and of greater Abilities, than I profess myself to have.

And, lastly, I am to borrow so much of your promised Patience, as to tell you, that the *Trouts* or *Salmons* being in Season, have, at their first taking out of the Water, which continues during Life, their Bodies adorned, the one with such red Spots, and the other with such black or blackish Spots, which give them an Addition of natural Beauty, that, I think, was never given to any Woman by the artificial Paint or Patches in which they so much pride themselves in this Age: And so I shall leave them, and proceed to some Observations of the *Pike*.

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## Chap. VIII.

### *Observations of the* Luce *or* Pike, *with Directions how to fish for him.*

*Pisc.* THE mighty *Luce* or *Pike* is taken to be the Tyrant, as the *Salmon* is the King, of the fresh Waters. It is not doubted, but that they are bred, some by Generation, and some not; as, namely, of a Weed, called *Pickrel-weed*, unless learned *Gesner* be mistaken; for he says, this

Weed,

Weed, and other glutinous Matter, with the help of the Sun's Heat in some particular Months, and some Ponds fitted for it by Nature, do become *Pikes*: But, doubtless, divers *Pikes* are bred after this manner, or are brought into some Ponds some other ways, that are past Man's finding out, of which we have daily Testimonies.

Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his History of *Life and Death*, observes the *Pike* to be the longest lived of any fresh Water Fish; and yet he computes it to be not above forty Years; others think it to be not above ten Years; and yet *Gesner* mentions a *Pike*, taken in *Sweedland*, in the Year 1449, with a Ring about his Neck, declaring, he was put into the Pond by *Frederick* the Second, more than two hundred Years before he was last taken, as by the Inscription of that Ring, being *Greek*, was interpreted by the then Bishop of *Worms*. But of this no more; but that it is observed, that the old, or very great *Pikes*, have in them more of State than Goodness, the smaller or middle-sized being, by the choicest Pallates, preferred for the best Meat; as, contrary, the Eel is observed to be better for its Age and Bigness.

All *Pikes* that live long are chargeable to their Keepers; because their Life is maintained by the Death of so many other Fish, even those of his own Kind, which has made him by some Writers, to be called the Tyrant of the Rivers, or the fresh Water Wolf, by reason of his bold, greedy, devouring Disposition, which is so keen, as *Gesner* relates, that a Man going into a Pond (where it seems a *Pike* had devoured all the Fish) to water his Mule, had a *Pike* bit his Mule by the Lips, to which he hung so fast, that the Mule drew him out of the Water, and, by that Accident, the Owner of the Mule

Mule got the *Pike*. And the ſame *Geſner* obſerves, that a Maid in *Poland*, had a *Pike* bit her by the Foot, as ſhe was waſhing Cloaths in a Pond. And I have heard the like of a Woman in *Killingworth* Pond, not far from *Coventry*. But I have been aſſured, by my Friend Mr. *Seagrave*, of whom I ſpake to you formerly *, who keeps tame *Otters*, that he hath known a *Pike* in extreme Hunger, fight with one of his *Otters* for a *Carp* that the *Otter* had caught, and was then bringing out of the Water. I have told you who relate theſe things; and tell you, they are Perſons of Credit; and ſhall conclude this Obſervation, by mentioning to you what a wiſe Man has obſerved; *It is a hard thing to perſuade the Belly, becauſe it has no Ears.*

But if theſe Relations be diſbelieved, it is too evident to be doubted, that a *Pike* will devour a Fiſh of his own Kind, that ſhall be bigger than his Belly, or Throat will receive, and ſwallow Part of him, and let the other Part remain in his Mouth till the ſwallowed Part be digeſted, and then by Degrees ſwallow that other Part alſo; which is not unlike the Ox, and ſome other Beaſts, taking their Meat not out of their Mouth into their Belly, but firſt into ſome Place betwixt, and then chew it, and digeſt it after, which is called, *Chewing the Cud*: And, doubtleſs, *Pikes* will bite when they are not hungry, but, as ſome think, in very Anger, when a tempting Bait comes near them.

And it is obſerved, that the *Pike* will eat venomous things, as ſome kinds of Frogs are, and yet live without being harmed by them; for, as ſome ſay, he has in him a natural Balſam or Antidote againſt all Poiſon; and others, that he never eats the venomous Frog till he has firſt killed her, and then

(as

* Page 36.

(as Ducks are observed to do to Frogs in spawning time, at which time some Frogs are reckoned to be thus venomous) so thoroughly washed her, by tumbling her up and down in the Water, that he may devour her without Danger. But *Gesner* affirms, that a *Polonian* Gentleman did faithfully assure him, he had seen two young Geese at one time in the Belly of a *Pike*. Doubtless a *Pike*, in his height of Hunger, will bite at, and devour a Dog that swims in a Pond, and there have been Examples of it, or the like; for, as I told you, *The Belly has no Ears when Hunger comes upon it.*

The *Pike* is also observed to be a very solitary, melancholy, and yet a bold Fish; melancholy, because he always swims or rests himself alone, and never in Sholes, or with Company *, as *Roach* and *Dace*, and most other Fish do: and bold, because he fears not a Shadow, or to see or be seen of any body, as the *Trout* and *Chub*, and all other Fish do.

It is said by *Gesner*, that the Jaw-bones, and Hearts, and Galls of *Pikes*, are very Medicinal for several Diseases; to stop Blood, to abate Fevers, to cure Agues, to oppose or expel the Infection of the Plague, and to be many ways useful for the Good of Mankind; but he observes, that the Biting of a *Pike* is venomous, and hard to be cured.

The *Pike* is a Fish that breeds but once a Year, when other Fish, as namely, *Loaches*, breed oftner, as we are certain tame Pigeons do, almost every Month; and yet the Hawk, a Bird of Prey (as the *Pike* is of Fish) breeds but once in twelve Months. His

* This is used as an Argument, that the *Pike* preys upon the lesser Sort of his own Species, being, by an Instinct for Self-preservation, thus led to avoid one another.

His time of breeding or ſpawning is uſually about *February*, or ſomewhat later, in *March*, as the Weather proves colder or warmer; and his manner of breeding is thus: A he and a ſhe *Pike* uſually go together out of a River into ſome Ditch or Creek, and there the Spawner caſts her Eggs, and the Milter hovers over her all that time, but touches her not.

I might ſay more of this, but it might be thought Curioſity, or worſe, and ſhall therefore forbear it, and take up ſo much of your Attention, as to tell you, that the beſt of *Pikes* are noted to be in Rivers: Next, thoſe in great Ponds or Meres, and the worſt in ſmall Ponds.

But, before I proceed further, I am to tell you, that there is great Antipathy betwixt the *Pike* and ſome Frogs, and this may appear to the Reader of *Drubravius*, a Biſhop in *Bohemia*, who in his Book of Fiſh and Fiſh-ponds, relates what he ſays he ſaw with his own Eyes, nor could he forbear to tell the Reader. Which was this:

" As he, and the Biſhop *Thurzo*, were walking
" by a large Pond in *Bohemia*, they ſaw a Frog,
" when the *Pike* lay very ſleepily and quiet by the
" Shore-ſide, leap upon his Head; and the Frog
" having expreſſed his Malice or Anger by his
" ſwoln Cheeks, and ſtaring Eyes, did ſtretch out
" his Legs, and embraced the *Pike*'s Head, and
" preſently reached them to his Eyes, tearing with
" them, and his Teeth, thoſe tender Parts: The
" *Pike*, moved with Anguiſh, moves up and down
" the Water, and rubs himſelf againſt Weeds,
" and whatever he thought might quit him of his
" Enemy; but all in vain, for the Frog continued
" to ride triumphantly, and to bite and torment
" the *Pike*, till his Strength failed, and then he ſunk

" with

" with him to the Bottom of the Water; presently " the Frog appeared again at the Top of the Wa- " ter, and croaked, and seemed to rejoice like a " Conqueror, and then immediately retired to her " secret Hole. The Bishop, that had beheld the " Battle, called his Fisherman to fetch his Nets, " and by all means to get the *Pike*, that they " might observe what had happened. The *Pike* " was drawn up, and both his Eyes eaten out. At " which, when they begun to wonder, the Fisher- " man bid them forbear, assuring them, he was " certain, *Pikes* were often so served."

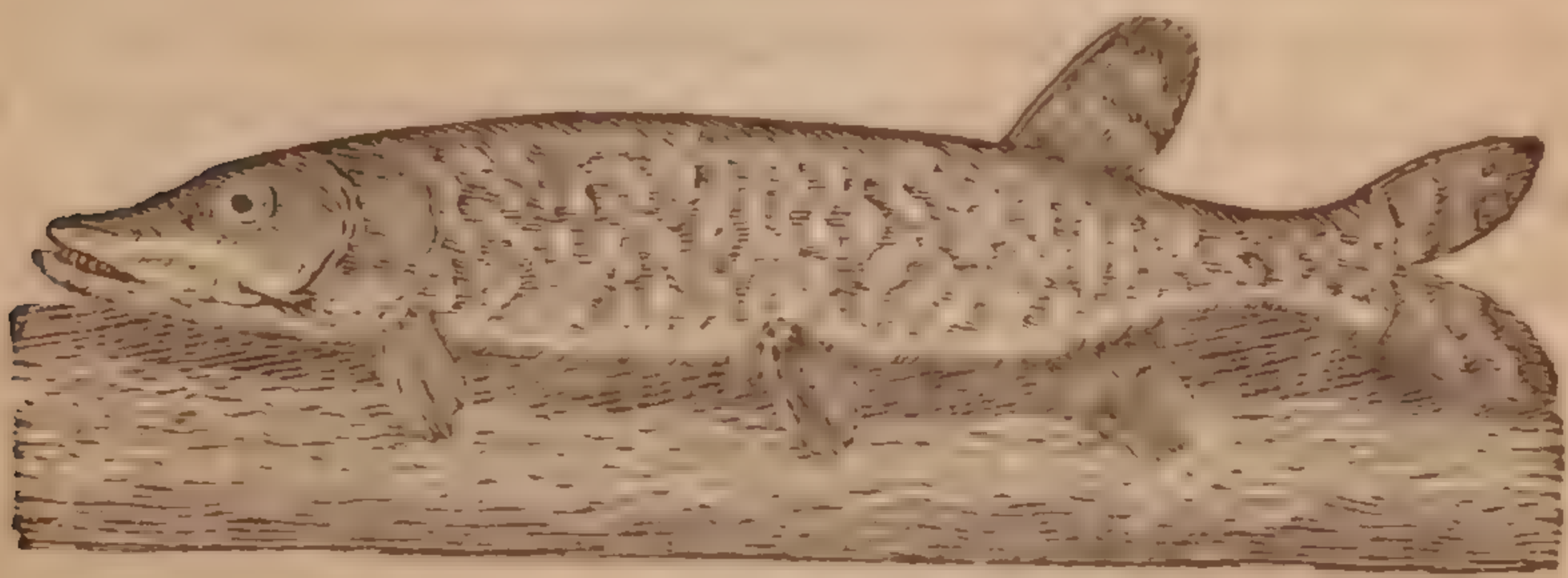
I told this, which is to be read in *Dubravius*, to a Friend; who replied, *It was as improbable, as to have the Mouse scratch out the Cat's Eyes*: But he did not consider that there were *Fishing Frogs*, which the *Dalmatians* call the *Water-Devil*, of which I might tell you as wonderful a Story; but, I shall tell you, it is not to be doubted, but that there are some Frogs so fearful of the *Water-snake*, that, when they swim in a Place where they fear to meet with him, they get a Reed across into their Mouths, which, if they two meet by Accident, secures the Frog from the Strength and Malice of the Snake. And note, that the Frog swims the faster.

And, let me tell you, that as there are Water and Land Frogs, so there are Water and Land Snakes: Concerning which, take this Observation; That the Land snake breeds and hatches her Eggs, which become young Snakes, in some old Dunghill, or a like hot Place; but the Water Snake, which is not venomous (and, as I have been assured, by a great Observer of such Secrets) does breed her Young alive; which she does not then forsake, but hides with them; and, in case of Surprize, will take them all into her Mouth, and swim away

from

from any apprehended Danger, and let them out again, when ſhe thinks all Danger to be paſt. 'Theſe are Accidents that we Anglers ſometimes ſee, and often talk of.

But, whither am I going? I had almoſt loſt myſelf, by remembring the Diſcourſe of *Dalravius*. I will therefore ſtop here, and tell you, according to my Promiſe, how to catch this Fiſh.



His feeding is uſually on Fiſh or Frogs, and ſometimes a Weed of his own, called *Pickrel-weed*, of which I told you, it is conjectured, ſome *Pikes* are bred; for they have obſerved, that where none have been put into Ponds, they have there found many; and that there has been plenty of that Weed in thoſe Ponds, and that Weed both breeds and feeds them; but whether thoſe *Pikes* ſo bred will ever breed by Generation, as the others do, I ſhall leave to the Diſquiſitions of Men of more Curioſity and Leiſure than I profeſs myſelf to have; and ſhall proceed to tell you, that you may fiſh for a *Pike*, either with a Ledger, or a Walking-bait: I call that a Ledger-bait, which is fixed or made to reſt in one certain Place, when you ſhall be abſent; and that a Walking-bait, which you take with you, and have ever in Motion: Concerning which two, I ſhall give you this Direction; that your Ledger-bait is beſt to be a living one, whether

ther it be a Fiſh or Frog; and that you may make them live the longer, you may, or, indeed, you *muſt*, take this Courſe.

Firſt, for your live Bait of Fiſh, a *Roach* or *Dace*, is, I think, beſt, and moſt tempting, but a *Pearch* is the longeſt lived on a Hook, and, having cut off the Fin on his Back, which may be done without hurting him, you muſt take your Knife, which cannot be too ſharp, and, betwixt the Head and the Fin on the Back, make ſuch an Inciſion or Scar, as you may put the Arming-wire of your Hook into it, with as little bruiſing or hurting the Fiſh, as Art and Diligence will enable you to do, and ſo carrying your Arming-wire along his Back, unto or near the Tail of your Fiſh; betwixt the Skin and the Body of it, draw out that Wire or Arming of your Hook at another Scar, near to his Tail, then tie him about it with Thread, but no harder than of Neceſſity you muſt, to prevent hurting the Fiſh; and the better to avoid this, ſome have a kind of Probe to open the Way, for the more eaſy Entrance and Paſſage of your Wire or Arming; but, as for theſe, Time, and a little Experience, will teach you better than I can by Words; therefore I will, for the preſent, ſay no more of this, but come next to give you ſome Directions how to bait your Hook with a Frog.

*Ven.* But, good Maſter, did you not ſay, even now, that ſome Frogs are venomous; and is it not dangerous to touch them?

*Piſ.* Yes; but I will give you ſome Rules or Cautions concerning them. And firſt, you are to be told, that there are two Kinds of Frogs; that is to ſay, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, a Fleſh and a Fiſh-Frog; by Fleſh-Frogs, I mean Frogs that breed and live on the Land; of theſe there be ſeveral

veral Sorts also and Colours, some being speckled, some greenish, some blackish, or brown. The green Frog, which is a small one, is by *Topsel* taken to be venomous; and so is the *Padock*, or *Frog-Padog*, which usually keeps or breeds on Land, and is very large, bony, and big, especially the she Frog of that Kind; yet these will sometimes come into the Water, but it is not often: And the Land Frogs are some of them, observed by him, to breed by laying Eggs; and others, of the Slime and Dust of the Earth; and that, in Winter, they turn to Slime again; and, the next Summer, that very Slime returns to be a living Creature: This is the Opinion of *Pliny*. And *Cardan* undertakes to give Reasons for the Raining of Frogs *; but, if it were in my Power, it should rain none but Water Frogs, for those, I think, are not venomous, especially the right Water Frog, which, about *February* or *March*, breeds in Ditches, by Slime, of blackish Eggs, in that Slime; about which time of breeding, the he and she Frogs are observed to use divers Summer-sauts, and to croak, and make a Noise, which the Land Frog or *Padock* never does. Now, if with these Water Frogs you intend to fish for a *Pike*, you are to chuse the yellowest that you can get, for these the *Pike* likes best. And thus use your Frog, that he may continue long alive.

Put your Hook into his Mouth, which you may easily do, from about the Middle of *April* till *August*, and then the Frog's Mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six Months, without eating, but is sustained, none but he whose Name is wonderful, knows how. I say, put your Hook, I mean the Arming-wire, through his Mouth,

* *Card. de Sabt.* l. 16.

Mouth, and out of his Gills, and then, with a fine Needle and Silk, ſew the upper Part of his Leg with only one Stitch to the Arming-wire of your Hook, or tie the Frog's Leg, above the upper Joint, to the armed Wire; and, in ſo doing, uſe him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you can, that he may live the longer.

And now, having given you this Direction for the baiting your Ledger-hook with a live Fiſh or Frog, my next muſt be to tell you, how your Hook, thus baited, muſt be uſed: And it is thus. Having faſtened your Hook to a Line, which, if it be not fourteen Yards long, ſhould not be leſs than twelve. You are to faſten that Line to any Bough near to a Hole where a *Pike* is, or is likely to lie, or to have a Haunt, and then wind your Line on any forked Stick, all your Line, except half a Yard of it, or rather more; and ſplit that forked Stick with ſuch a Notch at one End of it, as may keep the Line from any more of it ravelling about the Stick, then ſo much of it as you intended. Chuſe your Stick to be of that Bigneſs, as may keep the Fiſh or Frog from pulling it under Water till the *Pike* bites; and then the *Pike*, having pulled the Line forth of the Cleft or Notch of that Stick in which it was gently faſtned, will have Line enough to go to his Hold, and pouch the Bait. And, if you would have this Ledger-bait to keep at a fixed Place, undiſturbed by Wind, or other Accidents, which may drive it to the Shore-ſide, (for, you are to note, that it is likelieſt to catch a *Pike* in the midſt of the Water) then hang a ſmall Plummet of Lead, a Stone, or a Piece of Tile, or a Turf, in a String, and caſt it into the Water, with the forked Stick, to hang upon the Ground, to be an Anchor to keep your Stick from moving out of

of your intended Place till the *Pike* comes. This I take to be a very good way to use so many Ledger-baits as you intend to make Trial of; or if you bait your Hooks thus with live Fish or Frogs, and in a windy Day fasten them to a Bough or Bundle of Straw, and, by the help of that Wind, can get them to move cross a *Pond* or *Mere*, you are like to stand still on the Shore and see Sport, if there be any Store of *Pikes*. Or these live Baits may make Sport, being tied about the Body of a Goose or Duck, and she chased over a Pond; and the like may be done, with turning three or four live Baits thus fastened to Bladders, or Boughs, or Bottles of Hay, or Flags, to swim down a River, whilst you walk quietly along on the shore, and are still in Expectation of Sport; the rest must be taught you by Practice, for Time will not allow me to say more of this kind of fishing with live Baits.

And for your dead Bait for a *Pike*, that you may be taught by one Day's going a fishing with me, or any one else that fishes for him; for the baiting your Hook with a dead *Gudgeon*, or a *Roach*, and moving it up and down the Water, is too easy a thing to take up any time to direct you in it; and yet, because I cut you short in that, I will commute for it, by telling you that which was told me for a Secret.

Dissolve Gum of Ivy in Oil of Spike, and therewith anoint your dead Bait for a *Pike*, and then cast it into a likely Place; and, when it has lain a short time at the Bottom, draw it towards the Top of the Water, and so up the Stream, and it is more than likely, that you have a *Pike* follow you with more than common Eagerness. And some affirm, that any Bait, anointed with the Marrow of the

Thigh-

Thigh-bone of an *Hern* *, is a great Temptation to any Fish.

These have not been tried by me, but told me, by a Friend of Note, that pretended to do me a Courtesy. But if this Direction to catch a *Pike* do you no good, yet, I am certain, this Direction how to roast him when he is caught, is choicely good; for I have tried it; and is somewhat the better for not being common: But, with my Direction, you must take this Caution, that your *Pike* must not be a small one, that is, it must be half a Yard, and should be bigger.

*First, open your* Pike *at the Gills, and, if need be, cut also a little Slit towards his Belly, out of these take his Guts, and keep his Liver, which you are to shred very small with Thyme and Sweet marjoram, and a little Water-savoury; to these put some pickled Oysters, and some Anchovies, two or three, both these last whole; for the Anchovies will melt, but the Oysters should not: To these you must add also a Pound of fresh Butter, which you are to mix with the Herbs that are shred, and let them all be well salted (if the* Pike *be more than a Yard long, then you may put into these Herbs more than a Pound, or if he be less, then less Butter will suffice); these being thus mixed, with a Blade or two of Mace, must be put into the* Pike's *Belly; then sew it up, and so, as to keep all the Butter in, if it be possible; if not, as much as you can, but take not off the scales; then thrust the Spit through his Mouth out at his Tail, and with five or six split Sticks, or very thin Lathes, and a convenient Quantity of Tape or Filleting, tie them round the* Pike's *Belly from Head to Tail, somewhat thick, to prevent his cracking or falling off. Let him be roasted very leisurely, and often basted with Claret Wine, and Anchovies,*

* This may be had of any of the *London* Poulterers.

*Anchovies, and Butter, mixed together, and also with what Moisture falls from him into the Pan: When you have roasted him sufficiently, hold under him, while you unwind or cut the Tape that ties him, such a Dish as you purpose to eat him out of, and let him fall into it, with the Sauce that is roasted in his Belly; by this means, the* Pike *will be kept unbroken, and compleat. Then to the Sauce which was within, and to that in the Pan, you are to add a fit Quantity of fresh Butter, and squeeze the Juice of three or four Oranges. Lastly, you may put into the* Pike *with the Oysters, two Cloves of Garlick, and take it whole out when the* Pike *is cut off the Spit; or, to give the Sauce a Flavour, let the Dish be rubbed with it. The using or not using this Garlick, is left to your Discretion *.*

M. B.

This Dish of Meat is too good for any but Anglers, or honest Men; and, I trust, you will prove both; and, therefore, I have trusted you with this Secret.

Let me next tell you, that *Gesner* tells us, there are no *Pikes* in *Spain*; and that the largest are in the Lake *Thrasimane*, in *Italy*; and the next, if not equal to them, are the *Pikes* of *England*; and that in *England*, *Lincolnshire* boasts to have the biggest. Just as doth *Sussex* of four Sorts of Fish (already mentioned); namely, an *Arundell Mullet*, a *Chichester*

* For boiling, dress him thus. Open your *Pike*, rub him within with Salt and Claret Wine; save the Milt, a little of the Blood and Fat; cut him in two or three Pieces, and put him in when the Water boils, and with him Sweet-marjoram, Savory, Thyme, or Fennel, with a good Handful of Salt; let him boil near half an Hour. For the Sauce, take sweet Butter, Anchovies, Horse-Radish, Claret Wine, of each a good Quantity; a little of the Blood, Shallot, (or Garlick, if approved) some Lemon sliced: Beat them well together, and serve him.

*R. Nobbes, in Compleat Trouler.*

*Chicheſter Lobſter*, a *Chelſey Cockle*, and an *Amerley Trout*.

But, I will take up no more of your time with this relation, but proceed to give you ſome Obſervations of the *Carp*, and how to angle for him.

## CHAP. IX.

### *Obſervations of the* Carp, *with Directions how to fiſh for him.*

*Piſ.* THE *Carp* is the Queen of Rivers, a ſtately, a good, and a very ſubtil Fiſh, that was not at firſt bred, nor hath been long, in *England*, but is now naturalized. It is ſaid, they were brought hither by one Mr. *Maſcal* *, a Gentleman that then lived at *Plumſted*, in *Suſſex*, a Country that abounds more with this Fiſh than any in this Nation. You may remember that I told you *Geſner* ſays, there are no *Pikes* in *Spain*; and, doubtleſs, there was a time, about an hundred, or a few more Years ago, when there were no *Carps* in *England*, as may ſeem to be affirmed by Sir *Richard Baker*, in whoſe Chronicle you may find theſe Verſes;

Hops *and* Turkies, Carps *and* Beer,
*Came all to* England *in a Year*.

And, doubtleſs, as of Sea-Fiſh, the *Herring* dies ſooneſt out of Water; and, of freſh Water Fiſh, the *Trout*; ſo (except the *Eel*) the *Carp* endures moſt Hardneſs, and lives longeſt † out of his

* *Anno* 1524, in the Reign of King *Henry* VIII. this Gentleman, Mr. *Leonard Maſcal*, wrote himſelf a Treatiſe of fiſhing, in which s this Account.

† Mr. *Derham* aſſerts, that in *Holland* they hang them up in a Cellar, or any cool Place, in a ſmall Net full of wet Moſs, with nly their Heads out, and feed them with white Bread ſoaked in Milk for many Days.

his own proper Element; and, therefore, the Report of the *Carps* being brought out of a Foreign, into this Nation, is the more probable.

*Carps* and *Loaches* are observed to breed several Months in one Year, which *Pikes*, and most other Fish, do not; and this is partly proved by tame and wild Rabbits, as also by some Ducks, which will lay Eggs nine of the twelve Months; and yet there are other Ducks that lay not longer than about one Month: And it is the rather believed, because you shall scarce or never take a male *Carp* without a Melt, or a female without a Roe or Spawn, and, for the most Part, very much, especially in the Summer-season: It is remarked, that they breed more naturally in Ponds, than in running Water, (if they breed there at all) and those that live in Rivers, are taken, by Men of the best Pallates, to be much the better Meat.

And it is observed, that, in some Ponds, *Carps* will not breed, especially in cold Ponds; but, where they will breed, they multiply innumerably; *Aristotle* and *Pliny* say, six times a Year, if there be no *Pikes* or *Pearch* to devour their Spawn, when it is cast upon Grass, or Flags, or Weeds, where it lies ten or twelve Days before it is enlivened.

The *Carp*, if he have Water-room, and good Feed, will grow to a very great Bigness and Length: I have heard, to be much above a Yard long. It is said by *Jovius*, who has writ of Fishes, that in the Lake *Lurian*, in *Italy*, *Carps* have thriven to be more than fifty Pounds Weight; which is the more probable, for as the Bear is conceived and born suddenly; and, being born, is but short-lived. So, on the contrary, the *Elephant* is said to be two Years in Conception; some think he is ten, and, being born, grows in Bigness twenty

Years.

Years, and lives to the Age of an hundred. The *Crocodile* is alſo very long-lived; and, more than that, all that long Life he thrives in Bigneſs; and ſo I think ſome *Carps* do, eſpecially in ſome Places; though I never ſaw one above twenty-three Inches, which was a great and goodly Fiſh: But, have been aſſured, there are of a far greater Size, and in *England* too *.

Now, as the Increaſe of *Carps* is wonderful for their Number, ſo there is not a Reaſon found out, I think by any, why they ſhould breed in ſome Ponds, and not in others of the ſame Nature for Soil, and all other Circumſtances; and, as their Breeding, ſo are their Decays alſo very myſterious. I have both read it, and been told, by a Gentleman of tried Honeſty, that he has known ſixty or more large *Carps* put into ſeveral Ponds near to a Houſe, where, by reaſon of the Stakes in the Ponds, and the Owners conſtant being near to them, it was impoſſible they ſhould be ſtolen away from him; and that when he has, after three or four Years, emptied the Pond, and expected an Increaſe by breeding young ones (for that they might do ſo, he had, as the Rule is, put in three Milters, for one Spawner) he has, I ſay, found neither a young nor old *Carp* remaining. And the like I have known of one that has almoſt watched his Pond, and at a like Diſtance of time, at the fiſhing of it, found, of ſeventy or eighty large *Carps*, not above five or ſix; and he had forborn longer to fiſh the ſaid Pond, but that he ſaw, in a hot Day in Summer, a large *Carp* ſwim near to the Top of the Water, with a Frog upon his Head; and, upon that Occaſion, cauſed his Pond to be let

F dry;

* The largeſt we have an Account of, was taken in the *Thames*, near *Hampton-Court*, and weighed thirteen Pounds.

dry; and, of seventy or eighty *Carps*, only found five or six, and those very sick and lean, with every one a Frog, sticking so fast on the Head of the *Carps*, that the Frog would not be got off without extreme Force, or Killing. The Gentleman that affirmed this to me, told me he saw it; and did declare his Belief to be, and I also believe the same, that he thought the other *Carps* that were so strangely lost, were so killed by Frogs, and then devoured.

But I am fallen into this Discourse by Accident, of which I might say more, but it has proved longer than I intended, and possibly may not to you be considerable: I shall therefore give you three or four more short Observations of the *Carp*, and then fall upon some Directions how you shall fish for him.

The Age of *Carps* is, by Sir *Francis Bacon* *, observed to be but ten Years; yet others think they live longer. *Gesner* says, a *Carp* has been known to live in the *Palatinate* above a hundred Years: But most conclude, that, contrary to the *Pike* or *Luce*, all *Carps* are better for Age and Bigness. The Tongues of *Carps* are noted to be choice and costly Meat, especially to them that buy them; but, *Gesner* says, *Carps* have no Tongues like other Fish, but a Piece of Flesh in their Mouth like a Tongue, and should be called a Palate. It is certain it is choicely good, and that the *Carp* is to be reckoned amongst those leather-mouthed Fish, which I told you have their Teeth in their Throat; and, for that Reason, is very seldom lost by breaking his Hold, if your Hook be once stuck into his Chaps.

I told you, that Sir *Francis Bacon* thinks, the *Carp* lives but ten Years; but *Janus Dubravius* † says

* Hist. of *Life and Death*.

† In his Book of Fish and Fish-ponds.

ſays, that *Carps* begin to ſpawn at the Age of three Years, and continue to do ſo till thirty. He ſays alſo, that, in the Time of their breeding, which is in Summer, when the Sun hath warmed both the Earth and Water, and apted them for Generation, that three or four male *Carps* will follow a female; and ſhe, putting on a ſeeming Coyneſs, they force her through Weeds and Flags, where ſhe lets fall her Eggs or Spawn (which ſticks faſt to the Weeds) and they their Milt upon it, and ſo it becomes, in ſhort time, to be a living Fiſh. It is thought the *Carp* does this ſeveral Months in the Year, and believed, that moſt Fiſh breed after this manner, except the Eel. And it has been obſerved, that when the Spawner has weakened herſelf by doing that natural Office, that two or three Milters have helped her from off the Weeds, by bearing her up on both Sides, and guarding her into the Deep. It may ſeem a Curioſity not worth obſerving, yet others have judged it worth their Time and Coſts, to make Glaſs-hives, and order them in ſuch a manner, as to ſee how Bees have bred and made their Honey-combs, and how they have obeyed their King, and governed their Common-wealth. But it is thought, that all *Carps* are not bred by Generation, but that ſome breed otherways, as ſome *Pikes* do.

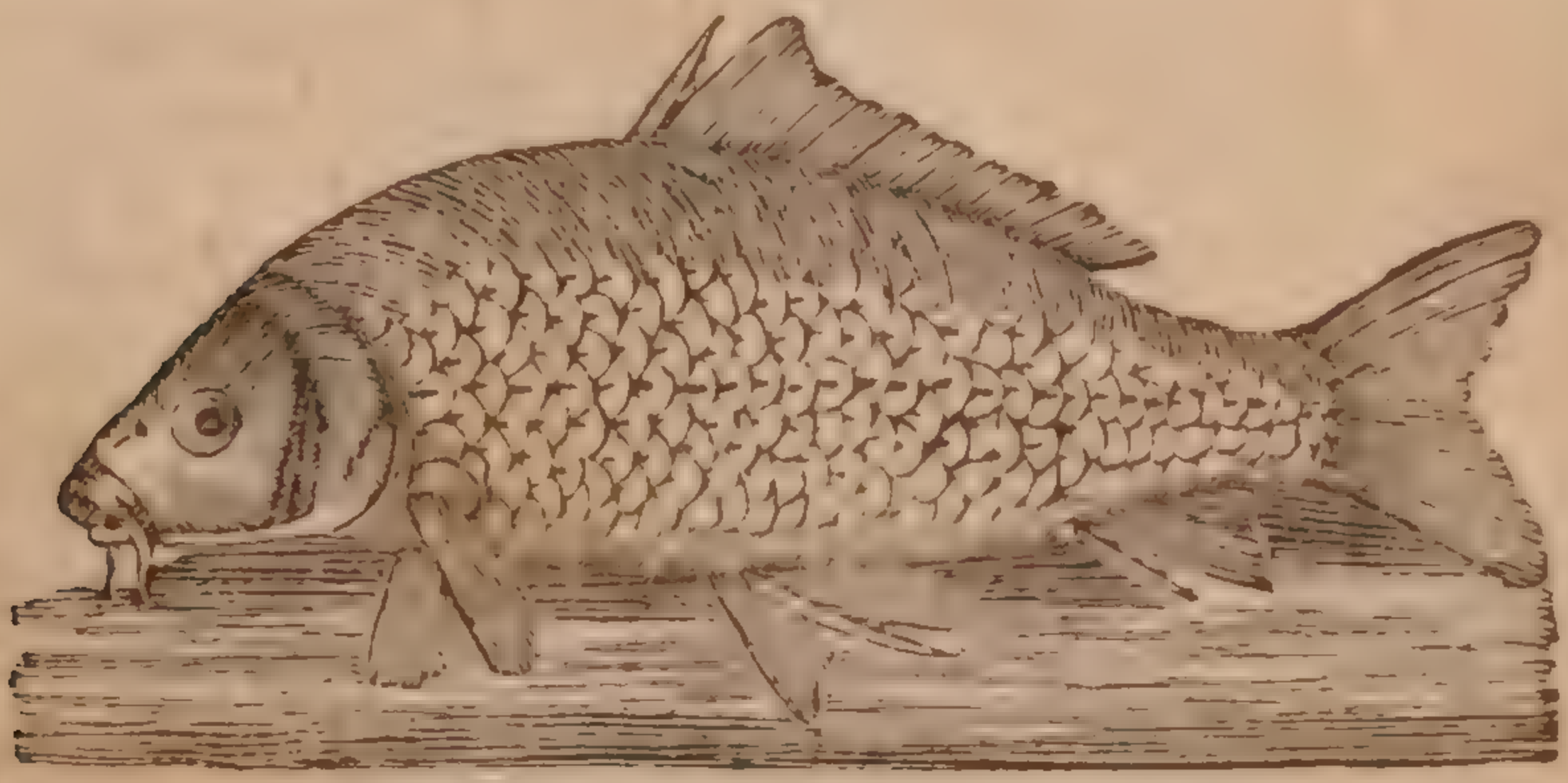
The Phyſicians make the Galls and Stones in the Heads of *Carps* to be very medicinal; but, it is not to be doubted, but that in *Italy* they make great Profit of the Spawn of *Carps* *, by ſelling it to the *Jews*, who make it into red *Caviare*, the *Jews* not being by their Law admitted to eat of *Caviare* made of the *Sturgeon*, that being a Fiſh



* It is a rich and picquant Food (ſome ſay) the fineſt eating in the World.

that wants Scales, and by them to be reputed unclean *.

Much more might be faid out of him and *Ariftotle*, which *Dubravius* often quotes in his Difcourfe of Fifhes; but it might rather perplex than fatisfy you, and therefore I fhall chufe to direct you how to catch, rather than fpend more time in difcourfing either of the Nature or Breeding of this *Carp*,



or of any more Circumftances concerning him; but yet I fhall remember you of what I told you before, that he is a very fubtle Fifh, and hard to be caught.

And my firft Direction is, that you muft put on a very large Meafure of Patience, efpecially to fifh for a River *Carp*: I have known a very good Fifher angle diligently four or five Hours in a Day, for three or four Days together, for one of them, and not have a Bite: And you are to note, that in fome Ponds it is as hard to catch a *Carp*, as it is in a River; that is to fay, where they have Store of Feed, and the Water is of a clayith Colour. But you are to remember I have told you, there is no Rule without an Exception; and therefore being poffeffed with that Hope and Patience

* *Levit.* xi. 10.

tience which I wiſh to all Fiſhers, eſpecially the *Carp* Angler, I ſhall tell you with what Bait to fiſh for him. But firſt, it muſt be either early or late; and, in hot Weather * (for he will ſeldom bite in cold) you cannot be too early or too late at him; and ſome have been ſo curious to ſay, the Tenth of *April* is a fatal Day for *Carps*. He bites either at Worms or Paſte: Of Worms, I think the bluiſh Marſh, or Meadow-worm, is beſt; but poſſibly another Worm, that is not too big, may do as well, and ſo may a green *Gentle*: And, for Paſtes, there are almoſt as many Sorts as there are Medicines for the Tooth-ach; but, doubtleſs, ſweet Paſtes are beſt; I mean, made with Honey, or with Sugar; which ſhould be thrown into the Pond or Place in which you fiſh for him, ſome Hours before you undertake your Trial of Skill with the Angle-rod †; and, doubtleſs, if it be thrown into the Water a Day or two before, at ſeveral Times, in ſmall Pellets, you are the likelier to obtain you deſired Sport: Or, in a large Pond, to draw them to any certain Place, that they may the better, and with more hope, be fiſhed for, you are to throw in either Grains or Blood mixed with Cow-dung, or with Brain; or any Garbage, as Chickens-Guts, or the like, and then ſome of your ſmall ſweet Pellets, with which you purpoſe to angle; theſe Pellets, being a few of them, alſo thrown in as you are angling.



* About the Noon of ſuch a Day he will take a *Lob-worm* at Top, as a *Trout* does a *Fly*: Or, between the Weeds, in a clear Place, ſink it without a Float, about eight Inches in the Water, with only one large Shot on the Line, which is to be lodged on the Leaf of ſome Weed: Then retire, keeping your Eye upon the Shot, till you ſee it taken away, with about a Foot of the Line, and then you may venture to ſtrike; but keep him tight, and clear of the Weeds. Great Numbers of *Carp* have been taken this way.

† Plumb at that Time alſo the Depth of the Water.

Your Paſte muſt be made thus: Take the Fleſh of a Rabbet or Veal cut ſmall, and Bean-flour: and, if that may not be eaſily got, other Flour, mix theſe together, and put to them either Sugar, or Honey, which I think better, and beat theſe in a Mortar, or work them ſome time in your Hands, they being very clean; then make it into a Ball, or two, or three, as you like beſt, for your uſe; but you muſt pound or work it ſo long, as to make it tough enough to hang upon your Hook without waſhing from it, yet not too hard; or, that you may the better keep it upon your Hook, you may knead with your Paſte a little, and not much, white or yellow Wool.

And, if you would have this Paſte keep all the Year for any other Fiſh, mix with it Virgin's-wax and clarified Honey, work them with your Hands before the Fire into Balls, and they will keep that whole Time.

But, if you fiſh for a *Carp* with *Gentles*, then put upon your Hook a ſmall Piece of Scarlet, about this Bigneſs ▢ ſoaked in, or anointed with *Oil of Peter*, called by ſome Oil of the Rock; and if your *Gentles* be put two or three Days before into a Box or Horn anointed with Honey, and ſo put upon your Hook, as to preſerve them to be living, you are as likely to kill this crafty Fiſh this way, as any other: But ſtill, as you are fiſhing, chew a little white or brown Bread in your Mouth, and caſt it into the Pond, about the Place where your Float ſwims. Other Baits there are, but theſe with Diligence, and patient Watchfulneſs, will do better then any I have ever practiſed, or heard of: And yet I ſhall tell you, that the Crumbs of white Bread and Honey, made into a Paſte, is

a good

a good Bait for a *Carp*, and is more easily made. And having said thus much of this Fish, my next Discourse shall be of the *Bream*, which shall not prove so tedious, and therefore I desire the Continuance of your Attention.

But, first, I will tell you how to make this *Carp*, that is so curious to be caught, so curious a Dish of Meat, as shall make him worth all your Labour; and, though it is not without some Trouble and Charge, yet it will recompense both.

*Take a* Carp, *alive if possible, scour him, and rub him clean with Water and Salt, but scale him not, then open him, and put him with his Blood and Liver, into a small Kettle; then take Sweetmarjoram, Thyme, and Parsley, of each half an Handful, a Sprig of Rosemary, and another of Savoury, bind them into two or three small Bundles, and put them to your* Carp, *with four or five whole Onions, twenty pickled Oysters, and three Anchovies. Then pour upon your* Fish *as much Claret Wine as will only cover him; and season your Claret well with Salt, Cloves, Mace, and the Rinds of Oranges and Lemons; cover your Pot, and set it on a quick Fire, till it be sufficiently boiled; then take out the* Carp, *and lay it with the Broth into the Dish, and pour upon it a Quarter of a Pound of fresh Butter melted and beaten, with half a Dozen Spoonfuls of the Broth, the Yolks of two or three Eggs, and some of the Herbs shred: Garnish your Dish with Lemons, and so serve it up.*

Dr. T.

## Chap. X.

### *Observations of the* Bream, *and Directions how to catch him.*

*Fig.* THE *Bream*, being at full Growth, is a large and ſtately Fiſh; he will breed both in Rivers and Ponds; but loves beſt to live in Ponds, where, if he likes the Water and Air, he will not only grow to be very large, but as Fat as a Hog. He is by *Geſner*, taken to be more pleaſant or ſweet, than wholſom: This Fiſh is long in growing, but breeds exceedingly in a Water that pleaſes him; yea, in many Ponds, ſo faſt, as to over-ſtore them, and ſtarve the other Fiſh.

He is very broad, with a forked Tail, and his Scales ſet in excellent Order; he hath large Eyes, a narrow ſucking Mouth; two Sets of Teeth, and a lozing-like Bone, to help his grinding. The Milter is obſerved to have two large Milts, and the Female two large Bags of Eggs or Spawn.

*Geſner* reports, that, in *Poland*, a great Number of large *Breams* were put into a Pond, which, in the next following Winter, was frozen up into one intire Ice, and not one Drop of Water remaining, nor one of theſe Fiſh to be found, though they were diligently ſearched for; and yet the next Spring, when the Ice was thawed, and the Weather warm, they all appeared again. This *Geſner* affirms, and I quote my Author, becauſe it ſeems almoſt as incredible as the *Reſurrection* to an *Atheiſt*. But it may win ſomething in Point of believing it, to him that conſiders the Breeding or Renovation of the Silk-worm, and of many Inſects. And that is conſiderable which Sir *Francis Bacon* * obſerves, that there are ſome Herbs that

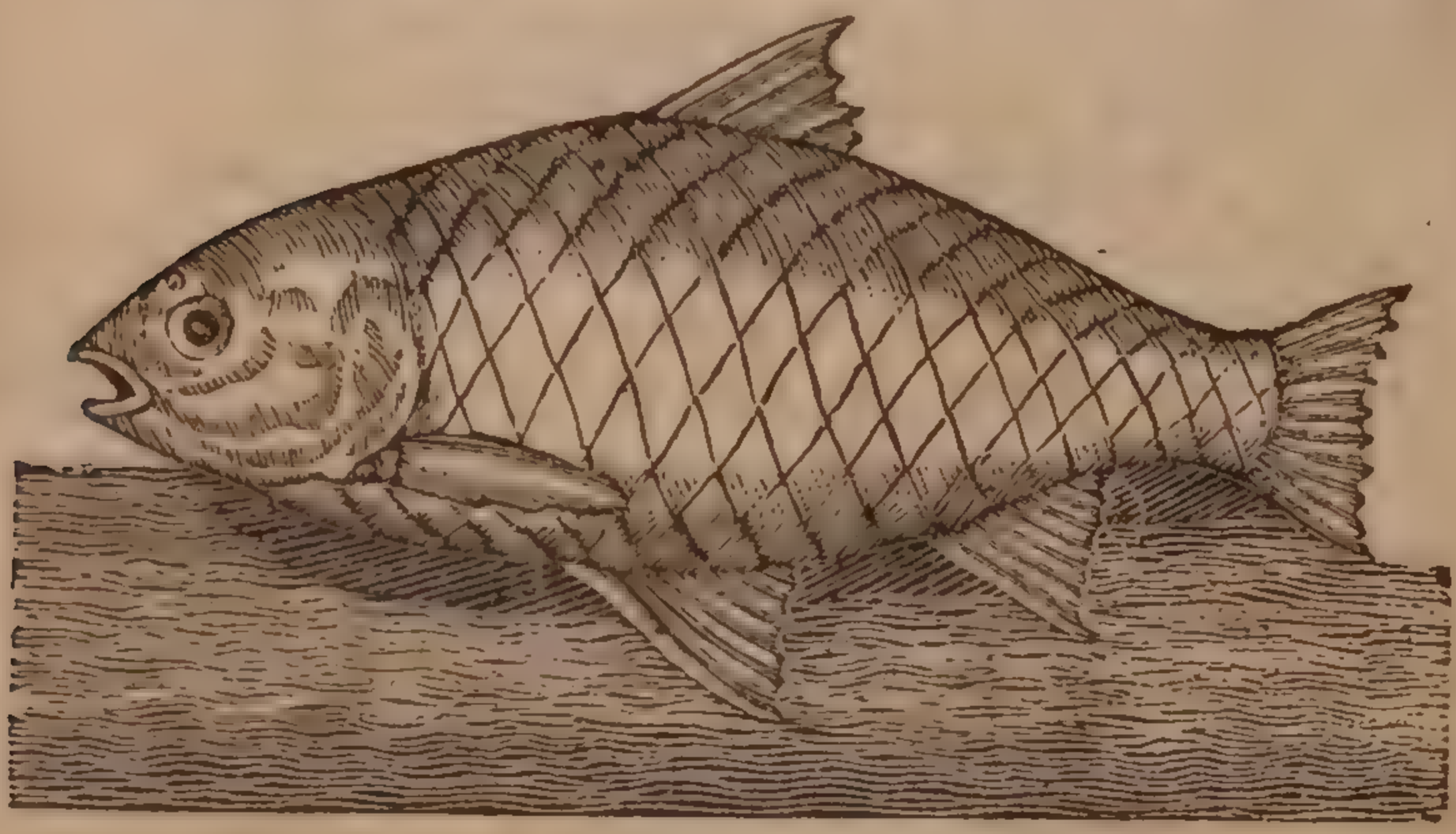
* Hiſt. of Life and Death, *p.* 20.

that die, and ſpring every Year, and others endure longer.

But though ſome do not, yet the *French* eſteem this Fiſh highly, and, to that End, have this Proverb, *He that hath* Breams *in his Pond, is able to bid his Friend welcome.* And it is noted, that the beſt Parts of a *Bream* are his Belly and Head *.

Some ſay, that *Breams* and *Roaches* will mix their Eggs, and Milt together, and ſo there is in many Places a baſtard Breed of *Breams*, that never come to be either large or good, but very numerous.

The Baits good to catch this *Bream* are many:



Firſt, *Paſte* made of brown Bread and Honey, *Gentles*, or the Brood of *Waſps* that are young, and then, not unlike *Gentles*; and ſhould be hardened in an Oven, or dried on a Tile before the Fire; or there is at the Root of Docks, Flags, or Ruſhes, in watry Places, a Worm not unlike a Maggot (at which *Tench* will bite freely); or he will bite at a Graſhopper, with his Legs nipped off, in *June* and *July*; or at ſeveral Flies under Water, which may be found on Flags that grow near to the



* The Connoiſſieurs in eating, commend the Head of a *Carp*, the Back of a *Tench*, the Middle of a *Bream*, and the Tail of a *Pike*.

Water-side. I doubt not, but there are many other Baits that are good *, but I will turn them all into this most excellent one, either for a *Carp* or *Bream*, in any River or Mere: It was given me by a most honest and excellent Angler, and hoping you will prove both, I will impart it to you.

1. Let your Bait be as big a red Worm as you can find, without a Knot. Get a Pint or Quart of them in an Evening in Garden-walks, or chalky Commons, after a Shower of Rain; put them with clean Moss, well washed and picked, the Water squeezed out of it as dry as you can, into an earthen Pot set dry, and change the Moss every three or four Days for three Weeks, or a Month together, when your Baits will be at the best.

2. Having prepared your Baits, get your Tackle ready and fitted after this Sort. Take three long angling Rods, and as many or more Silk, or Silk and Hair-lines, and as many large Swan or Goose-quil Floats: Then take as many Pieces of Lead,

made after this manner, and fasten them to the lower Ends of your Lines: Then fasten your Link-hook also to the Lead, and to the End of your Line; let there be about a Foot or ten Inches between

* In a shallow, sandy Bottom of a River, which leads into any deep, still Hole, throw four or five Handfuls of *Magbeworms* cut in Pieces, which will soon drive down into the Hole. Use a long Rod of good Strength, a proportionable Line, a small Hook tied to an *Indian* Grass, and no Float; fix a cut Shot six Inches above the Hook, and next it a small bored Bullet. The use of the Shot, to prevent the Bullet slipping lower. Fish with a short, well scoured *Magbeworm*, threw into the Shallows, and the Stream will drive it into the Hole. By this Method, an experienced Angler has, *he has taught me Brooms in two Hours, that he could carry away.*

When you find a deep, quiet Hole, near the Bank, plumb it over Night, and Ground-bait it with Grains well sprinkled. Next Morning early drive a Stand, out of Sight: bait your Hook with a large red Worm, and drop it gently into the Hole: Observe whether the Water be risen or fallen since you plumb'd it, and make an Allowance accordingly.

between the Lead and the Hook, but be ſure the Lead be heavy enough to ſink the Float under Water, and not the Float to bear up the Lead.

Note, that your Link next the Hook, may be ſmaller than the reſt of your Line, if you dare adventure, for fear of taking the *Pike* or *Perch*, who will aſſuredly viſit your Hooks, till they be taken out (as I will ſhew you afterwards) before either *Carp* or *Bream* will come near to bite. Note alſo, that when the Worm is well baited, it will crawl up and down, as far as the Lead will give Leave, which much inticeth the Fiſh to bite without Suſpicion.

Having thus prepared your Baits, and fitted your Tackling, repair to the River, where you have ſeen them ſwim in Sculls or Shoals, in the Summer-time, in a hot Afternoon, about three or four of the Clock; and watch their going forth of their Holes and returning (which you may well diſcern) for they return about four of the Clock, moſt of them ſeeking Food at the Bottom, yet one or two will lie on the Top of the Water, rolling and tumbling themſelves, whilſt the reſt are under him at the Bottom, and ſo you ſhall perceive him to keep Centinel; then mark where he plays moſt, and ſtays longeſt (which commonly is in the broadeſt and deepeſt Place of the River) and there, or near thereabouts, at a clear Bottom, and a convenient Landing-place, take one of your Angles, ready fitted as aforeſaid, and ſound the Bottom (about eight or ten Feet deep; two Yards from the Bank is beſt). Then conſider with yourſelf, whether that Water will riſe or fall by the next Morning by reaſon of any Water-mills near, and, according to your Diſcretion, take the Depth of the Place, where you mean after to caſt your Ground-

bait,

bait, and to fish, to half an Inch; that the Lead lying on or near the Ground-bait, the Top of the Float may only appear upright, half an Inch above the Water.

Thus you having found, and fitted for the Place, and Depth thereof, go home and prepare your Ground-bait, which is next to the Fruit of your Labours to be regarded.

## *The Ground-bait.*

Take a Peck, or a Peck and an half (according to the Greatness of the Stream, and Deepness of the Water, where you mean to angle) of sweet gross-ground Barly-malt, and boil it in a Kettle, one or two warms is enough, then strain it through a Bag into a Tub, the Liquor whereof hath often done my Horse much good, and, when the Bag and Malt is near cold, take it down to the Water-side, about eight or nine of the Clock in the Evening, and not before; cast in two Parts of your Ground-bait, squeezed hard between both your Hands, it will sink presently to the Bottom, and be sure it may rest in the very Place where you mean to angle; if the Stream run hard, or move a little, cast your Malt in Handfuls the higher up the Stream. You may, between your Hands, close the Malt so fast, that the Water will hardly part it with the Fall.

Your Ground thus baited, and Tackling fitted, leave your Bag, with the rest of your Tackling, and Ground-bait, near the sporting Place all Night, and in the Morning, about three or four of the Clock, visit the Water-side, but not too near, for they have a Watchman, and are watchful themselves.

Then

Then gently take one of your three Rods, and bait your Hook, casting it over your Ground-bait, and gently and secretly draw it to you, till the Lead rests about the Middle of the Ground-bait.

Take then a second Rod, and cast in, about a Yard above, and your third, a Yard below the first Rod, and fix the Rods in the Ground: But go yourself so far from the Water-side, that you perceive nothing but the Tops of the Floats, which you must watch most diligently; then, when you have a Bite, you shall perceive the Top of your Float to sink suddenly into the Water; yet, nevertheless, be not too hasty to run to your Rods, until you see that Line goes clear away; then creep to the Water-side, and give as much Line as you possibly can: If it be a *Carp* or *Bream*, they will go to the farther Side of the River; then strike gently, and hold your Rod at a Bent a little while; for, if you both pull, you are sure to lose your Game, for either your Line, or Hook, or Hold, will break; and, after you have overcome them, they will make noble Sport, and are very shy to be landed. The *Carp* is far stronger and mettlesome than the *Bream*.

Much more is to be observed of this Kind of Fish and fishing, but it is far fitter for Experience and Discourse, than Paper. Only thus much is necessary for you to know, and to be mindful and careful of, that if the *Pike* or *Pearch* breed in that River, they will be sure to bite first, and must first be taken: And, for the most Part, they are very large, and will repair to your Ground-bait, not that they will eat of it, but will feed and sport themselves amongst the young Fry, that gather about and hover over the Bait.

The

The way to discern the *Pike*, and take him, if you misstruft your *Bream* Hook (for I have taken a *Pike* a Yard long several times at my *Bream* Hooks, and sometimes he hath had the Luck to share my Line) is,

Take a small *Bleak*, *Roach*, or *Gudgeon*, bait it, and set it alive among your Rods two Foot deep from the Cork, with a little red Worm on the Point of the Hook; then take a few Crumbs of white Bread, or some of the Ground-bait, and sprinkle it gently amongst your Rods. If Mr. *Pike* be there, then the little Fish will skip out of the Water, but the live-set Bait is sure to be taken.

Thus continue your Sport from four in the Morning till eight, and, if it be a gloomy, windy Day, they will bite all Day long. But this is too long to stand to your Rods at one Place, and it will spoil your Evening Sport that Day; which is this:

About four of the Clock in the Afternoon repair to your baited Place, and, as soon as you come to the Water-side, cast in one half of the rest of your Ground-bait, and stand off; then, whilst the Fish are gathering together, for there they will most certainly come for their Supper, you may take a Pipe of Tobacco; and then, in with your three Rods, as in the Morning. You will find excellent Sport that Evening till eight of the Clock; then cast in the Residue of your Ground-bait, and next Morning, by four of the Clock, visit them again for four Hours, which is the best Sport of all; and, after that, let them rest till you and your Friends have a mind for more Sport.

From St. *James* Tide, until *Bartholomew* Tide, is the best. When they have had all the Summer's Food, they are the fattest.

Observe

Obſerve laſtly, that, after three or four Days fiſhing together, your Game will be very ſhy and wary, and you ſhall hardly get above a Bite or two at a Baiting; then your only way is to deſiſt from your Sport about two or three Days; and, in the mean time, on the Place you late baited, and again intend to bait, you ſhall take a Turf of green, but ſhort Graſs, as big, or bigger, than a round Trencher; to the Top of this Turf, on the green Side, with a Needle, and green Thread, faſten one by one, as many little red Worms as will near cover all the Turf: Then take a round Board or Trencher, make a Hole in the Middle thereof, and through the Turf, placed on the Board or Trencher, with a String or Cord as long as is fitting, tied to a Pole, let it down to the Bottom of the Water, for the Fiſh to feed upon without Diſturbance, about two or three Days *; and after you have drawn it away, you may fall to, and enjoy your former Recreation.

*B. A.*

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## CHAP. XI.

### *Obſervations of the* Tench, *and Advice how to angle for him.*

*Pi.* THE *Tench*, the Phyſician of Fiſhes, is obſerved to love Ponds better than Rivers, and Pits better than either: Yet *Cambden* obſerves, there is a River in *Dorſetſhire* † that abounds with *Tenches*; but, doubtleſs, they retire to the moſt deep and quiet Places in it.

This Fiſh hath very large Fins, very ſmall and ſmooth Scales, a red Circle about his Eyes, which are

* Some uſe a Tin or Wooden-box, made full of Holes, filled with Worms, which they ſink in the aboveſaid Manner.

† The River *Stower*.

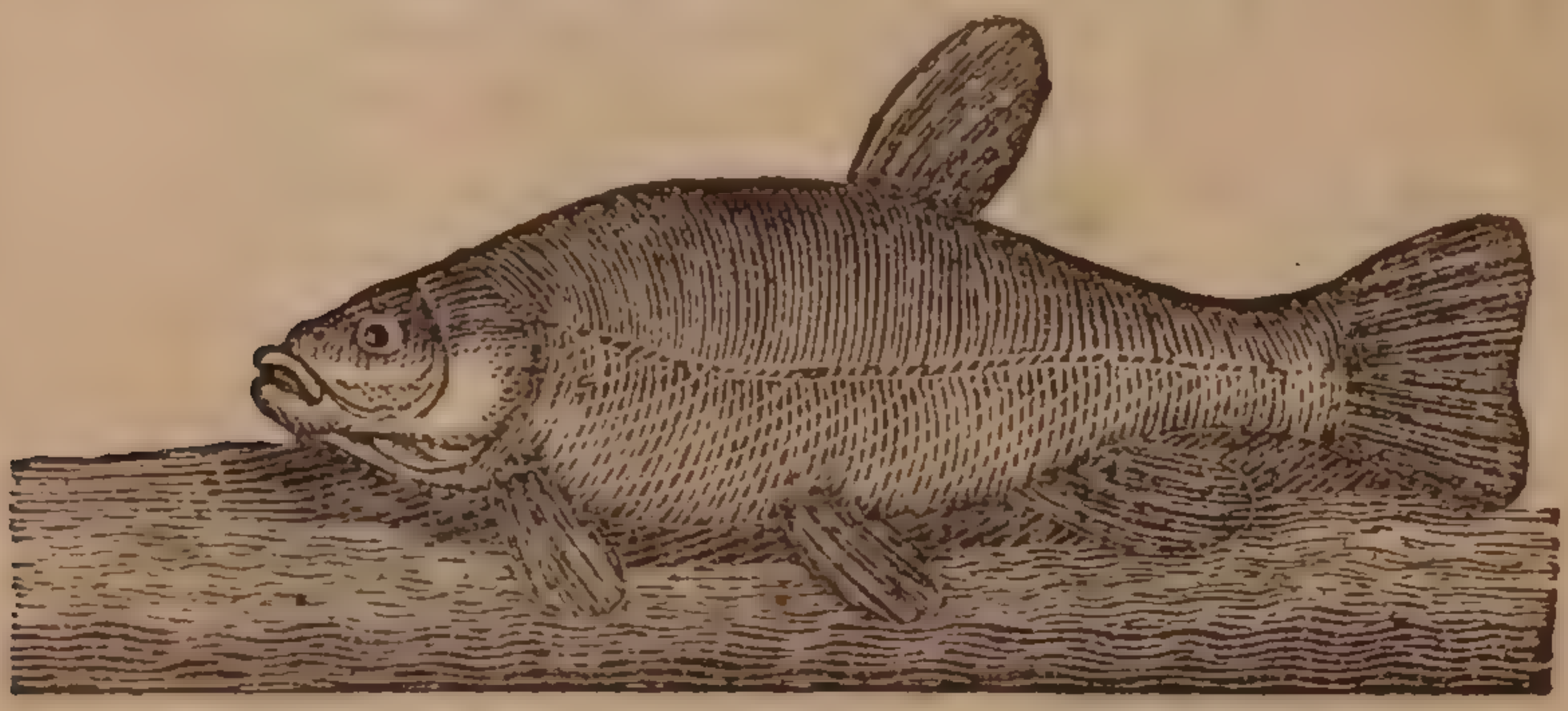
are big, and of a gold Colour, and from either Angle of his Mouth there hangs down a little Barb: In every *Tench*'s Head are two ſmall Stones, which foreign Phyſicians make great uſe of; but he is not commended for wholſom Meat, though there is very much uſe made of them, for outward Applications. *Rondeletius* ſays, *That*, at his being at *Rome*, *he ſaw a great Cure done by applying a* Tench *to the Feet of a very ſick Man.* This was done after an unuſual Manner by certain *Jews*. And, it is obſerved, that many of thoſe People have various Secrets, yet unknown to Chriſtians; Secrets, that have never yet been written, but have been ſince the Days of their *Solomon* (who knew the Nature of all Things, even from the Cedar to the Shrub) delivered by Tradition from Father to Son, and ſo from Generation to Generation, without writing, or unleſs it were caſually, without the leaſt communicating them to any other Nation or Tribe; for, to do that, they account a Profanation. Yet it is thought, that they, or ſome Spirit worſe, firſt told us, that Lice ſwallowed alive, were a certain Cure for the Jaundice. This, and other Medicines, were diſcovered by them or Revelation, for doubtleſs we attained them not by Study.

Well, this Fiſh, beſides his eating, is very uſeful, both dead and alive, for the Good of Mankind: But, I meddle no more with that, my honeſt humble Art teaches no ſuch Boldneſs; there are too many fooliſh Pretenders in Phyſick and Divinity, that think themſelves fit to tamper with hidden Secrets, and ſo bring Deſtruction to their Followers. I will not meddle with them farther, than to wiſh them wiſer; and ſhall tell you next, for I hope I may be ſo bold, that the *Tench* is the Phyſician of

– Fiſhes,

Fiſhes, to the *Pike* * eſpecially, and that the *Pike*, being either ſick or hurt, is cured by the Touch of the *Tench*. And it is obſerved, that the *Tyrant Pike* will not be a Wolf to his Phyſician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never ſo hungry.

This Fiſh, that carries a natural Balſam in him to cure both himſelf and others, loves yet to feed in very foul Water, and amongſt Weeds. And yet I am ſure he eats pleaſantly, and, doubtleſs, you will think ſo to, if you taſte him. I ſhall therefore proceed to give you ſome few, and but a few Directions, how to catch this *Tench*,



of which I have given you theſe Obſervations.

He will bite at a Paſte made of brown Bread and Honey, or at a *Marſh* or a *Lob-worm*; he inclines very much to any Paſte with which Tar † is mixt, and will bite alſo at a ſmaller Worm, with his Head nipp'd off, and a *Cod-worm* put on the Hook before that Worm; and, I doubt not, but that he will

* *Camden* (ſpeaking of the Stews, Ponds anciently kept in *Southwark*) confirms this. I have ſeen, *ſays he*, the Bellies of *Pikes* opened to ſhew their Fatneſs, and their gaping Wounds preſently cloſed by the Touch of *Tenches*, and, by their glutinous Slime, perfectly healed up. *Britan.* p. 322.

† The clotted black Blood in a Sheep's Heart, made with fine Flour and Honey, into the Conſiſtence of an Unguent, and your Bait (which is a red Worm) anointed with this, is by others preferred to the Tar.

will alſo in the three hot Months (for in the nine colder he ſtirs not much) bite at a *Flag-worm*, or a green *Gentle*; but can poſitively ſay no more of the *Tench*, he being a Fiſh that I have not often angled for; but I wiſh my honeſt Scholar may, and be ever fortunate when he fiſhes.

## CHAP. XII.

### *Obſervations of the* Pearch, *and Directions how to fiſh for him.*

*Piſ.* THE *Pearch* is a very good, and a very bold biting Fiſh: He is one of the Fiſhes of Prey, that, like the *Pike* and *Trout*, carries his Teeth in his Mouth, which is very large, and he dares venture to kill and devour ſeveral other Kinds of Fiſh. He has a hook'd or Hog-back, which is armed with ſharp and ſtiff Briſtles, and all his Skin covered over with thick, dry, hard Scales, and hath, which few other Fiſh have, two Fins on his Back. He is ſo bold, that he will invade one of his own Kind, which the *Pike* will not do willingly; and you may therefore eaſily believe him to be a bold Biter.

The *Pearch* is of great Eſteem in *Italy*, ſays *Aldrovandus*, and eſpecially the leaſt are there eſteemed a dainty Diſh. And *Geſner* prefers the *Pearch* and *Pike* above the *Trout*, or any freſh Water Fiſh. He ſays, the *Germans* have this Proverb, *More wholſom than a* Pearch *of* Rhine: And he ſays, the River *Pearch* is ſo wholſom, that Phyſicians allow him to be eaten by wounded Men, or Men in Fevers, or Women in Child-bed *.

He ſpawns but once a Year, and is by Phyſicians held very nutritive; yet, by many, to be hard of Digeſtion.

* His Liver is uſually thrown away, being apt to be mealy.

Digeſtion. They abound more in the River *Po*, and in *England*, ſays *Rondeletius*, then other Parts, and have in their Brain a Stone, which is in foreign Parts ſold by Apothecaries, being there noted to be very medicinal againſt the Stone in the Reins. Theſe are a Part of the Commendations which ſome philoſophical Brains have beſtowed upon the freſh Water *Pearch*: Yet they commend the Sea *Pearch*, which is known by having but one Fin on his Back (of which they ſay, we *Engliſh* ſee but a few) to be a much better Fiſh.

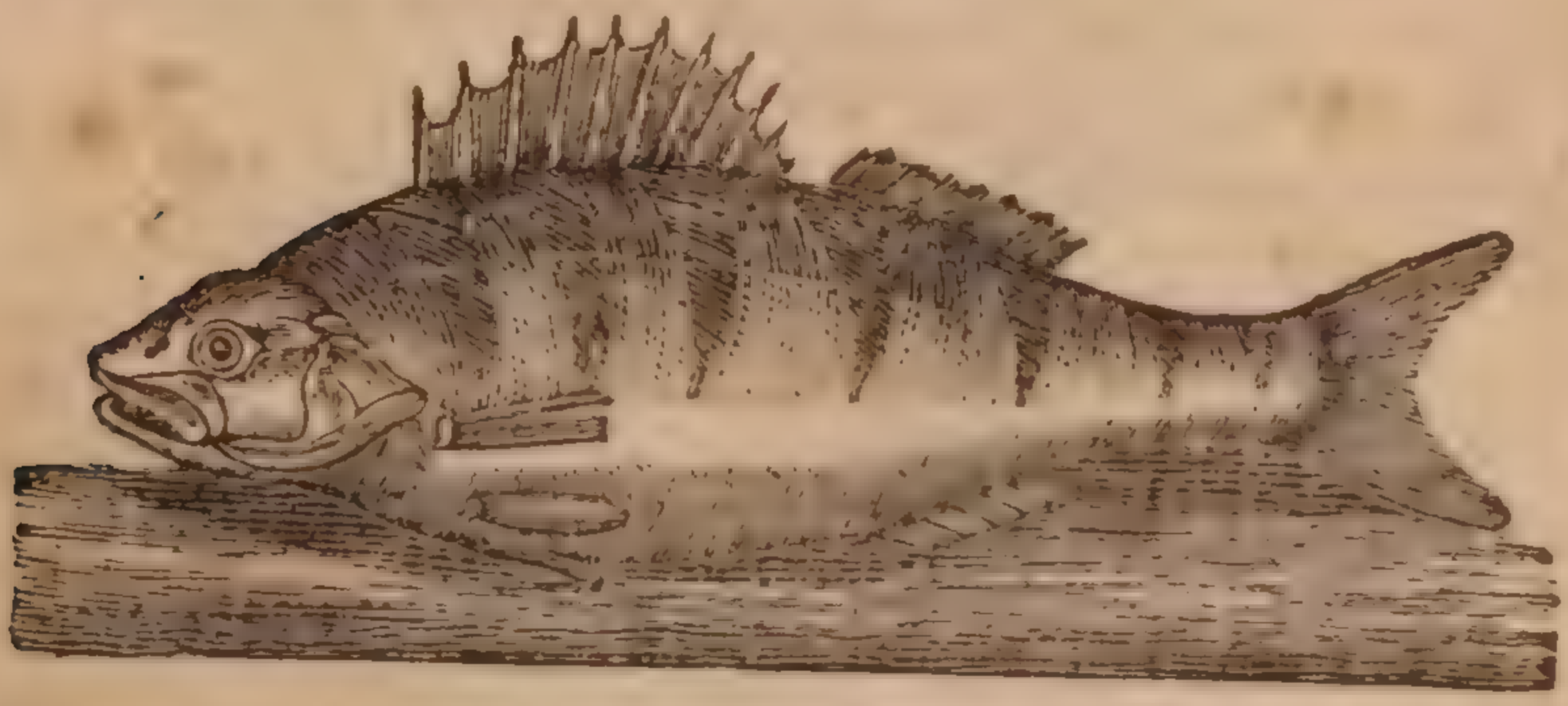
The *Pearch* thrives ſlowly, yet will grow, as I have been credibly informed, to be almoſt two Feet long; for my Informer told me, ſuch an one was not long ſince taken by Sir *Abraham Williams*, a Gentleman of worth, and a Lover of Angling. This was a deep-bodied Fiſh; and, doubtleſs, durſt have devoured a *Pike* of half his own length; for, I have told you, he is a bold Fiſh, ſuch an one, as but for extreme Hunger, the *Pike* will not devour; for, to affright him, he will ſet up his Fins as a Turky-cock will ſometimes ſet up his Tail.

But, my Scholar, the *Pearch* is not only valiant to defend himſelf, but he is, as I ſaid, a bold biting Fiſh. Yet he will not bite at all Seaſons of the Year. He is very abſtemious in Winter, yet will bite then in the midſt of the Day, if it be warm. And note, that all Fiſh will bite beſt about the midſt of a warm Day in Winter; and he hath been obſerved by ſome, not uſually to bite till the Mulberry-tree buds, that is to ſay, till extreme Froſts be paſt that Spring; for when the Mulberry-tree bloſſoms, many Gardiners obſerve their forward Fruit to be paſt the Danger of Froſts, and ſome have made the like Obſervation of the *Pearch*'s biting.

But

But bite the *Pearch* will, and that very boldly *; and, as one has wittily observed, if there be twenty or forty in a Hole, they may be, at one standing, all catched one after another; they being, as he says, like the Wicked of the World, not afraid, though their Fellows and Companions perish in their Sight. And you may observe, that they are not like the solitary *Pike*, but love to accompany one another, and march together in Troops.

And the Baits for this bold Fish



are not many; I mean, he will bite as well at some, or at any of these three, as at any or all others whatsoever: A *Worm*, a *Minnow*, or a little *Frog*, of which you may find many in Hay-time; and of *Worms*, the Dunghil-worm, called a *Brandling*, I take to be best, being well scoured in Moss or Fennel; or at a Worm that lies under Cow-dung, with a bluish Head. And if you rove for a *Pearch* with a *Minnow*, then it is best to be alive; you sticking your Hook through his back Fin, or a *Minnow*, with the Hook in his upper Lip, and letting him swim up and down about Mid-

* As the *Pearch* swallows the Bait so voraciously, as make it difficult to dislodge your Hook, it is advised to keep (near you a Piece of small hollow Cane (or a strong Reed) of six Inches long; thrust this down his Throat, till you feel the Hook (keeping your Line straight, lest it catch again) and draw your Hook and Instrument both out, carefully, together.

Mid-water, or a little lower, and you ſtill keeping him to about that Depth, by a Cork, which ought not to be a very little one: And the like way you are to fiſh for the *Pearch*, with a ſmall Frog, your Hook being faſtened through the Skin of his Legs, towards the upper Part of it *. And laſtly, I will give you but this Advice, that you allow the *Pearch* time enough when he bites, for there was ſcarce any Angler that has given him too much. And now I think beſt to reſt myſelf, for I have almoſt ſpent my Spirits with talking ſo long.

*Vena.* Nay, good Maſter, one Fiſh more, for you ſee it rains ſtill, and you know our Angles are like Money put to Uſury; they may thrive though we ſit ſtill and do nothing, but talk and enjoy one another. Come, come, the other Fiſh, good Maſter.

*Piſ.* But, Scholar, have you nothing to mix with this Diſcourſe, which now grows both tedious and tireſome? Shall I have nothing from you that ſeems to have both a good Memory, and a chearful Spirit?

*Vena.* Yes, Maſter, I will ſpeak you a Copy of Verſes that were made by Dr. *Donne*, to ſhew the World, that he could make ſoft and ſmooth Verſes, when he thought Smoothneſs worth his Labour; and I love them the better, becauſe they allude to Rivers, Fiſh, and fiſhing. They are theſe:

*Come live with me, and be my Love,*
*And we will ſome new Pleaſures prove,*
*Of golden Sands, and chryſtal Brooks,*
*With ſilken Lines, and ſlender Hooks.*

*There will the River whiſpering run,*
*Warm'd, by thy Eyes warm'd, than the Sun;*

*And*

* Obſerve to keep this Bait from making to the Shore, which it will be always attempting.

*And there th' enamour'd Fish will stay,*
*Begging themselves they may betray.*

*When thou wilt sport in that live Bath,*
*Each Native, which the Current hath,*
*Most amorously to thee will swim,*
*To catch thee gladder, than thou him.*

*If thou, to be so seen, art loath,*
*By Sun or Moon, thou darken'st both,*
*And if my Eyes have leave to see,*
*Their Light I need not, having thee.*

*Let others freeze with angling Reeds,*
*And cut their Legs with Shells and Weeds,*
*Or treach'rously poor Fish beset,*
*With strangling Snares, or windowy-Net.*

*Let coarse bold Hands, from slimy Nest,*
*The bedded Trout in Banks cut-wrest.*
*Let curious Traytors mimick Flies,*
*To 'witch poor wand'ring Fishes Eyes.*

*For thee, thou need'st not such Deceit,*
*For thou thyself art thine own Bait:*
*That Fish that is not caught thereby,*
*Alas! is wiser far, than I.*

*Pisc.* Well remembred, honest Scholar, I thank you for these choice Verses, which I have heard formerly, but had quite forgot, till they were recovered by your happy Memory. Well, seeing I have now rested myself a little, I will make you some Requital, by telling you some Observations of the *Eel*, for it rains still; and because, as you say, our Angles are as Money, put to use, that thrive when we play, therefore we will sit still and enjoy ourselves a little longer under this Honeysuckle-hedge.

## CHAP XIII.

### *Observations of the* Eel, *and other Fiſh that want Scales, and how to fiſh for them.*

*Piſ.* IT is agreed by moſt Men, that the *Eel* is a very dainty Fiſh; the *Romans* have eſteemed her the *Helena* of their Feaſts, and ſome, *the Queen of Pleaſure.* But Men differ about their breeding: Some ſay they breed by Generation, as other Fiſh; others, that they breed, as ſome Worms do, of Mud; as Rats and Mice, and many other living Creatures are bred in *Egypt*, by the overflowing of the River *Nile*; or out of the Putrefaction of the Earth, and divers other Ways. Thoſe that deny them to breed by Generation, aſk, If any Man ever ſaw an *Eel* to have a Spawn or Milt? And they are anſwered, That they may be as aſſured of their breeding, as if they had ſeen Spawn; for they ſay, they are certain that *Eels* have all Parts fit for Generation, like other Fiſh, but ſo ſmall as not to be eaſily diſcerned, by reaſon of their Fatneſs; but that diſcerned they may be; and that the he and the ſhe *Eel* may be diſtinguiſhed by their Fins. *Rondeletius* ſays, he has ſeen *Eels* cling together like Dew-worms.

Some conceit, that *Eels*, growing old, breed other *Eels* out of the Corruption of their Age, which Sir *Francis Bacon* ſays, exceeds not ten Years. And others ſay, that as Pearls are made of glutinous Dew-drops, which are condenſed by the Sun's Heat in thoſe Countries, ſo *Eels* are bred of a prolific Dew, falling in the Months of *May* or *June*, on the Banks of ſome particular Ponds or Rivers, apted by Nature for that End, which in a few Days is, by the Sun's Heat, turned into *Eels*; and

and ſome of the Antients have called the *Eels* thus bred, *The Offspring of* Jove. I have ſeen in the Beginning of *July*, in a River not far from *Canterbury*, ſome Parts of it covered over with young *Eels*, about the Thickneſs of a Straw, lying on the Top of the Water, as thick as Motes are ſaid to be in the Sun: And I have heard the like of other Rivers, as namely, in *Severn*, where they are called *Elvers*, and in a Pond or Mere near *Staffordſhire*, where, about a ſet time in Summer, ſuch ſmall *Eels* abound ſo much, that many of the poorer Sort of People, that inhabit near to it, take them out of this Mere, with Sieves or Sheets, and make a Kind of Eel-cake of them, and eat it as Bread. And *Geſner* quotes venerable *Bede* to ſay, that, in *England*, there is an Iſland called *Ely*, by reaſon of the innumerable Multitude of *Eels* that breed in it. But that *Eels* may be bred as ſome Worms, and ſome kind of Bees and Waſps are, either of Dew, or out of the Corruption of the Earth, ſeems to be made probable by the *Barnacles* and young *Goſlings* * bred by the Sun's Heat, and the rotten Planks of an old Ship, and hatched of Trees; both which are related for Truths by *Dubartas* and *Lobel*, and alſo by our learned *Cambden*, and laborious *Gerrard* in his *Herbal*.

It is ſaid by *Rondeletius*, that thoſe *Eels* that are bred in Rivers, that relate to, or are neareſt the Sea, never return to the freſh Waters, as the *Salmon* always deſires to do, when once they have taſted the ſalt Water: I the more eaſily believe this, becauſe I am certain, that powdered Beef is a moſt excellent Bait to catch an *Eel*: And though Sir *Francis Bacon* will allow the *Eels* Life to be but

* See Page 74.

but ten Years *, yet he mentions a *Lamprey*, belonging to the *Roman* Emperor, to be made tame, and so kept for almost threescore Years; and that such useful and pleasant Observations were made of this *Lamprey*, that *Crassus* the Orator, who kept her, lamented her Death. And we read, in Dr. *Hackwell* †, that *Hortensius* was seen to weep at the Death of a *Lamprey* that he had kept long, and loved exceedingly.

It is granted by all, or most Men, that *Eels*, for about six Months, that is to say, the six cold Months of the Year, stir not up and down, neither in the Rivers nor Pools in which they usually are, but get into the soft Earth or Mud, and there, many of them together, bed themselves, and live without feeding upon any thing, as I have told you some *Swallows* have been observed to do in hollow Trees for those six Months; and this the *Eel* and *Swallow* do, as not being able to endure Winter-weather: For *Gesner* quotes *Albertus* to say, that, in the Year 1125, that Year's Winter being more cold then usual, *Eels* did, by Nature's Instinct, get out of the Water into a Stack of Hay, in a Meadow, upon dry Ground, and there nestled themselves; but yet at last, a Frost killed them. And our *Cambden* relates, that, in *Lancashire*, Fishes are digged out of the Earth with Spades, where no Water is near to the Place. I shall say little more of the *Eel*, but that, as it is observed, he is impatient of cold, so in warm Weather, one has been known to live five Days out of Water.

And lastly, let me tell you, that some curious Searchers into the Nature of Fishes, observe, there

are ſeveral Kinds of *Eels*, as the ſilver and green or greeniſh *Eel* (with which the River *Thames* abounds, and are called *Gregs*) and a blackiſh *Eel*, whoſe Head is more flat and big than the ordinary ones; and alſo an *Eel*, whoſe Fins are reddiſh, and but ſeldom taken in this Nation, yet taken ſometimes. Theſe ſeveral Kinds are, ſay ſome, diverſly bred; as, out of the Corruption of the Earth, by Dew, and otherways, as I have ſaid to you; and yet it is affirmed by ſome for certain, the ſilver *Eel* by Generation, but not by Spawning, as other Fiſh do, but her Brood come alive from her, little live *Eels*, no bigger nor longer than a Pin: I have had too many Teſtimonies of this, to doubt the Truth of it myſelf; and, if I thought it needful, I might prove it, but I think it needleſs.

This *Eel*, of which I have ſaid ſo much to you, may be caught with divers Kinds of Baits; as with powdered *Beef*, with a *Lob* or *Garden-worm*, with a *Minnow*, or Gut of a *Hen*, *Chicken*, or of any Fiſh, or with almoſt any thing, for he is a greedy Fiſh; but the *Eel* may be caught eſpecially with a little, a very little *Lamprey*, which ſome call a *Pride*, and may in the hot Months be found plenty of them in the River *Thames*, and in many Mud-heaps in other Rivers, yea, almoſt as uſually as one finds Worms in a Dunghill.

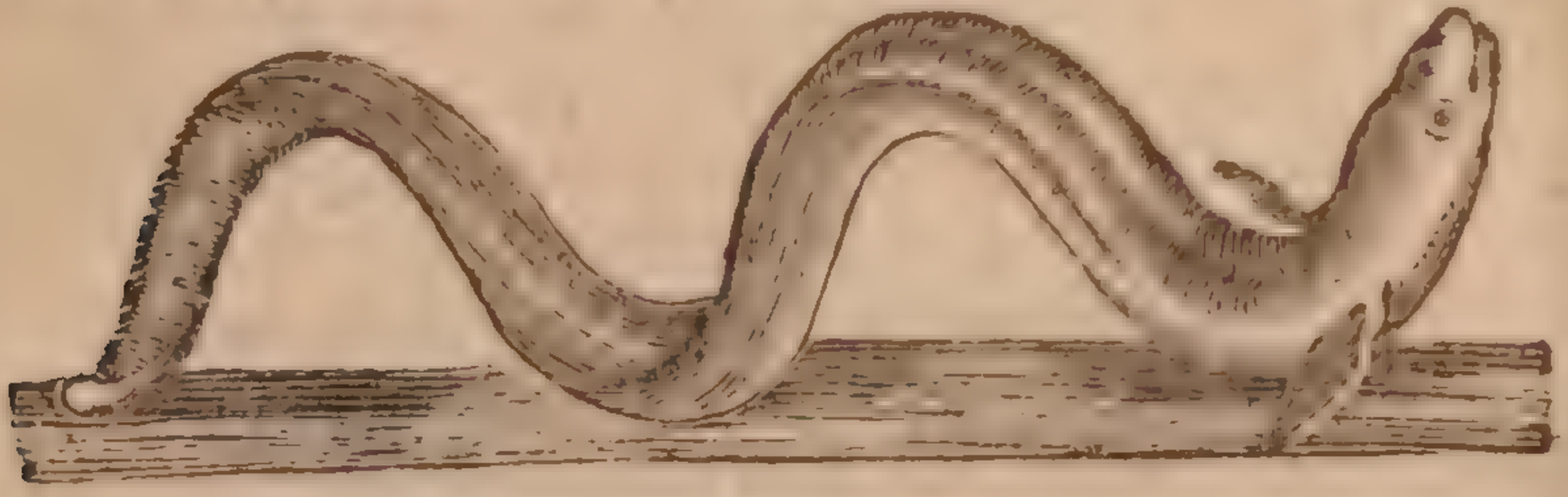
Next note, that the *Eel* ſeldom ſtirs in the Day but then hides himſelf, and therefore he is uſually caught by Night with one of theſe Baits of which I have ſpoken, by laying Hooks, which you are to faſten to the Bank or Twigs of a Tree; or by throwing a String croſs the Stream with many Hooks at it, and baited with the aforeſaid Baits, and a Plummet, or Stone, thrown into the River with

with this Line, that ſo you may in the Morning find it near ſome marked Place, and then take it up with a Drag-hook, or otherwiſe: But theſe things are indeed too common to be ſpoken of, and an Hour's fiſhing with any Angler will teach you better, both for theſe and many other common things in the practical Part of Angling, than a Week's Diſcourſe. I ſhall therefore conclude this Direction for taking the *Eel*, by telling you, that in a warm Day in Summer, I have taken many a good *Eel* by ſniggling, and have been much pleaſed with that Sport.

And, becauſe you, that are but a young Angler, know not what ſniggling is, I will now teach it you. You remember I told you, *Eels* do not uſually ſtir in the Day-time, for then they hide themſelves under ſome Covert, or Boards or Planks, or about Flood-gates, Weirs, or Mills, or in Holes in the Rivers Banks, and you, obſerving your Time in a warm Day, when the Water is loweſt, may take a ſtrong ſmall Hook, tied to a Line, or String, about a Yard long, and then into one of theſe Holes, or between any Boards about a Mill, or under any great Stone or Plank, or any Place where you think an *Eel* may hide or ſhelter himſelf; there, with the help of a ſhort Stick, put in your Bait, but leiſurely, and as far as you can conveniently; and, if there be an *Eel* within ſight of it, he will bite inſtantly, and as certainly gorge it; and you need not doubt to have him, if you pull him not out too quickly, but by Degrees; for he lying folded double in his Hole, will, with the Help of his Tail, break all, unleſs you give him time to be wearied

with pulling, and so get him out leisurely, not pulling too hard *.

And to commute for your great Patience, I shall next tell you how to make this *Eel*



a most excellent Dish of Meat.

*First*,

* The best Method of Sniggling which I have seen is this: Take an ordinary sized Needle, whip it only about the middle Part to three Inches of the strongest fine Twine, waxed, and fastened above to several Yards of Whip-cord or Pack-thread; thrust the End of your Needle into the Head-end of a large *Lob-worm*, and draw him on (which with Care you may easily do, the Needle being streight) till you have got it up to the Middle of the Worm; then, in the End of a small long Stick, which you may fix in a Joint or more of your Rod, let there be stuck another Needle, fastened well from slipping out, with about half an Inch of the Point appearing: Put this also into the Head of the baited Worm, and holding the whole Length of the Cord in your Hand, together with the Stick, thrust your Worm between the Cleft of any Clods or Piles in shallow Water, till you have lost Sight of it, then softly draw your Stick away, laying it aside, keeping the Line still in your Hand, till you perceive it to draw, and, after some time, strike, as has been directed. The Needle, which before this lay buried strait in the Worm, will, by your Stroke, be pulled quite cross the Throat of the *Eel*, and hold him fast. When he is landed, you may, by squeezing one of the Points through his Skin, draw that and the whole Line through after it, without the Inconveniency and Trouble that is found in dislodging a Hook.

There is besides this, about *London*, a way of fishing for *Eels*, which Mr. *Walton* has not spoken of, called *Bobbing*: Which is, by stringing a large Number of Worms, with a Needle, on a fine but strong Packthread, running them from Head to Tail, till you have strung about a Pound, then wrapping them about a dozen Times round your Hand, tie them fast with the two Ends of the Thread, that they may hang in Hanks or Links: Fasten these to a strong Cord, about two Yards long, and about eight Inches above the

Worms

*First, wash him in Water and Salt, then pull off his Skin below his Vent or Navel, and not much further: Having done that, take out his Guts as clean as you can, but wash him not; then give him three or four Scotches with a Knife, and put into his Belly, and those Notches, sweet Herbs, an Anchovy, and a little Nutmeg grated, or cut very small; your Herbs and Anchovies must also be cut very small, and mix'd with good Butter and Salt. Having done this, pull his Skin over him all but his Head, which you are to cut off, to the End you may tie his Skin about that Part where his Head grew; and it must be so tied as to keep all his Moisture within his Skin: Having done this, bind him with Tape or Packthread to a Spit, and roast him leisurely, baste him with Water and Salt till his Skin breaks, and then with Butter: And having roasted him enough, let what was put into his Belly, and what he drips, be his Sauce.*

S. F.

But now, let me tell you, that though the *Eel* thus dressed be not only excellently good, but more harmless than any other way; yet, it is certain, that Physicians account the *Eel* dangerous Meat: I will advise you therefore, as *Solomon* * says of Honey, *Hast thou found it? Eat no more then is*

 *sufficient,*

Worms tie a Knot; upon this, let a Plummet of Lead (bought at any of the Shops) rest, being bored through, that it may easily slip to and fro. It is made in Shape of a Pyramid, of about half a Pound Weight; let the broad End hang downward. Tie this Cord to a strong taper Pole, about three Yards long: Angle with this in a muddy Water, in the Deeps or Sides of Streams. You will find the *Eels* tug at it eagerly, then draw up Worms and *Eels*, not with a Jirk, but a steady, swift, and even Hand, and giving it a short Twitch, shake them suddenly off on Land, or into your Boat, which is the usual Way of going upon this Exercise, and turn your Baits directly over into the Water again. Thus you may take this way three or four usually at a Time. This, and the other Method, are only used in Eel-fishing.

* *Prov.* xxv. 16.

*ſufficient, leaſt thou ſurfeit.* For it is not good to eat much Honey. And let me add this, that the uncharitable *Italian* bids us, *Give Eels, and no Wine, to our Enemies.*

*Aldrovandus*, and divers Phyſicians, commend the *Eel* very much for Medicine, though not for Meat. But, let me tell you one Obſervation, that the *Eel* is never out of Seaſon, as *Trouts*, and moſt other Fiſh are, at ſet times; at leaſt, moſt *Eels* are not.

I might here ſpeak of many other Fiſh, whoſe Shape and Nature are much like the *Eel*, and frequent both the Sea and freſh Rivers; as the *Lamprel*, the *Lamprey*, and *Lamperne*; as alſo of the mighty *Conger*, taken often in *Severn*, about *Glouceſter*, and in what high Eſteem many of them are for the Curioſity of their Taſte; but theſe are not ſo proper to be talked of by me, becauſe they make us Anglers no Sport; therefore I will let them alone, as the *Jews* do, to whom they are forbidden by their Law.

And, Scholar, there is alſo a *Flounder*, a Seafiſh, which will wander very far into freſh Rivers, and there loſe himſelf, and dwell and thrive to a Hand's Breadth, and almoſt twice ſo long; a Fiſh without Scales, and moſt excellent Meat, and that affords much Sport to the Angler, with any ſmall Worm, but eſpecially a little bluiſh Worm gotten out of Marſh-Ground or Meadows, which ſhould be well ſcoured: But this, though it be moſt excellent Meat, yet it wants Scales; and is, as I therefore told you, an Abomination to the *Jews*.

But, Scholar, there is a Fiſh, that they in *Lancaſhire* boaſt very much of, called a *Char*, taken there

there, and I think there only *, in a Meer, called *Winander Meer*; a Meer, says *Cambden*, that is the largest in this Nation, being ten Miles in Length, and as smooth in the Bottom, as if it wēre paved with polished Marble: This Fish never exceeds fifteen or sixteen Inches in Length, it is spotted like a *Trout*, and has scarce a Bone, but on the Back; but this, though I do not know whether it make the Angler Sport, yet I would have you take Notice of it, because it is a Rarity, and of high Esteem with Persons of great Note.

Nor would I have you ignorant of a rare Fish, called a *Guiniad* †, of which I shall tell you what *Cambden* and others speak. The River *Dee*, which runs by *Chester*, springs in *Mericnethshire*, and, as it runs towards *Chester*, it passes through *Pemble Meer*, which is a large Water: And it is observed, that though the River *Dee* abounds with *Salmon*, and *Pemble Meer* with the *Guiniad*, yet there is never any *Salmon* caught in the *Meer*, nor a *Guiniad* in the River. And now my next Observation shall be of the *Barbel*.

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## CHAP. XIV.

### *Observations of the* Barbel, *with Directions how to fish for him.*

*Pis.* THE *Barbel* is so called, says *Gesner*, by reason of his Barb or Wattles at his Mouth, which is under his Nose or Chaps. He is one of those leather-mouthed Fish that I told you



* Dr. *Leigh* asserts, this Fish is likewise found in *Coningston-Meer*, n *Wales*, they have it in five several Places.

† This is a Kind of *Alpine Trout*. It is pretty common in the Lake *Leman*, among the *Alps*, near *Geneva*.

of, that very seldom breaks his Hold if he be once hooked; but he will often break both Rod and Line, if he proves to be a big one *.

But the *Barbel*, though he be of a fine Shape, and looks big, yet is not accounted the best Fish to eat, neither for his Wholsomness, nor his Taste. But the Male is reputed much better than the Female, whose Spawn is very hurtful, as I will presently declare to you.

They flock together like Sheep, and are at worst in *April*, about which time they spawn †, but quickly grow to be in Season. He is able to live in the strongest Swifts of the Water, and, in Summer, loves the shallowest and sharpest Streams; and to lurk under Weeds, and feed on Gravel against a rising Ground, and will root and dig in the Sands with his Nose like a Hog, and there nests himself; yet sometimes he retires to deep and swift Bridges, or Flood-gates, or Weirs, where he will house himself amongst Piles, or in hollow Places, and take such hold of Moss or Weeds, that, be the Water never so swift, it is not able to force him from the Place he contends for. This is his constant Custom in Summer, when he, and most living Creatures, sport themselves in the Sun. But at the Approach of Winter, then he forsakes the swift Streams, and shallow Waters, and by degrees retires to those Parts of the River that are quiet and deeper; in which Places, and I think about that time, they spawn; and, as I have formerly told you, the *she* with the Help of the *Milter*, hides her Spawn or Eggs in Holes, which they both dig in the Gravel, and then they mutually labour to cover

* A Person, it is said, of *Staines*, caught one of twenty-three Pounds Weight. His Bait was a Bit of rusty Bacon.

† Later Writers of great Authority affirm, it is in *August*.

cover it with the ſame, to prevent it from being devoured by other Fiſh.

There are ſuch Store of this Fiſh in the River *Danube*, that *Rondeletius* ſays, they may, in ſome Places of it, and ſome Months of the Year, be taken with their Hands, eight or ten Load at a time: He ſays, they begin to be good in *May*, and ceaſe to be ſo in *Auguſt*; but it is found to be otherwiſe in this Nation: But thus far we agree with him, that the Spawn of a *Barbel*, if it be not Poiſon as he ſays, yet it is dangerous Meat, * eſpecially in the Month of *May*; which is ſo certain, that *Geſner* and *Gaſius* declare, it had ill Effect upon them, even to the endangering their Lives

This Fiſh is of a fine Caſt, and handſome Shape, ſmall Scales, and placed after a moſt exact and curious Manner,

nd, as I told you, may be rather ſaid not to be ill, han to be good Meat; the *Chub* and he have, I hink, both loſt a Part of their Credit by ill Cook- ry, they being reputed the worſt or coarſeſt of reſh-Water-Fiſh: But the *Barbel* affords an An- ler choice Sport, being a luſty and cunning Fiſh; luſty and cunning, as to endanger the breaking the Line, by running his Head forcibly towards y Covert, Hole, or Bank; and then ſtriking at



* His Liver is alſo reckoned unwholſome, the

the Line, to break it off with his Tail, as it observed by *Plutarch* *, and alſo ſo cunning, to nibble and ſuck off your Worm cloſe to the Hook, and yet avoid letting the Hook come into his Mouth.

The *Barbel* is alſo curious for his Baits, that they be clean and ſweet; that is to ſay, to have your Worms well ſcoured, and not kept in four, muſty Moſs, for he is a curious Feeder. At a well-ſcoured *Lob-worm*, he will bite as boldly as at any Bait, eſpecially, if the Night or two before you fiſh for him, you bait the Places where you intend to fiſh with big Worms cut into Pieces. And note, that none did ever over-bait the Place, nor fiſh too early or too late for a *Barbel*. He will bite alſo at *Gentles*, which (not being too much ſcoured, but green) are a choice Bait for him; and ſo is Cheeſe, which is not to be too hard, but kept a Day or two in a wet linen Cloth to make it tough: With this you may alſo bait the Water a Day or two before you fiſh, and be much the likelier to catch Store; and if the Cheeſe were laid in clarified Honey a ſhort Time before (as namely, an Hour or two) you were ſtill the likelier to catch Fiſh: Some have directed to cut the Cheeſe into thin Pieces, and toaſt it, and then tie it on the Hook with fine Silk: And ſome adviſe to fiſh for the *Barbel* with Sheep's-tallow and ſoft Cheeſe beaten or worked into a Paſte, and that it is choicely good in *Auguſt*, and I believe it: But doubtleſs, the *Lob-worm* well ſcoured, the *Gentle* not too much ſcoured, and Cheeſe ordered as I have directed, are Baits enough, and I think will ſerve in any Mouth; though I ſhall commend any Angler that tries Concluſions, and is induſtrious to improve the Art. And now, my honeſt Scholar, the long Shower, and my tedious Diſ-

courſe

* De induſtria animalium.

courſe, are both ended together; and I ſhall give you but this Obſervation, that when you fiſh for a *Barbel*, your Rod and Line be both long, and of good Strength, for (as I told you) you will find him a heavy and a dogged Fiſh to be dealt withal, yet he ſeldom or never breaks his Hold if he be once ſtruck. And if you would know more of fiſhing for the *Umber* or *Barbel*, get into Favour with Doctor * *Sheldon*, whoſe Skill is above others, and of that the Poor that dwell about him have a comfortable Experience.

And now let us go and ſee what Intereſt the *Trouts* will pay us for letting our Angle-rods lie ſo long, and ſo quietly in the Water, for their Uſe. Come, Scholar, which will you take up?

*Vena.* Which you think fit, Maſter.

*Piſ.* Why, you ſhall take up that; for I am certain, by viewing the Line, it has a Fiſh at it. Look you, Scholar: Well done. Come now, take up the other too; well, now you may tell my Brother *Peter* at Night, that you have caught a Leaſh of *Trouts* this Day. And now let us move toward our Lodging, and drink a Draught of red Cow's Milk as we go, and give pretty *Maudlin*, and her honeſt Mother, a Brace of *Trouts* for their Supper.

*Vena.* Maſter, I like your Motion very well, and I think it is now about Milking-time, and yonder they be at it.

*Piſ.* God ſpeed you, good Woman, I thank you both for our Songs laſt Night; I and my Companion have had ſuch Fortune a fiſhing this Day, that we reſolve to give you and *Maudlin* a Brace of *Trouts* for Supper, and we will now taſte a Draught of your red Cow's Milk.

*Milkw.*

* Afterwards Biſhop; known by his publick Benefactions.

*Milkw.* Marry, and that you ſhall with all my Heart, and I will be ſtill your Debtor when you come this Way; if you will but ſpeak the Word, I will make you a good *Syllabub* of new Verjuice, and you may ſit down in a Haycock and eat it, and *Maudlin* ſhall ſit by and ſing you the good old Song of the Hunting in *Chevy-Chace*, or ſome other good Ballad, for ſhe hath good Store of them: *Maudlin*, my honeſt *Maudlin*, hath a notable Memory, and ſhe thinks nothing too good for you, becauſe you are ſuch honeſt Men.

*Vena.* We thank you, and intend once in a Month to call upon you again, and give you a little Warning, and ſo good Night: Good Night, *Maudlin.* And now, good Maſter, let us loſe no Time, but tell me ſomewhat more of fiſhing; and, if you pleaſe, firſt ſomething of fiſhing for a *Gudgeon.*

*Piſ.* I will, honeſt Scholar.

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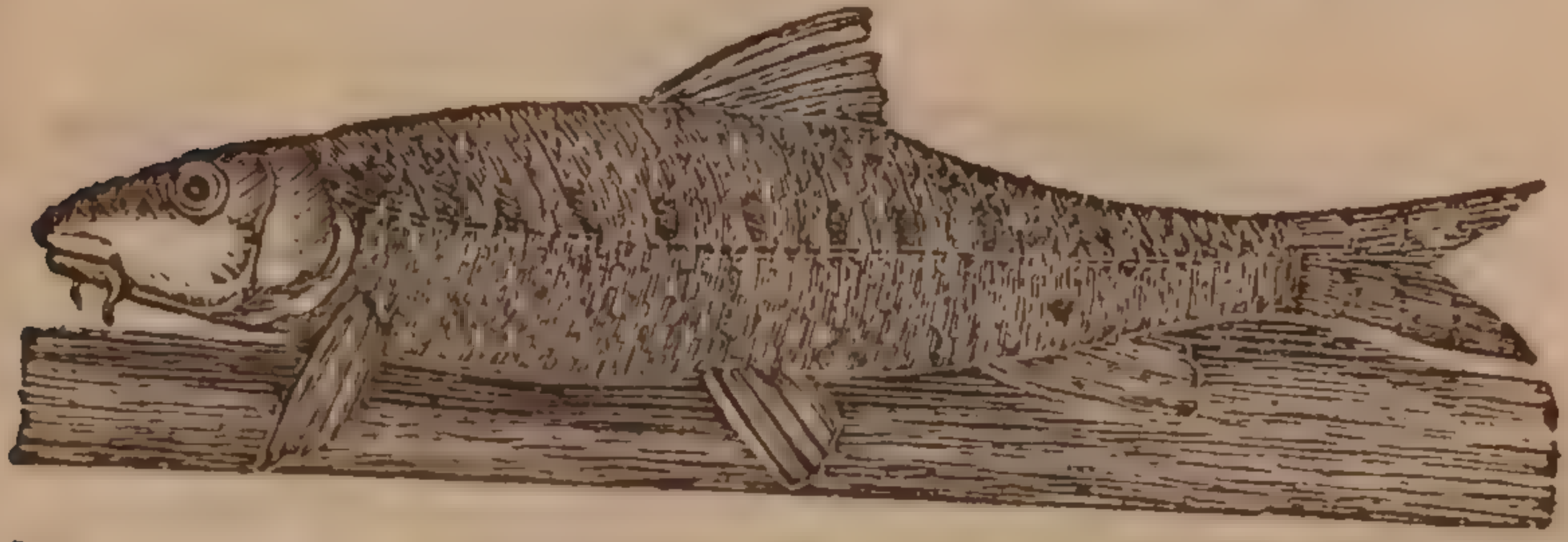
## CHAP. XV.

### *Obſervations of the* Gudgeon, *the* Ruffe, *and the* Bleak, *and how to fiſh for them.*

THE *Gudgeon* is reputed a Fiſh of exquiſite Taſte, and to be very wholſome: He is of a fine Shape, of a ſilver Colour, and beautified with black Spots both on his Body and Tail. He breeds two or three Times in the Year, and always in Summer. He is commended for a Fiſh of excellent Nouriſhment: The *Germans* call him *Ground-ling*, by reaſon of his feeding on the Ground; and he there feaſts himſelf in ſharp Streams, and on the Gravel: He and the *Barbel* both feed ſo, and do not hunt for Flies at any Time, as moſt other Fiſh do. He is an excellent Fiſh to enter a young Angler, being eaſy to be taken with a

ſmall

ſmall red Worm, on, or very near the Ground. He is one of thoſe leather-mouthed Fiſhes that has his Teeth in his Throat, and will hardly be loſt off from the Hook if he be once ſtruck.



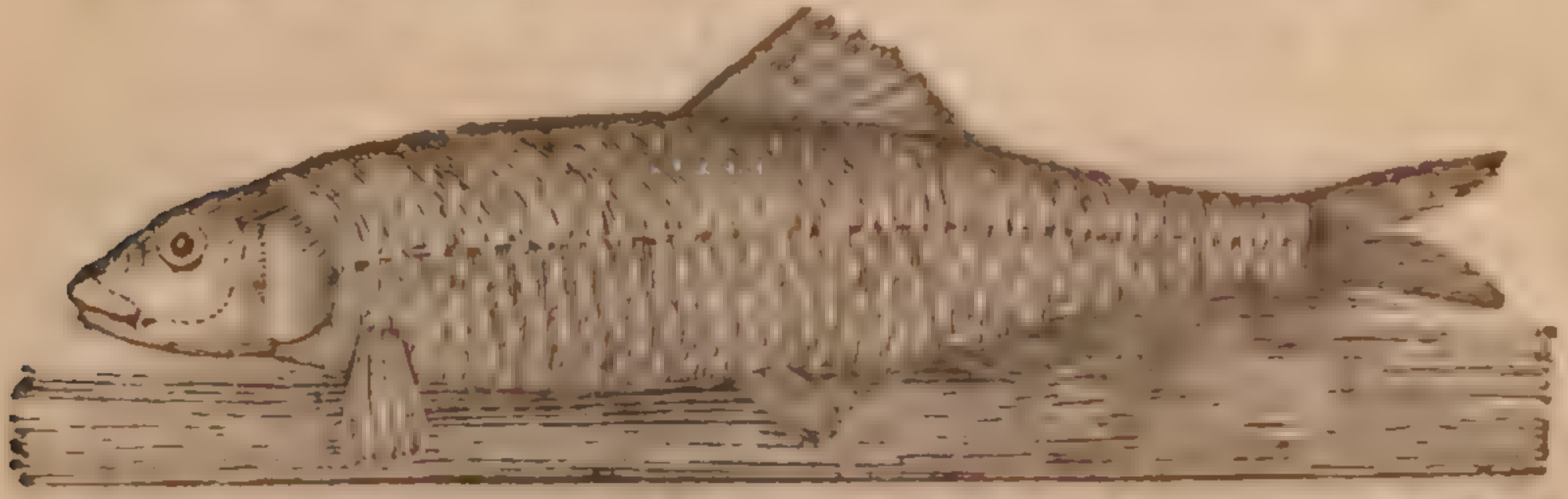
They are uſually ſcattered up and down every River, in the Shallows, in the Heat of Summer; but in Autumn, when the Weeds begin to grow ſour or rot, and the Weather colder, then they gather together, and get into the deeper Parts of the Water; and are to be fiſhed for there with your Hook always touching the Ground, if you fiſh for him with a Float, or with a Cork: But many will fiſh for the *Gudgeon* by hand, with a running Line upon the Ground, without a Cork, as a *Trout* is fiſhed for; and it is an excellent Way, if you have a gentle Rod, and as gentle a Hand.

There is alſo another Fiſh, called a *Pope*, and by ſome a *Ruff*, a Fiſh that is not known to be in ſome Rivers; it is much like the *Pearch* for his Shape, and taken to be better, but will not grow to be bigger than a *Gudgeon*: He is an excellent Fiſh; no Fiſh that ſwims is of a pleaſanter Taſte, and he is alſo excellent to enter a young Angler, for he is a greedy Biter, and they will uſually lie Abundance of them together in one reſerved Place where the Water is deep, and runs quietly; and an eaſy Angler, if he has found where they lie, may catch forty or fifty, or ſometimes twice ſo many, at a Standing.

You

You muſt fiſh for him with a ſmall red Worm; and, if you bait the Ground with Earth, it is excellent.

There is alſo a *Bleak*, or freſh-water *Sprat*,



a Fiſh that is ever in Motion, and therefore called by ſome the *River Swallow*; for juſt as you ſhall obſerve the *Swallow* to be moſt Evenings in Summer ever in Motion, making ſhort and quick Turns when he fails to catch Flies in the Air (by which he lives) ſo does the *Bleak* at the Top of the Water. *Auſonius* would have him called *Bleak* from his whitiſh Colour: His Back is of a pleaſant ſad ſea-water Green, his Belly white and ſhining as the Mountain Snow; and, doubtleſs, though he have the Fortune (which Virtue has in poor People) to be neglected, yet the *Bleak* ought to be much valued, though we want *Alamot* Salt, and the Skill that the *Italians* have to turn them into *Anchovies*. This Fiſh may be caught with a Pater-noſter Line; that is, ſix or eight very ſmall Hooks tied along the Line one half Foot above the other: I have ſeen five caught thus at one time, and the Bait has been *Gentles*, than which none is better.

Or this Fiſh may be caught with a fine ſmall artificial Fly, which is to be a very ſad-brown Colour, and very ſmall, and the Hook anſwerable *. There is no better Sport than whipping for *Bleaks* in

* The common Houſe Fly (at natural times) ſucceeds as well as any.

in a Boat, or on a Bank, in the ſwift Water, in a Summer's Evening, with a Hazle-top about five or ſix Feet long, and a Line twice the Length of the Rod. I have heard Sir *Henry Wotten* ſay, there are many in *Italy* will catch *Swallows* ſo, or eſpecially *Martins*, the Bird-angler ſtanding on the Top of a Steeple with a Line twice ſo long as I have ſpoken of. And, let me tell you, Scholar, that both *Martins* and *Bleaks* are moſt excellent Meat.

And I have known a *Hern*, that did conſtantly frequent one Place, caught with a Hook baited with a big *Minnow*, or a ſmall *Gudgeon*. The Line and Hook muſt be ſtrong, and tied to ſome looſe Staff, ſo big as ſhe cannot fly away with it; a Line not exceeding two Yards.

## CHAP. XVI.

*Is of nothing, or that which is of nothing worth.*

MY Purpoſe was to give you ſome Direction concerning *Roach* and *Dace*, and ſome other inferior Fiſh, which make the Angler excellent Sport, for you know there is more Pleaſure in hunting the Hare, than in eating her: But I will forbear at this Time to ſay any more, becauſe you ſee yonder comes our Brother *Peter*, and honeſt *Coridon*: But, I promiſe you, that as you and I fiſh and walk To-morrow towards *London*, if I have forgotten any thing that I can then remember, I will not keep it from you.

Well met, Gentlemen, this is lucky that we meet, ſo juſt together, at this very Door. Come, Hoſteſs, where are you? Is Supper ready? Come, firſt give us Drink, and be as quick as you can,

for

for I believe we are all very hungry. Well! Brother *Peter* and *Coridon!* To you both. Come, drink, and tell me *what Luck of Fish:* We two have caught but ten *Trouts*, of which my Scholar caught three; look, here's eight, and a Brace we gave away. We have had a moſt pleaſant Day for fiſhing and talking, and are returned home both weary and hungry, and now Meat and Reſt will be pleaſant.

*Pet.* And *Coridon* and I have not had an unpleaſant Day, and yet I have caught but five *Trouts*; for indeed we went to a good honeſt Ale-houſe, and there played at Shufleboard; all the Time it rained we were there, and as merry as they that fiſhed; and I am glad we are now with a dry Houſe over our Heads, for hark! how it rains, and blows! Come, Hoſteſs, give us more Ale, and our Supper with what Haſte you may; and, when we have ſupped, let us have your Song, *Piſcator*, and the Catch that your Scholar promiſed us, or elſe *Coridon* will be dogged.

*Piſ.* Nay, I will not be worſe than my Word, you ſhall not want my Song, and I hope I ſhall be perfect in it.

*Vena.* And I hope the like for my Catch, which I have ready too, and therefore let us go merrily to Supper, and then have a gentle Touch at ſinging and drinking; but the laſt with Moderation.

*Cor.* Come, now for your Song, for we have fed heartily. Hoſteſs, lay a few more Sticks on the Fire, and now ſing when you will.

*Piſ.* Well, then, here's to you *Coridon*, and now for my Song.

## PISCATOR's SONG.

*Oh the Fiſher's gentle Life!*
*Happieſt is of any,*
*'Tis full of Calmneſs, void of Strife,*
*And belov'd of many:*
*Other Joys*
*Are but Toys,*
*Only this*
*Harmleſs is,*
*For our Skill*
*Breeds no Ill*
*But Content and Pleaſure.*

*In a Morning up we riſe,*
*Ere* Aurora's *peeping,*
*Drink a Cup to waſh our Eyes;*
*Leave the Sluggard ſleeping:*
*Then we go*
*To and fro,*
*With our Knacks*
*At our Backs,*
*To ſweet Streams*
Lea, *or* Thames,
*To enjoy our Leiſure.*

*When we pleaſe to walk abroad*
*For our Recreation,*
*In the Fields is our Abode,*
*Full of Delectation:*
*With a Book,*
*By a Brook,*
*Or a Lake,*
*Sitting take,*
*With Delight,*
*Wait the Bite,*
*Till we Fiſh intangle.*

*We have Gentles in a Horn,*
*Flies and Paste and Worms too,*
*We can watch both Night and Morn,*
*Suffer Rain and Storms too:*
*None are here*
*Us'd to swear,*
*Oaths will fray*
*Fish away,*
*We sit still,*
*Watch our Quill,*
*Fishers must not wrangle.*

*If the Sun's excessive Heat*
*Make our Bodies swelter,*
*To a fragrant Hedge we get:*
*For a friendly Shelter;*
*Where in a Creek,*
Gudgeon, Bleak,
*As we like,*
Pearch, *or* Pike,
Roach, *or* Dace,
*Pleas'd we chace,*
*With our Sport contented.*

*Or we sometimes make an Bear*
*'Neath a trembling Willow,*
*That repels the soft, sweet Shower*
*Making Earth our Pillow;*
*There we may*
*Think and pray*
*Ere cold Death*
*Seize our Breath;*
*Other Joys*
*Are but Toys,*
*And to be lamented.*

Jo. Chalkhill.

*Vena.* Well ſung, Maſter, this Day's Fortune and Pleaſure, and this Night's Company and Song, do all make me more and more in love with angling. Gentlemen, my Maſter left me alone for an Hour this Day, and I verily believe he retired himſelf from talking with me, that he might be ſo perfect in this Song; was it not Maſter?

*Pif.* Yes, indeed, for it is many Years ſince I learned it, and having forgotten a Part of it, I was forced to patch it up by the Help of mine own Invention, who am not excellent at Poetry, as my Part of the Song may teſtify. But of that I will ſay no more, leſt you ſhould think I mean by diſcommending it, to beg your Commendations of it; and therefore, without Reply, let us hear your Catch, Scholar, which I hope will be a good one, for you are both muſical, and have a good Fancy to boot.

*Vena.* Marry, that you ſhall, as freely as I would have my honeſt Maſter tell me ſome more Secrets of fiſh and fiſhing, as we walk and fiſh towards *London* To-morrow. But, Maſter, firſt let me tell you, that that very Hour which you were abſent from me, I ſat down under a Willow-tree by the Water-ſide, and conſidered what you had told me of the Owner of that pleaſant Meadow in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful Eſtate, and not a Heart to think ſo; and that he had at this Time many Law-ſuits depending, that both damped his Mirth, and took up ſo much of his Time and Thoughts, that he himſelf had not Leiſure to take the ſweet Content that I (who pretended no Title to them) took in his Fields; for I could there ſit quietly, and, looking on the Water, ſee ſome Fiſhes ſporting themſelves in the ſilver Streams, others leaping at Flies of

ſeveral

several Shapes and Colours; looking on the Hills, could behold them spotted with Woods and Groves; looking down the Meadows, could see here a Boy gathering *Lillies* and *Lady-smocks*; and there a Girl cropping *Culverkeys* and *Cowslips*, all to make Garlands suitable to this present Month of *May*: These, and many other Field-flowers, so perfumed the Air, that I thought that very Meadow like the Field in *Sicily* (of which *Diodorus* speaks) where the Perfumes arising from the Place, make all Dogs that hunt in it to fall off, and lose their hottest Scent. I say, as I thus sate joying in my own happy Condition, and pitying this *poor, rich* Man that owned this, and many other pleasant Groves and Meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that *the Meek possess the Earth*; or rather, they enjoy what the other possess, and enjoy not; for Anglers, and meek, quiet-spirited Men, are free from those high, those restless Thoughts which corrode the Sweets of Life; and they, and they only, can say as the Poet has happily expressed it:

*Hail blest'd Estate of Lowliness!*
*Happy Enjoyment of such Minds,*
*As rich in Self-contentedness,*
*Can, like the Reeds in roughest Winds,*
*By yielding make that blow but small*
*At which proud Oaks and Cedars fall.*

There came also into my Mind at that Time, certain Verses in Praise of a mean Estate, and an humble Mind; they were written by *Phineas Fletcher* *, an excellent Divine, and Angler, and the Author of excellent Piscatory Eclogues, in which you shall see the Picture of this good Man's Mind. His

* I have given some Account of this *Work*, and its *Author*, in the Essay before my *Piscatory Eclogues*.

*His certain Life, that never can deceive him,*
*Is full of thouſand Sweets, and rich Content:*
*The ſmooth-leav'd Beeches in the Field receive him*
*With cooleſt Shade, till Noon-tides Heat be ſpent:*
*His Life is neither toſt in boiſt'rous Seas,*
*Or the vexatious World, or loſt in ſlothful Eaſe;*
*Pleas'd and full bleſs'd he lives, when he his God can*
*pleaſe.*

*His Bed more ſafe than ſoft, yields quiet Sleeps,*
*While by his Side his faithful Spouſe has Place;*
*His little Son into his Boſom creeps,*
*The lively Picture of his Father's Face:*
*Never his humble Houſe or State torment him,*
*Leſs he could like, if leſs his God had lent him,*
*And when he dies, green Turfs with graſſy Tomb*
*content him.*

Gentlemen, theſe were a Part of the Thoughts that then poſſeſſed me, and I there made a Converſion of a Piece of an old Catch, and added more to it, fitting them to be ſung by us Anglers: Come Maſter, you can ſing well, you muſt ſing a Part of it as it is in this Paper.

# The ANGLER's SONG.

*For Two Voices.* Set by Mr. *H. Lawes.*

*Pet.* Ay marry, Sir, this is Muſick indeed; this has cheered my Heart, and made me remember ſix Verſes in Praiſe of Muſick, which I will ſpeak to you inſtantly.

*Muſick, miraculous Rhetorick! ſpeaking Senſe*
*Without a Tongue, more ſweet than Eloquence;*
*With what Eaſe might thy Errors be excus'd,*
*Wert thou as truly lov'd as thou'rt abus'd?*
*But though dull Souls neglect, and ſome reprove thee,*
*I cannot hate, becauſe the Angels love thee.*

*Piſ.* Well remember'd, Brother *Peter*, theſe Verſes came ſeaſonably. Come, we will all join together, mine Hoſt and all, and ſing my Scholar's Catch over again, and then each Man drink the other Cup, and to Bed, and thank God we have a dry Houſe over our Heads.

*Piſ.* Well, now, good Night to every-body.

*Pet.* And ſo ſay I.

*Vena.* And I.

*Cor.* Good Night to you all, and I thank you.

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*Piſ.* Good-morrow, Brother *Peter*, and the like to you honeſt *Coridon*. Come, my Hoſteſs ſays, there is ſeven Shillings to pay; let us each Man drink a Pot for his Morning's Draught, and lay down his two Shillings, that ſo my Hoſteſs may not have Occaſion to repent herſelf of being ſo diligent, and uſing us ſo kindly.

*Pet.* The Motion is liked by every-body, and ſo Hoſteſs, here's your Money; we Anglers are all beholding to you, it will not be long ere I will ſee you again. And now, Brother *Piſcator*, I wiſh you and my Brother, your Scholar, a fair Day, and good Fortune. Come *Coridon*, this is our Way.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XVI.

### *Of* Roach *and* Dace, *and how to fish for them. And of* Cadis.

*Vena.* GOOD Maſter, as we go now towards *London*, be ſtill ſo courteous as to give me more Inſtructions, for I have ſeveral Boxes in my Memory in which I will keep them all very ſafe, there ſhall not one of them be loſt.

*Piſ.* Well, Scholar, that I will, and will hide nothing from you that I can remember, and may help you forward towards a Perfection in this Art. And becauſe we have ſo much Time, and I have ſaid ſo little of *Roach* and *Dace*, I will give you ſome Directions concerning them.

Some ſay the *Roach* is ſo called from *Rutilus*, which ſignifies red Fins: He is a Fiſh of no great Reputation for his dainty Taſte, his Spawn is much better than any other Part of him. You may take Notice, that as the *Carp* is accounted the *Water-Fox* for his Cunning, ſo the *Roach* is ſtiled the *Water-Sheep* for his Simplicity or Fooliſhneſs. It is noted, that the *Roach* and *Dace* recover Strength, and grow in Seaſon, in a Fortnight after ſpawning; the *Barbel* and *Chub* in a Month; the *Trout* in four Months; and the *Salmon* in like Time, if he gets into the Sea, and after into freſh Water.

*Roaches* are accounted much better in the River than in a Pond, though Ponds uſually breed the biggeſt. But there is a Kind of baſtard, ſmall *Roach*, that breed in Ponds, with a very forked Tail, and of a very ſmall Size, which ſome ſay is bred by the *Bream* and right *Roach*; ſome Ponds are ſtored with theſe beyond Belief; and knowing

knowing Men know their Difference, and call them *Ruds* * ; they differ from the true *Roach*, as much as a *Herring* from a *Pilchard*; and these bastard breed of *Roach* are now scattered in many Rivers, but I think not the *Thames*, which I believe affords the largest and fattest in this Nation, especially below *London-Bridge* : The *Roach* is a leather-mouthed Fish, and has a kind of saw-like Teeth in his Throat. And lastly, let me tell you, the *Roach* makes an Angler excellent Sport, especially the great *Roaches* about † *London*, where I think there are the best *Roach* Anglers ; and I think that the best *Trout* Anglers are in *Derbyshire*.

You shall fish for this *Roach*

n Winter with *Paste* or *Gentles* ; in *April*, with *Worms* or *Cadis* ; in the very hot Months, with ittle white *Snails*, or with *Flies* under Water, for e seldom takes them at the Top, though the *Dace* will. In many of the hot Months, *Roaches*



may

* Whether the Fish so named by us now, is that here mentioned Mr. *Walton*, is disputable, as answering not his Character. He reckoned preferable to the *Roach* ; is of a golden Colour like a *rp*, with fine red Eyes, is broad, thick, strong-made, struggles ry hard, feeds near the Top of the Water, and is therefore ually caught with a Fly. The River *Roddon* in *Essex*, above *rd-Bridge*, affords the finest and most plenty of this Kind that have ever yet taken.

† As Mr. *Walton* has said nothing of the Methods of *Thames* gling for *Roach* and *Dace*, it may not be improper to subjoin this le Account how this is practised about *London*. Any Waterman he Stairs will provide you a Boat with Rip-hooks, to fix it in

the

may alſo be caught thus: Take a *May* or an *Ant fly*, ſink him with a little Lead to the Bottom nea to the Piles or Poſts of a Bridge, or near any Poſt of a Weir; I mean any deep Place where *Roache* lie quietly, and then pull your Fly up very lei ſurely, and uſually a *Roach* will follow your Bai to the very Top of the Water, and gaze on i there

the Middle of the Stream, and prepare your Ground-bait, which i of Bran and ſtale Bread, mixed in Balls, and thrown in, up th Stream, with Clay or ſmall Stones within, ſufficient to ſink i ſpeedily, and lodge it at the Bottom. Not more than Three ca conveniently fiſh in one Boat, which is uſually hired at the Rate o Three-pence *per* Hour. Your Tackle muſt be ſtrong, your Floa large and heavy loaded, to ſink the quicker. The conſtant Bait i a well-ſcoured *Gentle*, three at leaſt on your Hook, which muſ ſwim ten or twelve Inches, at moſt, from the Bottom. The beſt Times are, from half-ebb Tide, to within two Hours of High Water: And the beſt Places are, the whole Sand-bank in th Middle, facing the *Tower*; *that* oppoſite the *Temple*; before *White Hall*; and by and *Chelſea* Church. At theſe Places you will fin plenty of Sport. Some, with very good Succeſs, pick out ſom Stand upon the Shore, among the Chalk-ſtones at the Banks of th *Iſle of Dogs*, near *Limehouſe*, under the Wind-mills, and fiſh ther in the ſame Manner from Dead-ebb, till within an Hour or more o High-water, retiring backward as the Flood comes in. As th Soil is oozy and ſlippery, Care muſt be taken to chuſe ſuch a Plac as you may ſecurely retreat as the Tide advances.

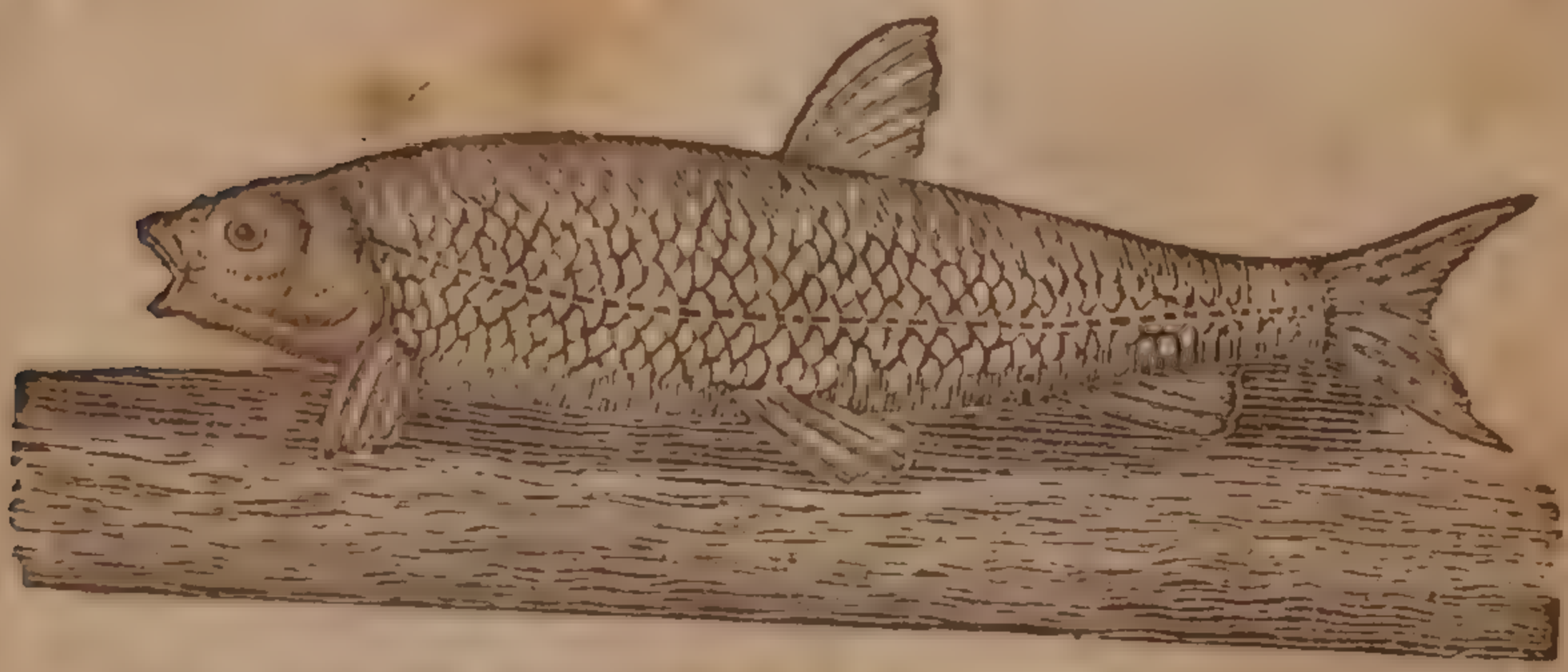
There is alſo another highly-approved Method of this Diverſio below Bridge, called *Stern-fiſhing*, by faſtening a Boat at the Ster of any Collier or Veſſel that has lately been a Voyage, and has he Bottom foul, which contains Inſects and Food for the Fiſh; u about two Joints of your Rod at moſt, and a Line not longer tha four Feet, your Float fixed within twelve Inches of the Top of it Angle there with three or four *Gentles* on your Hook at a Time and lay in as cloſe to the Ship's Stern as you can, letting it ſwi about three Yards. In this you uſe no Ground-bait. You muſt begin when the Tide firſt ebbs, and for two Hours at leaſt you will not fail of catching many Fiſh, *Roach* and *Dace*, and thoſe very large ones.

In *Winter* Angling, you muſt beware that you make not you Attempt when there is a cold and raw Air, high Wind, roug Water, or wet Weather, or when there are Spring-Tides, or th Land Flood come down. At the Chalk Hill, and about the Pil of *London-Bridge*, there is excellent Sport when the Tide is low Be always careful to pitch your Boat on that Side of the River tha is moſt under the Wind.

there, and run at it, and take it, leſt the Fly ſhould get away from him.

I have ſeen this done at *Windſor* and *Henly* Bridge, and great Store of *Roach* taken, and ſometimes a *Dace* or *Chub*; in *Auguſt*, you may fiſh for them with a Paſte made only of the Crumbs of fine Bread, and tempered betwixt your Hands till it be both ſoft and tough too; a very little Water, Time and Labour, and clean Hands, will make it a moſt excellent Paſte; but, when you fiſh with it, you muſt have a ſmall Hook, a quick Eye, and a nimble Hand, or the Bait is loſt, and the Fiſh too, if one may loſe that which he never had; with this Paſte you may, as I ſaid, take both the *Roach* and the *Dace* or *Dare* *,





* When you angle with a Float for *Dace* in the Deeps it muſt be a very ſmall one, that will require but one Shot to poiſe it. Your Hook and Line muſt be fine. Bait either with *Houſe-flies*, *Cadews*, ſmall *Red Worms*, or *Graſhoppers* with their Legs off, and fiſh not deeper than two or three Feet at moſt; conceal yourſelf as much as poſſible if you expect any Sport, for the *Dace* is moſt like the *Trout* of any Fiſh in his Shineſs and Fear. Strike nimbly as ſoon as he bites. In the *Thames* you fiſh for him eight Inches from the Bottom, and uſe a Ground-bait, as in the Directions for the *Roach*. On a ſhallow, gravelly Scour, uſe the Running-line with Paſte, Worms, or Gentles.

If you angle in a River where two Mill-ſtreams are going at the ſame Time, let it be in the Eddy between them. If the Water proves deep, put within a Foot of the Bottom, but if ſhallow, which

for they le much of a Kind in Matter of Feeding, Cunning, Goodnefs, and uſually in Size. And therefore obſerve this general Rule for ſome other Baits which may concern you to take Notice of. They will bite almoſt at any Fly, but eſpecially at *Ant-flies*; concerning which, take this Direction, for it is very good:

Get the blackiſh *Ant-fly* out of the Mole-hill or Ant-hill, in which Place you ſhall find them in the Month of *June*; or, if that be too early in the Year, then doubtleſs you may find them in *July*, *Auguſt*, and moſt of *September*, gather them alive with both their Wings, and then put them into a Glaſs which is left (of two, not exceeding three Feet Depth) then bait with three large *Gentles*, tie a Cork half-way, and place it a Foot and an half at moſt from the Hook: Have a quick Eye, and ſtrike at the very firſt Bite. If any large *Dace* are in the Mill-pool, you will be ſure to meet with them here.

At Top-water uſe the *Hyth-fly*, or the ſmall *Horſe-fly*. Have a Cane Rod of ſeventeen Feet in Length, your Line ſomewhat longer, to which faſten three or four Hooks, with ſingle Hair-links, not above four Inches long. In a Summer's Evening, go to the ſmoothſt Part at the End of a Mill-ſtream, where they will riſe freely, eſpecially in that Part where the Sun does not ſhine. This Sport will continue as long as you have Light to ſee your Flies, and you may take two or three at a Time. The *Ant-fly* is adviſed *here* in a Morning, or on a Scour, before the Sun comes on the Water.

When the Stream is high, and riſes almoſt to the Banks of the River, put on an *artificial Fly*, called the *Caterpillar-fly*, with the yelloweſt *Gentle* you can get, drawn on your Hook up to the Tail of your Fly; whip with it (as for *Bleak*) on the Surface, and if you are expert, you may ſatisfy yourſelf you will have good Sport. *Theſe ſeveral Methods of* Dace-fiſhing, *are reckoned valuable Diſcoveries by modern Anglers, and are thought neceſſary as a Supplement to this Part of Mr.* Walton, *where he has been but particular.* A *Dace* freſh taken, ſcotched and broiled, eats ſweeter, and is more palatable (ſay ſome) than a freſh *Herring*. The *Italians* make a great Dainty of them (pickled as they do *Anchovies*): Some pickle them here alſo juſt as *Herrings*, and they eat much better. They are largeſt, fatteſt, and beſt in *February* or *March*, which is a little before they ſpawn. The Spawn of a *Dace* is counted but indifferent, whereas that of a *Reach* (found about *May*) is eſteemed an excellent Diſh.

Glaſs that will hold a Quart; but firſt put into the Glaſs a Handful or more of the moiſt Earth, out of which you gather them, and as much of the Roots of the Graſs of the ſaid Hillock, and then put in the Flies gently, that they loſe not their Wings: Lay a Clod of earth over it, and then ſo many as are put into the Glaſs without bruiſing, will live there a Month or more, and be always in a Readineſs for you to fiſh with; but, if you will have them keep longer, then get any great earthen Pot or Barrel of three or four Gallons, which is better, waſh your Barrel with Water and Honey; and having put into it a Quantity of Earth and Graſs-roots, put in your Flies, and cover it, and they will live a Quarter of a Year; theſe in any Stream and clear Water, are a deadly Bait for *Roach* or *Dace*, or for a *Chub*; and your Rule is, to fiſh not leſs than a Handful from the Bottom.

I ſhall next tell you a Winter-bait for a *Roach*, a *Dace*, or *Chub*, and it is choicely good. About *All-hallantide* (and ſo till Froſt comes) when you ſee Men plowing up heath or ſandy Ground, or Greenſords, then follow the Plough, and you ſhall find a white Worm as big as two Maggots; it hath a red Head (you may obſerve in what Ground moſt are, for there the Crows will be very watchful, and follow the Plough very cloſe) it is all ſoft, and full of whitiſh Guts; a Worm that is in *Norfolk*, and ſome other Counties, called a *Grub*, and is bred of the Spawn or Eggs of a *Beetle*, which ſhe leaves in Holes that ſhe digs in the Ground under Cow or Horſe-dung, and there reſts all Winter, and in *March* or *April* comes to be firſt a red, and then a black *Beetle*: Gather a thouſand or two of theſe, and put them with a Peck or two of their own Earth into ſome Tub

or Firkin, and cover them so warm, that the Frost or cold Winds kill them not, you may keep them all Winter, and kill Fish with them at any Time; and if you put some of them into a little Earth and Honey a Day before you use them, you will find them an excellent Bait for *Bream* or *Carp*.

After this Manner you may also keep *Gentles* all Winter, which is a good Bait then, and much the better for being lively and tough; or you may breed and keep *Gentles* thus: Take a Piece of Beast's Liver, and with a cross Stick hang it in some Corner over a Pot or Barrel half full of dry Clay, and as the *Gentles* grow big, they will fall into the Barrel and scour themselves, and be always ready for use whensoever you incline to fish; these *Gentles* may be thus made till after *Michaelmas*: But if you desire to keep them to fish with all the Year, then get a dead Cat or Kite, let it be Fly-blown, and when the *Gentles* begin to be alive and stir, bury it and them in moist Earth, but as free from Frost as you can; these you may dig up at any time when you intend to use them, they will last till *March*, and about that Time turn to Flies.

But if you are nice to foul your Fingers (which good Anglers seldom are) then take this Bait: Get a Handful of well-made Malt, and put it into a Dish of Water, wash and rub it betwixt your Hands till you make it clean, and as free from Husks as you can; then put that Water from it, and put a small Quantity of fresh Water to it, and set it in something that is fit for that Purpose over the Fire, where it is not to boil apace, but leisurely, and very slowly, till it become somewhat soft, which you may try by feeling it betwixt your Finger and Thumb; when it is soft, put your

Water

Water from it, and take a ſharp Knife, and turning the ſprout End of the Corn upward, with the Point of your Knife take the back Part of the Huſk off from it, yet leaving a kind of inward Huſk on the Corn, or elſe it is marred, and then cut off that ſprouted End, I mean a little of it, that the White may appear, and ſo pull off the Huſk on the cloven Side, as I directed you; then cut off a very little of the other End, that ſo your Hook may enter, and if your Hook be ſmall and good, you will find this to be a very choice Bait either for Winter or Summer, you ſometimes caſting a little of it into the Place where your Float ſwims.

And to take the *Roach* and *Dace*, a good Bait is the young Brood of *Waſps* and *Bees*, if you dip their Heads in Blood; very good for *Bream*, eſpecially if they are baked or hardened in their Huſks in an Oven, after the Bread is taken out of it, or on a Fire-ſhovel; ſo alſo is the thick Blood of *Sheep*, being half dried on a Trencher, that you may cut it into ſuch Pieces as may beſt fit the Size of your Hook, and a little Salt keeps it from growing black, and makes it not the worſe, but better. This is taken to be a choice Bait if rightly ordered.

There be ſeveral Oils of a ſtrong Smell that I have been told of, and to be excellent to tempt Fiſh to bite; of which I could ſay much, but I remember I once carried a ſmall Bottle from Sir *George Haſtings* to Sir *Henry Wotton*, they were both chymical Men, as a great Preſent it was ſent, and received, and uſed with great Confidence; and yet, upon Inquiry, I found it did not anſwer the Expectation of Sir *Henry*, which, with the Help of this and other Circumſtances, makes me have little Belief in ſuch Things as many Men talk of;

not but that I think Fishes both smell and hear, as I have expressed in my former Discourse; but there is a mysterious Knack, which, though it be much easier than the Philosopher's Stone, yet is not attainable to common Capacities, or else lies locked up in the Brain or Breast of some chymical Man, that, like the *Rosi-crutians*, will not yet reveal it. But I stepped by chance into this Discourse of Oils and Fishes smelling, and though there might be more said, both of it, and of Baits for *Roach* and *Dace*, and other Float Fish, yet I will forbear it at this Time, and tell you, in the next Place, how you are to prepare your Tackle: Concerning which, I will, for Sport-sake, give you an old Rhime out of an old fish Book, which will be a Part of what you are to provide.

*My Rod and my Line, my Float and my Lead,*
*My Hook and my Plummet, my Whetstone and Knife,*
*My Basket, my Baits both living and dead,*
*My Net and my Meat, for that is the chief;*
*Then I must have Thread, and Hairs green and small,*
*With mine angling Pouch, and so I have all.*

But you must have all these, and twice so many more; with which, if you mean to be a Fisher, you must store yourself *.

*Vena.* Then, good Master, I pray let us meet the ninth of *May* next, about two of the Clock, and I will want nothing that a Fisher should be furnished with.

*Pis.* Well, and I will not fail you, God willing, at the Time appointed.

*Vena.* I thank you, good Master, and I will not fail you: And, good Master, tell me what Baits more

* I have heard, that the Tackling hath been prized at Fifty Pounds in the Invention of an Angler.

more you remember, for it will not now be long ere we ſhall be at *Tottenham-high-croſs*; and, when we come thither, I will make you ſome Requital of your Pains, by repeating as choice a Copy of Verſes, as any we have heard ſince we met together; and that is a proud Word, for we have heard very good ones.

*Piſ.* Well, Scholar, and I ſhall be as glad to hear them; and I will tell you whatſoever comes in my Mind, that I think may be worth your hearing. You may make another choice Bait thus: Take a Handful or two of the beſt and biggeſt Wheat you can get, boil it in a little Milk, as Frumity is made, till it be ſoft, then fry it very leiſurely with Honey, and a little beaten Saffron diſſolved in Milk, and you will find this a choice Bait, and good, I think, for any Fiſh, eſpecially for *Roach*, *Dace*, *Chub*, or *Greyling*: I know not but that it may be as good for a River *Carp*, and eſpecially if the Ground be a little baited with it.

You are alſo to know, that there are divers Kinds of *Cadis* or *Caſe-worms*, that are to be found in this Nation in ſeveral diſtinct Counties, and in ſeveral little Brooks that relate to different Rivers; as namely, one *Cadis* called a *Piper*, whoſe Huſk or Caſe is a Piece of Reed about an Inch long, or longer, and as big about as the Compaſs of a Twopence; theſe Worms being kept three or four Days in a woollen Bag, with Sand at the Bottom of it, and the Bag wet once a Day, will in three or four Days turn to be yellow; theſe are a choice Bait for the *Chub*, or indeed for any great Fiſh, for it is a large Bait.

There is alſo a leſſer *Cadis-worm*, called a *Cock-ſpur*, being in Faſhion like the Spur of a Cock, ſharp at one End; and the Caſe or Houſe in which

this dwells, is framed of ſmall Huſks or Gravel, or Slime, moſt curiouſly made of theſe, even ſo as to be wondered at, but not to be wrought by Man, no more than a *King-fiſher's* Neſt can, which is made of little Fiſhes Bones, and have ſuch a geometrical Interweaving and Connexion, as the like is not to be done by Art. This Kind of *Cadis* is a choice Bait for any Float-Fiſh; it is much leſs than the *Piper-Cadis*, and to be ſo ordered, that theſe may be ſo preſerved ten, fifteen, or twenty Days, or it may be longer.

There is alſo another *Cadis*, called by ſome a *Straw-worm*, and by others a *Ruff-coat*, whoſe Houſe or Caſe is made of little Pieces of Bents, Ruſhes, Straws, and Water-weeds, and I know not what, which are ſo knit together with condenſed Slime, that they ſtick about her Huſk or Caſe not unlike the Briſtles of a *Hedge-Hog*: Theſe three *Cadeeus* are commonly taken in the Beginning of Summer *, and are good indeed to take any Kind of Fiſh with Float or otherwiſe. I might tell you of many more, which as theſe do early, ſo thoſe have their Time of turning to be Flies later in Summer; but I might loſe myſelf, and tire you by ſuch a Diſcourſe; I ſhall therefore but remember you, that to know theſe, and their ſeveral Kinds, and to what Flies every particular *Cadis* turns, and then how to uſe them, firſt as they be *Cadis*, and then as they be Flies, is an Art; and an Art that every one that profeſſes to be an Angler has not Leiſure to ſearch after, and, if he had, is not capable of learning.

I will tell you, Scholar, ſeveral Countries have ſeveral Kinds of *Cadiſſes*, that indeed differ as much as

* By feeling againſt the Sides of Poſts or Boards, or Ruſhes, about a Foot under Water, where they cling, and look like Bits of rotten Sticks or Reeds.

as Dogs do; that is to say, as much as a very Cur and a Greyhound. These are usually bred in the very little Rills or Ditches that run into bigger Rivers, and I think a more proper Bait for those very Rivers, than any other. I know not how, or of what this *Cadis* receives Life, or what coloured Fly it turns to; but, doubtless, they are the Death of many *Trouts*; and this is one killing Way.

Take one, or more if need be, of these large yellow *Cadis*, pull off his Head, and with it pull out his black Gut, put the Body as little bruised as is possible) on a very little Hook, armed on with a red Hair, which will shew like the *Cadis Head*, and a very little thin Lead, so put upon the Shank of the Hook, that it may sink presently; throw this Bait thus ordered (which will look very yellow) into a Hole where a *Trout* is, and he will presently venture his Life for it, 'tis not to be doubted, if you be not espied, and that the Bait first touch the Water before the Line; and this will do best in the stillest Water.

Next, let me tell you, I have been much pleased to walk quietly by a Brook with a little Stick in my Hand, with which I might easily take these, and consider the Curiosity of their Composure; and, if you shall ever like to do so, then note, that your Stick must be cleft, or have a Nitch at one End of it; by which Means you may with ease take many of them in that Nitch out of the Water, before you have any Occasions to use them. These, my honest Scholar, are some Observations told to you as they now come suddenly into my Memory; of which you may make some use: But, for the practical Part, it is that that makes an Angler; it is Diligence and Observation,

and

and Practice, and an Ambition to be the beſt in the Art that muſt do it. I muſt tell you, Scholar, I once heard one ſay, *I envy not him that eats better Meat, nor that is richer, or that wears better Clothes than myſelf. I envy nobody but him, and him only, that catches more Fiſh than I do.* And ſuch a Man is like to prove an Angler; and this noble Emulation I wiſh to you, and all young Anglers.

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## CHAP. XVIII.

### *Of the* Minnow *or* Penk, *of the* Loach, *and of the* Bull-head, *or* Miller's-thumb.

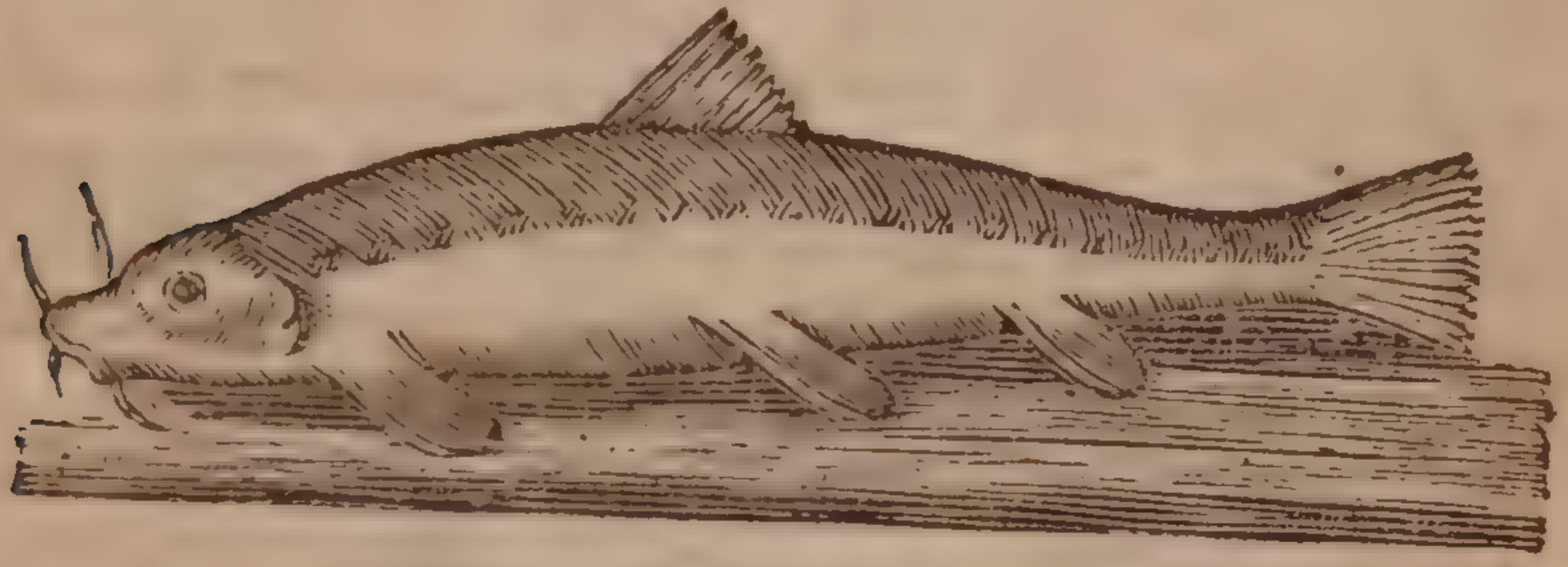
*Pi.* THERE are alſo three or four other little Fiſh that I had almoſt forgot, that are all without Scales, and may for Excellency of Meat be compared to any Fiſh of greateſt Value, and largeſt Size. They are uſually full of Eggs or Spawn all the Months of Summer; for they breed often, as 'tis obſerved Mice, and many of the ſmaller four-footed Creatures of the Earth do; and as thoſe, ſo theſe come quickly to their full Growth and Perfection. And it is needful that they breed both often and numerouſly, for they are (beſides other Accidents of Ruin) both a Prey, and Baits for other Fiſh. And firſt, I ſhall tell you of the *Minnow* or *Pink*.

The *Minnow* hath, when he is in perfect Seaſon, and not ſick, which is only preſently after ſpawning, a kind of dappled or waved Colour, like a *Panther*, on his Sides, inclining to a greeniſh and ſky Colour, his Belly being milk white, and his Back almoſt black, or blackiſh. He is a ſharp Biter at a ſmall Worm, and in hot Weather makes

admirable

admirable Sport for young Anglers or Boys, or Women that love that Recreation; and, in the Spring, they make of them delicious *Minnow-Tanſies*; for, being waſhed well in Salt, their Heads and Tails cut off, and their Guts taken out, they prove excellent for that uſe, being fried with Yolks of Eggs, the Flowers of Cowſlips and of Primroſes, and a little Tanſy.

The *Loach* is, as I told you, a moſt dainty Fiſh, he breeds and feeds in little and clear ſwift Brooks and Rills, and lives there upon the Gravel, and in the ſharpeſt Streams: He grows not to be above a Finger long, and no thicker than is ſuitable to that Length. This *Loach*



is of the Shape of the *Eel*; he has a Beard or Wattels like a *Barbel*: He has two Fins at his Sides, four at his Belly, and one at his Tail; he is dappled with many black or brown Spots, his Mouth is *Barbel* like under his Noſe, is uſually full of Eggs or Spawn, and is by *Geſner*, and other learned Phyſicians, commended for great Nouriſhment, and to be very grateful both to the Palate and Stomach of ſick Perſons: He is to be fiſhed for with a very ſmall Worm at the Bottom, for he ſeldom or never riſes above the Gravel, on which I told you he uſually gets his living.

The *Miller's-thumb* or *Bull-head*, is a Fiſh of no pleaſing Shape. He is by *Geſner* compared to

the

the *Sea-toad-fish*, for his Similitude and Shape. It has a Head big and flat, much greater than suitable to his Body; a Mouth very wide, and usually gaping. He is without Teeth, but his Lips are very rough, much like to a File. He hath two Fins near his Gills, which are roundish, or crested, two under the Belly, two on the Back, one below the Vent, and the Fin of his Tail is round. Nature has painted the Body of this Fish with whitish, blackish, and browniſh Spots. They are usually full of Spawn all the Summer, which swells their Vents almost into the Form of a Dug. They begin to spawn about *April*, and, as I told you, do so several Months in the Summer; and, in the Winter, the *Minnow*, *Loach*, and *Bull-head*, dwell in the Mud, as the *Eel* doth, or we know not where; no more than we know where the *Cuckoo* and *Swallow*, and other Summer-Birds, which first appear to us in *April*, spend their cold Winter, melancholy Months. This *Bull-head*

usually dwells and hides himself in Holes or amongst Stones in clear Water; and, in very hot Days, will lie a long Time, very still, and Sun himself, and will be easy to be seen upon any flat Stone, or Gravel; at which Time he will suffer an Angler to put a Hock, baited with a

small

small Worm, very near his Mouth, and he never refuses to bite, nor indeed to be caught by the worst of Anglers. *Matthiolus* commends him much more for his Taste and Nourishment, than for his Shape or Beauty.

There is also a little Fish called a *Sticklebag*; a Fish without Scales, but hath his Body fenced with several Prickles. I know not where he dwells in Winter, nor what he is good for in Summer, but only to make Sport for Boys and Women Anglers, and to feed other Fish of Prey, as *Trouts* in particular, who will bite at him as at a *Pink*, and better, if your Hook be rightly baited with him, for he may be so placed, as his Tail, turning like the Sail of a Wind-mill, will make him move more quick than any *Minnow* can, for the nimble Turning of that is the Perfection of *Minnow*-fishing. To which End, if you put your Hook into his Mouth, and out at his Tail, having tied him with white Thread about his Tail, and placed him after such a Manner on your Hook as he is like to turn; then sew up his Mouth to your Line, and he is like to turn quick, and tempt any *Trout*: But, if he do not turn quick, then place his Tail a little more or less towards the inner Part, or towards the Side of the Hook, or put the *Minnow* or *Sticklebag* a little more crooked or more strait on your Hook, till it will turn both true and fast; and then doubt not but to tempt any great *Trout* that lies in a swift Stream. And the *Loach* that I told you of will do the like; no Bait is more tempting, provided the *Loach* be not too big.

And now, Scholar, with the help of this fine Morning, and your patient Attention, I have said all that my present Memory will afford me concerning

cerning moſt of the ſeveral Fiſh that are uſually fiſhed for in freſh Waters.

*Vena.* But, Maſter, you have by your former Civility, made me hope that you will make good your Promiſe, and ſay ſomething of the ſeveral Rivers that are of moſt Note in this Nation; and alſo of Fiſh Ponds, and the ordering of them; and do it, I pray, good Maſter, for I love any Diſcourſe of Rivers, Fiſh, and Fiſhing; the Time ſpent in ſuch Diſcourſe, paſſes away very pleaſantly.

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## CHAP. XIX.

### *Of ſeveral Rivers *, and ſome Obſervations of Fiſh.*

*Pif.* WELL, Scholar, ſince the Ways and Weather both favour us, and that we yet ſee not *Tottenham-Croſs*, you ſhall ſee my Willingneſs to ſatisfy your Deſire: And firſt for the Rivers of this Nation, there are (as you may note out of Dr. *Heylin*'s Geography, and others) in Number 325; but thoſe of chiefeſt Note he deſcribes as followeth.

The chief is *Thameſis*, compounded of two Rivers, *Thame* and *Iſis*; whereof the former, riſing ſomewhat beyond *Thame* in *Buckinghamſhire*, and the latter in *Cirenceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*, meet together about *Dorceſter* in *Oxfordſhire*, the Iſſue of which happy Conjunction is the *Thameſis* or *Thames*. Hence it flyeth betwixt *Berks*, *Buckinghamſhire*, *Middleſex*, *Surry*, *Kent*, and *Eſſex*, and

* Mr. *Walton* intended here, no more than a very ſuccinct Account of thoſe *ſix*, which are called the capital Rivers.

and ſo weddeth himſelf to the *Kentiſh Medway*, in the very Jaws of the Ocean: This glorious River feels the Violence and Benefit of the Sea more than any River in *Europe*, ebbing and flowing twice a Day, more than ſixty Miles; about whoſe Banks are ſo many fair Towns, and princely Palaces, that a *German* Poet thus truly ſpake:

*Tot campos, &c.*

*We ſaw ſo many Woods, and princely Bowers,*
*Sweet Fields, brave Palaces, and ſtately Towers,*
*So many Gardens dreſs'd with curious Care,*
*That* Thames, *with royal* Tiber, *may compare.*

2. The ſecond River of Note is *Sabrina*, or *Severn*; it hath its Beginning in *Plinlimmon-Hill* in *Montgomeryſhire*, and his End ſeven Miles from *Briſtol*, waſhing in the mean Space the Walls of *Shrewſbury*, *Worceſter*, and *Glouceſter*, and divers other Places and Palaces of Note.

3. *Trent*, ſo called for thirty Kinds of Fiſhes that are found in it, or that it receiveth thirty leſſer Rivers, who having his Fountain in *Staffordſhire*, and gliding through the Counties of *Nottingham*, *Lincoln*, *Leiceſter*, and *York*, augmenteth the turbulent Current of *Humber*, the moſt violent Stream of all this Iſle. The *Humber* is not, to ſay Truth, a diſtinct River, having a Spring-head of his own, but rather the Mouth or *Euſtuerium* of divers Rivers here confluent and meeting together; namely, the *Darwent*, *Ouſe*, and *Trent*; and changeth his Name into this of *Humber*.

4. *Medway*, a *Kentiſh* River, famous for harbouring the Royal Navy.

5. *Tweed*,

5. *Tweed*, the North-east bound of *England*, on whose Banks is seated the strong and impregnable Town of *Berwick*.

6. *Tine*, famous for *Newcastle*, and her inexhaustible Coal-pits. These, and the rest of principal Note, are thus comprehended in one of Mr. *Drayton*'s Sonnets.

*The Floods-Queen* Thames, *for Ships and Swans is crown'd,*
*And stately* Severn *for her Shore is prais'd* [*prais'd,*
*The crystal* Trent *for Fords and Fish renown'd,*
*And* Avon's *Fame* to Albion's *Cliffs is rais'd,*
Carlegion Chester *vaunts her holy* Dee,
York *many Wonders of her* Ouse *can tell,*
*The* Peke *or* Dove, *whose Banks so fertile be,*
*And* Kent *will say her* Medway *doth excel.*
Cotswooll *commends her* Itis *to the* Thame,
*Our Northern Borders boast of* Tweed's *fair Flood*
*Our Western Parts extol their* Willies *Fame,*
*And the old* Lea *brags of the* Danith *Blood.*

These Observations are out of learned Doctor *Heylin*, and my old deceased Friend *Michael Drayton*; and because you say you love such Discourses as these of Fish and fishing, I love you the better, and love the more to impart them to you: Nevertheless, Scholar, if I should begin but to name the several Sorts of strange Fish that are usually taken in many of these Rivers that run into the Sea, I might beget Wonder in you, or Unbelief, or both; and yet I will venture to tell you a real Truth concerning one lately dissected by Doctor *Wharton*, a Man of great Learning and Experience, and of equal Freedom to communicate it; one that loves me and my Art, one to whom I

have

have been beholden for many of the choiceſt Obſervations that I have imparted to you. This good Man, that dares do any thing rather than tell an Untruth, did, I ſay, tell me, he lately diſſected one * ; and he thus deſcribed it to me :

*He was almoſt a Yard broad, and twice that Length ; his Mouth wide enough to receive or take into it the Head of a Man ; his Stomach ſeven or eight Inches broad : He is of a ſlow Motion, and uſually lies or lurks cloſe in the Mud, and has a moveable String on his Head about a Span, or near a Quarter of a Yard long ; by the moving of which* (which is his natural Bait) *when he lies cloſe and unſeen in the Mud, he draws other ſmaller Fiſh cloſe to him, and then ſucks them into his Mouth, and devours them.*

And, Scholar, do not wonder at this ; for beſides the Credit of the Relator, you are to note, many of theſe, and Fiſhes which are of the like and more unuſual Shapes, are very often taken on the Mouths of our Sea Rivers, and on the Sea Shore ; and this will be no wonder to any that have travelled *Egypt*, where 'tis known the famous River *Nile* does not only breed Fiſhes that yet want Names, but the overflowing of that River by the Help of the Sun's Heat on that fat Slime which that River leaves on the Banks, when it falls back into its natural Channel, ſtrange Beaſts are alſo bred, that no Man can give a Name to, as *Grotius* † and others have obſerved.

But

* This corroborates the Account given before by Mr. *Walton*, chap. i. P. 32. of the *Cuttle* Fiſh.

† In his *Sopham.*

But whither am I ſtray'd in this Diſcourſe? I will end it by telling you, that at the Mouth of ſome of theſe Rivers of ours, *Herrings* are ſo plentiful, as namely, near to *Yarmouth* in *Norfolk*, and in the Weſt Country, *Pilchards* ſo very plentiful, as you will wonder to read what our learned *Cambden* relates of them in his *Britannia*, P. 178. 186.

Well, Scholar, I will ſtop here, and tell you what, by Reading and Conference, I have obſerved concerning Fiſh Ponds.

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## CHAP. XX.

### *Of Fiſh Ponds, and how to order them* *.

DOctor *Lebault*, the learned *Frenchman*, in his large Diſcourſe of *Maſon Ruſtique*, gives this Direction for making of Fiſh Ponds; I ſhall refer you to him to read it at large, but I think I ſhall contract it, and yet make it as uſeful.

He adviſes, that when you have drained the Ground, and made the Earth firm where the Head of the Pond muſt be, that you muſt then in that Place drive in two or three Rows of Oak or Elm Piles, which ſhould be ſcorched in the Fire, or half burnt before they be driven into the Earth (for being thus uſed, preſerves them much longer from rotting)

* I ſhall tranſcribe a Remark on this Subject very worthy the Attention of the Public. *It is ſurpriſing* (ſays my Author) *that, conſidering the Benefit which may accrue from making of Fiſh Ponds, it is not more generally practiſed. Suppoſe a Meadow to be worth Forty Shillings per Acre, Four Acres converted into a Pond, will return every Year a Thouſand fed* Carp, *from the laſt Size, to Fourteen or Fifteen Inches, beſides* Pike, Peach, Tench, *and other Fiſh. The* Carp *alone may be reckoned to bring one with another Six-pence, Nine-pence, and Twelve-pence a Piece, amounting, at the loweſt Rate, to Twenty-five Pounds, and the higheſt to Fifty, which would be a very conſiderable as well as uſeful Improvement.*

rotting) and having done ſo, lay Faggots or Bavins of ſmaller Wood betwixt them, and Earth betwixt and above them, and having firſt very well rammed them and the Earth, another Pile uſed in like Manner as the firſt were: And note, that the ſecond Pile is to be of, or about the Height that you intend to make your Sluice or Flood-gate, or the Vent that you intend ſhall convey the overflowing of your Pond into any Flood that ſhall endanger the breaking of the Pond-Dam.

Then he adviſes, that you plant Willows or Oſiers about it, or caſt in Bavins in ſome Places not far from the Side, and in the moſt ſandy Places, for Fiſh both to ſpawn upon, and to defend them and the young Fry from the many Fiſh and Vermin that lie at watch to deſtroy them, eſpecially the Spawn of the *Carp* and *Tench*.

He and *Dubravius*, and all others, adviſe, that you make Choice of ſuch a Place for your Pond, that it may be refreſhed with a little Rill, or with Rain-water running or falling into it; by which, Fiſh are more inclined both to breed, and are alſo refreſhed and fed the better, and do prove to be of a much ſweeter and more pleaſant Taſte.

It is obſerved, that ſuch Pools as be large, and have moſt Gravel, and Shallows where Fiſh may ſport themſelves, afford Fiſh of the pureſt Taſte: And, in all Pools, it is beſt for Fiſh to have ſome retiring Place; as namely, hollow Banks, Shelves, or Roots of Trees, to keep them from Danger; and, when they think fit, from the extreme Heat of Summer, as alſo from the Extremity of Cold in Winter. And note, that if many Trees be growing about your Pond, the Leaves thereof falling into the Water, makes it nauſeous to the Fiſh, and the Fiſh to be ſo to the Eater of it.

It is noted, that the *Tench* and *Eel* love Mud, and the *Carp* loves gravelly Ground, and, in the hot Months, to feed on Grass. You are to cleanse your Pond, if you intend either Profit or Pleasure, once every three or four Years, especially some Ponds; then let them lie dry six or twelve Months, both to kill the Water-weeds, as *Water-Lillies*, *Candocks*, *Reate*, and *Bull-rushes*, that breed there; and also, that as these die for want of Water, so Grass may grow on the Pond's Bottom, which *Carps* will eat greedily in all the hot Months. The letting your Pond dry, and sowing Oats in the Bottom, is also good, for the Fish feed the faster: And, being sometime let dry, you may observe what Kind of Fish either increases or thrives best in that Water; for they differ much both in their breeding and feeding.

*Lebault* also advises, that if your Ponds be not very large and roomy, that you often feed your Fish, by throwing into them Chippings of Bread, Curds, Grains, or the Entrails of Chickens, or any Fowl or Beast that you kill to feed yourselves; for these afford Fish a great Relief. He says, that Frogs and Ducks do much Harm, and devour both the Spawn and the young Fry of all Fish, especially of the *Carp*. And I have, besides Experience, many Testimonies of it. But *Lebault* allows Water-Frogs to be good Meat, especially in some Months, if they be fat. But, you are to note, that he is a *Frenchman*, and we *English* will hardly believe him, though we know Frogs are usually eaten in his Country: However, he advises to destroy them, and *King-fishers*, out of your Ponds, and not to suffer much shooting at wild Fowl, for that, he says, affrightens, harms, and destroys the Fish.

Note,

Note, That *Carps* and *Tench* thrive and breed beſt when no other Fiſh is put with them into the ſame Pond; for all other Fiſh devour their Spawn, or at leaſt the greateſt Part of it. And Clods of Graſs thrown into a Pond, feed any *Carps* in Summer; and Garden-earth and Parſley thrown in, recovers and refreſhes the ſick Fiſh. And note, that when you ſtore your Pond, you are to put into it two or three Milters for one Spawner, if you put them into a Breeding-Pond; but if into a Nurſe-Pond, or Feeding-Pond, in which they will not breed, then no Care is to be taken, whether there be moſt male or female *Carps*.

It is obſerved, that the beſt Ponds to breed *Carps*, are thoſe that are ſtony or ſandy, and are warm, and free from Wind, and that are not deep, but have Willow Trees and Graſs on their Sides, over which the Water does ſometimes flow: And note, that *Carps* do more uſually breed in Marle-Pits, or Pits that have clean, clay Bottoms, or in new Ponds, or thoſe that lie dry a Winter-Seaſon, than in old Ponds, that are full of Mud and Weeds.

Well, Scholar, I have told you the Subſtance of all that either Obſervation or Diſcourſe, or a diligent Survey of *Dubravius* and *Lebault* hath told me. Not that they, in their long Diſcourſes, have not ſaid more, but moſt of the reſt are ſuch common Obſervations, as if a Man ſhould tell a good Arithmetician, that twice two is four. I will therefore end this Diſcourſe, and we will ſit down and reſt us.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XXI.

### *Directions for making a Line, and for the Colouring of both Rod and Line.*

*Pif.* WELL, Scholar, I have held you too long about these *Cadews*, and smaller Fish, and Rivers, and Fish Ponds, and my Spirits are almost spent, and so I doubt is your Patience; but being we are now almost at *Tottenham*, where I first met you, and where we are to part, I will lose no Time, but give you a little Direction how to make and order your Lines, and to colour the Hair of which you make them, for that is very needful to be known by an Angler; and also how to paint your Rod, especially your Top, for a right grown Top is a choice Commodity, and should be preserved from the Water soaking into it, which makes it in wet Weather to be heavy, and fish ill-favouredly, and not true, and also it rots quickly for want of painting: And I think a good Top is worth preserving, or I had not taken care to keep one above twenty Years.

But first for your Line.

Take care that your Hair be round, and free from Galls, Knots, or Frets; for a well-chosen, even, clear, round Hair, of a kind of Glass-colour, will prove as strong as three that are ill-chosen, and full of Galls and Unevenness. You shall seldom find a black Hair but it is round, but many white are flat and uneven; and therefore if you get a Lock of right, round, clear, Glass-colour'd Hair, make much of it.

And, for making your Line, observe this Rule; let your Hair be clean washed ere you go about to twist it; then chuse not only the cleareſt Hair for

it,

it, but Hairs that are of an equal Bigneſs, for ſuch uſually ſtretch alike, and not break ſingly one by one, but all together.

When you have twiſted your Links, lay them in Water for a Quarter of an Hour at leaſt, then twiſt them over again before you tie them into a Line; for thoſe that do not do ſo ſhall uſually find their Lines to have a Hair or two ſhrunk, and ſhorter than the reſt, at the firſt fiſhing with them, which is ſo much of the Strength of the Line loſt: for want of firſt watering, and then re-twitting it; and this is moſt viſible in a Seven-hair-line, one of which hath always a black Hair in the Middle.

For dying of your Hairs do it thus:

Take a Pint of ſtrong Ale, half a Pound of Soot, a little Quantity of the Juice of Walnut-tree Leaves, and an equal Quantity of Alom; put theſe together into a Pipkin, boil them half an Hour, and, being cold, put your Hair into it, and there let it lie; it will turn to a kind of Water or Glaſs-colour, or greeniſh, and the longer you let it lie, the deeper coloured it will be: You might be taught to make many other Colours, but it is to little purpoſe; for, doubtleſs, the Water or Glaſs-coloured Hair is the moſt choice and uſeful for an Angler; but let it not be too green.

But, if you deſire to colour Hair greener, take a Quart of ſmall Ale, and half a Pound of Alom; put theſe into a Pipkin, and your Hair with them, boil it ſoftly for half an Hour, and take out your Hair, and let it dry. Then take a Pottle of Water, put into it two Handfuls of Marygolds, cover it with a Tile, and boil this ſoftly for half an Hour, about which Time the Scum will turn

yellow; then put into it half a Pound of Coperas beaten small, and with it the Hair you intend to colour; let the Hair be boiled softly till half the Liquor be wasted, then let it cool three or four Hours with your Hair in it: And you are to observe, that the more Coperas you put into it, the greener it will be; but, doubtless, the pale Green is best. But, if you desire yellow Hair, (which is only good when the Weeds rot) put in the more Marygolds, and abate most of the Coperas or leave it out, and take a little Verdegrease instead of it.

And, for painting your Rod, which must be in Oil, first make a Size with Glue and Water boiled together, till the Glue be dissolved, and the Size of a Lie-colour; then strike your Size upon the Wood with a Brush whilst it is hot; *that* being quite dry, take white Lead, a little red Lead, and a little Coal-black, so much as when mixed will make an Ash-colour; grind those all together with Linseed Oil, let it be thick, and lay it thin upon the Wood with a Pencil; this do for the Ground of any Colour to lie upon Wood.

For a Green, take *Pink* and *Verdegrease*, and grind them together in Linseed Oil, as thick as you well can, then lay it smoothly on with your Brush, and drive it thin; once doing for the most Part will serve, if you lay it well, and be sure your first Colour be thoroughly dry before you lay on a second.

Well, Scholar, you now see *Tottenham*, and I am weary, and therefore glad that we are so near it: And, if I were to walk many more Days with you, I could still be telling you more and more of the mysterious Art of Angling: But I will hope for

for another Opportunity, and then I will acquaint you with many more, both neceſſary and true Obſervations concerning Fiſh and fiſhing: But now no more, let us turn into yonder Arbour, for it is a clean and cool Place.

*Vena.* 'Tis a fair Motion, and I will requite a Part of your Courteſies with a Bottle of Sack, Milk, Oranges, and Sugar, which, all put together, make a Drink like *Nectar*; indeed too good for any body but us Anglers: And ſo, Maſter, here is a full Glaſs to you of that Liquor; and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the Verſes which I promiſed you: It is a Copy printed amongſt Sir *Henry Wotton's*, and, doubtleſs, made either by him, or by a Lover of Angling. Come, Maſter, now drink a Glaſs to me, and then I will pledge you, and fall to my Repetion: It is a Deſcription of ſuch Country Recreations as I have enjoyed ſince I had the Happineſs to fall into your Company.

*Guilty Fears, Heart-rending Cares,*
*Anxious Sighs, repining Tears,*
*Fly, fly to Courts,*
*Fly to fond* Worldlings *Sports,*
*Where ſtrain'd* Sardonic *Smiles are gloſing ſtill,*
*And Grief is forc'd to laugh againſt her Will.*
*Where Mirth's but mimickry,*
*And Sorrows only real be.*

*Fly from our Country Paſtimes, fly,*
*Sad Troops of human Miſery.*
*Come ſerene Looks,*
*Clear as the cryſtal Brooks.*
*Or the pure azure Heaven that ſmiles to ſee*
*The rich Attendants on our Poverty;*

*Reſt, and a tranquil Mind,*
*Which all Men ſeek, but few can find.*

*Deluded Mortals, did you know*
*Where Joy, Heart's eaſe and Comforts grow,*
*You'd ſcorn proud Towers,*
*And ſeek them in thoſe Bowers,*
*Where Winds ſometimes our Woods, perhaps, may ſhake;*
*But blaſt'ring Care could never Tempeſt make,*
*Nor Murmurs ere come nigh us,*
*Saving of Fountains that glide by us.*

*Here's no fantaſtic Maſk nor Dance,*
*But of our Kids that friſk and prance;*
*Nor Wars are ſeen,*
*Unleſs upon the Green*
*Two Lambkin's Lambs are battling one the other;*
*Which drives both bleating home, each to his Mother.*
*And Wounds are never found,*
*But what the Plough-ſhare gives the Ground.*

*Here is no entraping Bait*
*To haſten on too rapid Fate,*
*Unleſs it be*
*The fond Credulity*
*Of ſilly Fiſh, which (Wond'ring-like) ſtill look*
*On the falſe Bait, but never at the Hook:*
*Nor Envy, ſave among*
*The Birds, for Price of their ſweet Song.*

*Go, let the diving Negro ſeek*
*For hidden Gems, each lonſome Creek:*
*We all Pearls ſcorn,*
*But what the dewy Morn*
*Congeals upon each little Spire of Graſs*
*(Which laſtingly ſhe'll keep down as they paſs):*
*And Gold ne're here appears,*
*Save what the yellow Ceres bears.*

*Blest silent Groves, oh may you be*
*For ever Mirth's best Nursery!*
*May pure Contents*
*Fix their sweet* Tenements
*Thick thro' these Downs, fresh Meads, and silent*
*Hills,*
*And Peace still slumber by these purling Rills:*
*Which may we every Year*
*Meet, when we come a fishing here.*

*Pis.* Trust me, Scholar, I thank you heartily for these Verses, they are choicely good, and, doubtless, made by a Lover of angling. Come, now drink a Glass to me, and I will requite you with some other very good Verses. They are a Farewell to the Vanities of the World, some say, written by Sir *Harry Wotton* too, who, I told you was an excellent Angler. But, let them be whose they will, he that writ them had a brave Soul, and must needs be possessed with happy Thoughts at the Time of their Composure.

*Farewel ye gilded Follies, pleasing Troubles;*
*Farewel ye honour'd Rags, ye glorious Bubbles:*
*Fame's but a hollow Eccho, Gold pure Clay;*
*Honour, the Flutterer of a single Day.*
*Beauty (Youth's Idol) but a dam~~a~~sk'd Skin;*
*State but a golden Prison, to live in,*
*And shackle free-born Minds: Imbroider'd Trains*
*But Pageants, meerly, for distemper'd Brains:*
*And Blood ally'd to Greatness is alone*
*Inherited, no Merit of our own.* [*Birth*
*Fame, Honour, Beauty, State, Train, Blood, and*
*All are but fading Blossoms of the Earth.*

*I would be Great, but that the Thunder still*
*Levels his Shafts against the rising Hill:*

*I would be High, but see the proudest Oak*
*Most subject to th' uprooting Tempest's Stroke*
*I would be Rich, but loss of Wealth I find,*
*Digs out the Bowels of the richer Mind:*
*I would be Wise, but that I often see*
*The Fox suspected, whilst the Sheep goes free:*
*I would be Fair, but see the Fair and Proud*
*(Like the bright Sun) oft setting in a Cloud.*
*I would be Poor, but know the humble Grass*
*Still trampled on by each unworthy Ass:*
*Rich hated: Wise suspected: scorn'd if Poor:*
*Great fear'd: Fair tempted: High still envy'd more:*
*I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither;*
*Great, High, Rich, Wise, nor Fair; Poor I'll be rather.*

*Welcome pure Thoughts, welcome ye silent Groves,*
*These Guests, these Courts my Soul most dearly loves:*
*Now the wing'd People of the Sky shall sing*
*My chearful Anthems to the gladsome Spring:*
*A Prayer-book now shall be my Looking-glass,*
*In which I will adorn sweet Virtue's Face.*
*Here dwell no hateful Looks, no Palace Cares,*
*No broken Vows dwell here, nor pale Fears:*
*Then here I'll sit and mourn my lost Love's Folly,*
*And learn t' affect an holy Melancholy,*
*And if Contentment be a Stranger, then*
*I'll ne'er look for her, but in Heaven again.*

*Vena.* Well, Master, these Verses are worthy to keep a Room in every Man's Memory. I thank you for them; and for your many Instructions, which (God willing) I will not forget: And, as St. *Austin* in his Confessions *, commemorates the Kindness of his Friend *Nebridius*, for lending him and his Companion a Country-house,

* Lib. iv. Cap. 3.

houſe, becauſe there they reſted themſelves from the Troubles of the World; ſo I having had the like Advantage, both by your Converſation, and the Art you have taught me, ought ever to do the like; for indeed your Company and Diſcourſe have been ſo uſeful and pleaſant, that I may truly ſay, *I have only lived ſince I enjoyed them, and turned Angler, and not before.* Nevertheleſs, here I muſt part with you; here, in this now ſad Place where I was ſo happy at firſt to meet you. But I ſhall long for the ninth of *May*, for then I hope again to enjoy your beloved Company by Appointment. And now I wiſh for ſome ſomniferous Potion, that might force me to ſleep away the intermitted Time, which will paſs away with me as tediouſly as it does with Men in Sorrow; nevertheleſs, I will make it as ſhort as I can by my Hopes and Wiſhes. And, my good Maſter, I will not forget the Doctrine which you told me *Socrates* taught his Scholars, "*That they ſhould not* "*think to be honoured ſo much for being Philoſophers,* "*as to honour Philoſophy by their virtuous Lives.*" You adviſed me to the like concerning angling, and I will endeavour to do ſo, and to live like thoſe many worthy Men, of which you made mention in the former Part of your Diſcourſe. This is my firm Reſolution, and, as a pious Man adviſed his Friend, "*That to beget Mortification he ſhould fre-*
"*quent Churches, and view Monuments and Charnel-*
"*houſes, and then and there conſider, how many dead*
"*Bones Time had piled up at the Gates of Death.*" So when I would beget Content, and increaſe Confidence in the *Power*, *Wiſdom*, and *Providence* of Almighty God, I will walk the Meadows by ſome gliding Stream, and there contemplate the *Lillies* that take no care, and thoſe very-many various,

little, living Creatures that are not only created but fed (Man knows not how) by the Goodness of the God of Nature. This is my Purpose, and so *Let every thing that hath Breath praise the Lord.* And let the Blessing of *St. Peter's* Master be with *my Master.*

*Pis.* And upon all that are Lovers of Virtue, and all that love to be quiet, and go a fishing.

*Study to be quiet,* 1 Thess iv. 11.

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*The End of the First Part.*

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THE

THE

# Compleat ANGLER:

OR,

## Contemplative Man's Recreation.

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PART II.

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BEING

INSTRUCTIONS

How to angle for a

TROUT or GRAYLING

*in a clear Stream.*

---

By CHARLES COTTON, of *Berisford* in the *Peak*, Esq;

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*Qui mihi non credit, faciat licet ipse periclum:*
*Et fuerit scriptis æquior ille meis.*

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# THE Compleat ANGLER: OR, Contemplative Man's Recreation.

## PART II.

### CHAP. I.

*The Interview, and Conference on a Journey.*

PISCATOR, *jun.* *and* VIATOR.

*Pif.* YOU are happily overtaken, Sir, may a Man be so bold as to inquire how far you travel this Way?

*Via.* Yes sure, Sir, very freely; though it be a Question I cannot well resolve you, not knowing, myself, how far it is to *Ashborn*, where I intend to Night to take up my Inn.

*Pif.* Why then, Sir, since I perceive you to be a Stranger in these Parts, I shall take upon me to inform you, that from the Town you last came through, called *Brelsford*, it is five Miles, and you are not yet above half a Mile on this Side.

*Via.* So much! I was told it was but ten Miles from *Derby*; and methinks I have rode almost so far already.

*Pif.* Oh! Sir, find no Fault with large Measure of good Land, which *Derbyshire* abounds in, as much as most Counties in *England*.

*Via.*

*Fla.* It may be ſo, and good Land I confeſs affords a pleaſant Proſpect; but, by your good Leave, Sir, large Meaſure of foul Way, is not altogether ſo acceptable.

*Pif.* True, Sir, but the foul Way ſerves to juſtify the Fertility of the Soil, according to the Proverb, *There is good Land where there is foul Way*; and is of good Uſe, to inform you of the Riches of the Country you are come into, and of its continual Travel and Traffick to the Country-Town you came from, which is alſo very obſerveable by the Fulneſs of its Road, and the laden Horſes you meet every where upon the Way.

*Fla.* Well, Sir, I will be content to think as well of your Country as you would deſire; and I ſhall have a great deal of Reaſon, both to think and to ſpeak very well of you, if I may obtain the Happineſs of your Company to the fore-mentioned Place, provided your Affairs lead you that Way, and that they will permit you to ſlack your Pace out of Complacency to a Traveller, utterly a Stranger in theſe Parts, and who am ſtill to wander further out of my Knowledge.

*Pif.* Sir, you invite me to my own Advantage; and I am ready to attend you, my Way lying through that Town, but my Buſineſs, that is my Home, ſome Miles beyond it: However, I ſhall have Time enough to lodge you in your Quarters, and afterwards to perform my own Journey. In the mean Time, may I be ſo bold as to enquire the End of your Journey?

*Fla.* 'Tis into *Lancaſhire*, Sir, and about ſome Buſineſs of Concern to a near Relation of mine; for, I aſſure you, I do not uſe to take ſo long Journies as from *Eſſex*, upon the ſingle Account of Pleaſure.

*Pif.*

*Pif.* From thence, Sir! I do not wonder you ſhould appear diſſatisfied with the Length of the Miles, and the Foulneſs of the Way; though I am ſorry you ſhould begin to quarrel with them ſo ſoon; for believe me, you will find the Miles much longer, and the Way much worſe, before you come to your Journey's End.

*Via.* Why truly, Sir, for that I am prepared to expect the worſt; but methinks the Way is mended ſince I had the Fortune to fall into your good Company.

*Pif.* You are not obliged to my Company for that, but becauſe you are already paſt the worſt, and the greateſt Part of your Way to your Lodging.

*Via.* I am very glad to hear it, both for the Eaſe of myſelf and Horſe, and eſpecially becauſe I may then expect a freer Enjoyment of your Converſation, though the Shortneſs of the Way will, I fear, make me loſe it the ſooner.

*Pif.* That, Sir, it not worth your Care; and I am ſure you deſerve much better, for being content with ſo ill Company; but we have already talked away two Miles of your Journey, for from the Brook before us, that runs at the Foot of this ſandy Hill, you have but three Miles to *Aſhborn.*

*Via.* I meet every-where in this Country with theſe little Brooks; and they look as if they were full of Fiſh. Have they not *Trouts* in them?

*Pif.* That is a Queſtion which is to be excuſed in a Stranger as you are, otherwiſe give me Leave to tell you, it would ſeem a kind of Affront to our Country, to make a Doubt of what we pretend to be famous for, next, if not before our Malt, Wool, Lead, and Coal; for you are to underſtand, that we think we have as many fine Rivers, Ri-

vulets,

vulets, and Brooks, as any Country whatever; and they are all full of *Trouts*, and some of them the best (it is said) by many Degrees in *England*.

*Via.* I was first, Sir, in love with you, and now shall be so enamoured of your Country, by this Account you give me of it, as to wish myself a *Derbyshire* Man, or at least, that I might live in it; for you must know I am a Pretender to the Angle, and doubtless, a *Trout* affords the most Pleasure to the Angler of any Sort of Fish whatever, and the best *Trouts* must needs make the best Sport; but this Brook, and some others I have met with upon the Way, are too full of Wood for that Recreation.

*Pis.* This, Sir! Why this, and several others like it, which you have passed, and some that you are like to pass, have scarce any Name amongst us, but we can shew you as fine Rivers, and as clear from Wood, or any other Incumbrance to hinder an Angler, as any you ever saw; and, for clear beautiful Streams, *Hampshire* itself, by Mr. *Isaac Walton*'s good Leave, can shew none such, nor I think any Country in *Europe*.

*Via.* You go far, Sir, in the Praise of your Country Rivers, and, I perceive, have read Mr *Walton*'s *Compleat Angler*, by your naming of *Hampshire*: I pray, what is your Opinion of that Book?

*Pis.* My Opinion of Mr. *Walton*'s Book, is the same with every Man's that understands any thing of the Art of angling; that it is an excellent good one; and that the fore-mentioned Gentleman understands as much of Fish and fishing, as any Man living: But, I must tell you further, that I have the Happiness to know his Person, and to be intimately acquainted with him, and in him, to

know

know the worthieſt Man, and to enjoy the beſt and the trueſt Friend any Man ever had: Nay, I ſhall yet acquaint you further, that he gives me Leave to call him Father; and, I hope, is not yet aſhamed to own me for his adopted Son.

*Via.* In earneſt, Sir, I am raviſhed to meet with a Friend of Mr. *Iſaac Walton*'s, and one that does him ſo much Right in ſo good and true a Character; for I muſt boaſt to you, that I have the good Fortune to know him too, and came acquainted with him much after the ſame Manner I do with you; that he was my Maſter who firſt taught me to love angling, and then to become an Angler; and, to be plain with you, I am the very Man decypher'd in his Book under the Name of *Venator*, for I was wholly addicted to the Chace, till he taught me as good, a more quiet, innocent, and leſs dangerous Diverſion.

*Piſ.* Sir, I think myſelf happy in your Acquaintance; and, before we part, ſhall intreat Leave to embrace you: You have ſaid enough to recommend you to my beſt Opinion; for my Father *Walton* will be ſeen twice in no Man's Company he does not like, and likes none but ſuch as he believes to be very honeſt Men, which is one of the beſt Arguments, or at leaſt of the beſt Teſtimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of thoſe, ſeeing I have not yet found him weary of me.

*Via.* You ſpeak like a true Friend; and, in doing ſo, render yourſelf worthy of his Friendſhip. May I be ſo bold as to ask your Name?

*Piſ.* Yes ſurely, Sir, and, if you pleaſe, a much nicer Queſtion. My Name is —— and I intend to ſtay long enough in your Company, if I find you do not diſlike mine, to ask your's too. In the

the mean time, because we are now almost at *Ashborn*, I shall freely and bluntly tell you, that I am a Brother of the Angle too, and peradventure can give you some Instructions how to angle for a *Trout* in a clear River, that my Father *Walton* himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the Sycamore tree *; and being you have already told me whether your Journey is intended, and that I am better acquainted with the Country than you are, I will heartily and earnestly intreat you will not think of staying at this Town, but go on with me six Miles further to my House, where you shall be extremely welcome; it is directly in your Way, we have Day enough to perform our Journey; and, as you like your Entertainment, you may there repose yourself a Day or two, or as many more as your Occasions will permit, to recompense the Trouble of so much a longer Journey.

*Via.* Sir, you surprise me with so friendly an Invitation upon so short Acquaintance: But how advantageous soever it would be to me, and that my Haste perhaps is not so great but it might dispense with such a Divertisement as I promise myself in your Company, yet I cannot in Modesty accept your Offer, and must therefore beg your Pardon; I could otherwise, I confess, be glad to wait upon you, if on no other Account but to talk of Mr. *Walton*, and to receive those Instructions you say you are able to give me for deceiving a *Trout*; in which Art, I will not deny, I have an Ambition to be one of the greatest Deceivers, though I cannot forbear freely to tell you, that I think it hard to say much more than has been read to me upon that Subject.

Pi.

* See Page 74.

*Pif.* Well, Sir, I grant that too; but you muſt know, that the Variety of Rivers require different Ways of angling; however, you ſhall have the beſt Rules I am able to give; and I will tell you nothing I have not made myſelf as certain of, as any Man can be in thirty Years Experience (for ſo long have I been a Dabbler in that Art) and that, if you pleaſe to ſtay a few Days, you ſhall not, in a very great Meaſure ſee made good to you, but of that hereafter. And now, Sir, if I am not miſtaken, I have half overcome you; and that I may wholly conquer that Modeſty of your's, I will take upon me to be ſo familiar to ſay, you *muſt* accept of my Invitation; which, that you may be the more eaſily perſuaded to do, I will tell you, that my Houſe ſtands upon the Margin of one of the fineſt Rivers for *Trouts* and *Grayling* in *England*. I have lately built a little Fiſhing-houſe upon it, dedicated to Anglers; over the Door of which, you will ſee the two firſt Letters of my Father *Walton*'s Name, and mine twiſted in Cypher: You ſhall lie in the ſame Bed he has been contented with; have ſuch Country Entertainment as my Friends ſome times accept, and be as welcome too as the beſt Friend of them all.

*Via.* No doubt, Sir, but my Maſter *Walton* found good Reaſon to be ſatisfied with his Entertainment at your Houſe, for you who are ſo friendly to a mere Stranger, who deſerves ſo little, muſt needs be exceeding kind and free to him who deſerves ſo much.

*Pif.* Believe me, no; and ſuch as are intimately acquainted with that Gentleman, know him to be a Man who will not endure to be treated like a Stranger, ſo that his Acceptance of my poor Entertainment, has ever been a pure Effect of his own Humility and good Nature, and nothing elſe. But,

Sir,

Sir, we are now going down the *Spital-hill* into the Town, and therefore let me importune you ſuddenly to reſolve, and moſt earneſtly not to deny me.

*Via.* In Truth, Sir, I am ſo overcome by your Bounty, that I find I cannot, but muſt ſurrender myſelf wholly to be diſpoſed by you.

*Piſ.* Why, that is heartily and kindly ſpoken, and I as heartily thank you; and, being you have abandoned yourſelf to my Conduct, we will only call and drink a Glaſs on Horſeback at the *Talbot*, and away.

*Via.* I attend you. But what pretty River is this that runs under this Stone-bridge; has it a Name?

*Piſ.* Yes, 'tis called *Hemmere*, and has in it both *Trout* and *Grayling*; but you will meet with one or two better anon: And ſo ſoon as we are paſt the Town, I will endeavour, by ſuch Diſcourſe as beſt likes you to paſs away the Time, till you come to your ill Quarters.

*Via.* We can talk of nothing, with which I ſhall be more delighted, than of Rivers and angling.

*Piſ.* Let thoſe be the Subjects then. But you are now come to the *Talbot*; what will you drink, Ale or Wine?

*Via.* Nay, I am for the Country Liquor; *Derbyſhire* Ale, if you pleaſe; for a Man would not come from *London* to drink Wine in the *Peak*.

*Piſ.* You are in the right; and yet, let me tell you, you may drink worſe *French* Wine in many Taverns in *London*, than they have ſometimes at this Houſe. What, hoe! bring us a Flaggon of your beſt Ale. And now, Sir, my Service to you. A good Health to the honeſt Gentleman you know of; and you are welcome into the *Peak*.

*Via.*

*Via.* I thank you, Sir, and present you my Service again, and to all the honest Brothers of the Angle.

*Pis.* I will pledge you, Sir, — So, there's for your Ale, and farewel. Come, Sir, let us be going, the Sun grows low, and I would have you look about you as you ride, for you will see an odd Country, and Sights that will seem strange to you.

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## CHAP. II.

### *The Journey concluded.*

*Pis.* SO, Sir, now we are got to the Top of the Hill, out of Town, look about you, and tell me how you like the Country.

*Via.* Bless me, what Mountains are here! Are we not in *Wales?*

*Pis.* No, but in almost as mountainous a Country; and yet these Hills, though high, bleak, and craggy, breed and feed good Beef and Mutton above Ground, and afford good Store of Lead within.

*Via.* They had need of all those Commodities to make Amends for the ill Landskip; but, I hope, our Way does not lie over any of these, for I dread a Precipice?

*Pis.* Believe me, but it does, and down one especially that will appear a little terrible to a Stranger, though the Way is passable enough, so passable, that we, who are Natives of these Mountains, and acquainted with them, disdain to alight.

*Via.* I hope though, that a Foreigner is privileged to use his own Discretion, and that I may

have

have the Liberty to entruſt my Neck to the Fidelity of my own Feet, rather than to thoſe of my Horſe, for I have no more at Home.

*Piſ.* It were hard elſe. But, in the mean time, I think it were beſt, while this Way is pretty even, to mend our Pace, that we may be paſt that Hill I ſpeak of; to the End, your Apprehenſion may not be doubled for want of Light to diſcern the Eaſineſs of the Deſcent.

*Via.* I am willing to put forward as faſt as my Beaſt will give me Leave, though I fear nothing in your Company. But what pretty River is this we are going into?

*Piſ.* Why this, Sir, is called *Bently-Brook*, and is full of very good *Trout* and *Grayling*, but ſo incumbered with Wood in many Places, as is troubleſome to an Angler.

*Via.* Here are the pretticſt Rivers, and the moſt of them in this Country, that ever I ſaw. Do you know how many you have in the Country?

*Piſ.* I know them all, and they were not hard to reckon, were it worth the Trouble; but the moſt conſiderable of them I will preſently name you. And to begin where we now are (for you muſt know we are upon the very Skirts of *Derbyſhire*) we have firſt the River *Dove*, that we ſhall come to by and by, which divides the two Counties of *Derby* and *Stafford* for many Miles together, and is ſo called from the Swiftneſs of its Current, and that Swiftneſs occaſioned by the Declivity of its Courſe, and by being ſo ſtraitned in that Courſe betwixt the Rocks, by which, and thoſe very high ones, it is here about, for four or five Miles, confined into a very narrow Stream, a River that, from a contemptible Fountain, which I can cover with my Hat, by the Confluence of other

Rivers,

Rivers, Rivulets, Brooks, and Rills, is ſwelled (before it falls into *Trent*, a little below *Egginton*, where it loſes the Name) to ſuch a Breadth and Depth, as to be in moſt Places navigable, were not the Paſſage frequently interrupted with Fords and Weirs, and has as fertile Banks as any River in *England*, none excepted; and this River, from its Head, for a Mile or two, is a black Water (as all the reſt of the *Derbyſhire* Rivers of note originally are, for they all ſpring from the Moſſes) but is in a few Miles travel, ſo clarified by the Addition of ſeveral clear and very great Springs, bigger than itſelf, which guſh out of the Lime-ſtone Rocks, that before it comes to my Houſe, which is but ſix or ſeven Miles from its Source, you will find it one of the pureſt chryſtaline Streams you have ſeen.

*Via.* Does *Trent* ſpring in theſe Parts?

*Piſ.* Yes, in theſe Parts, not in this County, but ſomewhere towards the upper End of *Staffordſhire*, I think not far from a Place called *Trentham*, and thence runs down not far from *Stafford* to *Wolſly-Bridge*, and waſhing the Skirts and Purleus of the Foreſt of *Needwood* runs down to *Burton*, in the ſame County; thence it comes into *this* where we now are, and running by *Swarkſton* and *Dunnington*, receives *Derwent* at *Wildon*, and ſo to *Nottingham*; thence to *Newark*, and by *Gainſborough*, to *Kingſton upon Hull*, where it takes the Name of *Humber*, and thence falls into the Sea; but that the Map will beſt inform you.

*Via.* Know you whence this River *Trent* derives its Name?

*Piſ.* No, indeed, and yet I have heard it often diſcourſed upon, when ſome have given its Denomination from the fore-named *Trentham*; though that

ſeems

seems rather a Derivative from *it*. Others have said, it is so called from thirty Rivers that fall into it, and there lose their Names; which cannot be neither, because it carries that Name from its very Fountain, before any other Rivers join it. Others derive it from thirty several Sorts of Fish that breed there; and that is the most likely Derivation; but, be how it will, it is doubtless one of the finest Rivers in the World, and the most abounding with excellent *Salmon*, and all Sorts of delicate Fish.

*Via.* Pardon me, Sir, for tempting you into this Digression, and then proceed to your other Rivers, for I am mightily delighted with this Discourse.

*Pis.* It was no Interruption, but a very seasonable Question, for *Trent* is not only one of our *Derbyshire* Rivers, but the chief of them, and into which all the rest pay the Tribute of their Names; which I had perhaps forgot to insist upon, being got to the other End of the County, had you not awoke my Memory: I will now proceed; and the next River of Note (for I will take them as they lie Eastward from us) is the River *Wye*, I say of Note, for we have two lesser betwixt us and it; namely, *Lathkin* and *Bradford*, of which, *Lathkin* is by many Degrees the purest and most transparent Stream that I ever yet saw, either at Home or Abroad, and breeds, it is said, the reddest and best *Trouts* in *England*; but neither of these are to be reputed Rivers, being no better than great Springs: The River *Wye* then has its Source near unto *Buxton*, a Town about ten Miles from hence, famous for a warm Bath, and which you are to ride through in your Way to *Manchester*, a black Water too at the Fountain, but by the same Reason with *Dove*, becomes very soon a most clear River, and breeds admirable

admirable *Trout* and *Grayling*, reputed by thoſe, who by living upon its Banks are partial to it, the beſt of any; and this running down by *Aſhford*, *Bakwell*, and *Haddon*, at a Town, a little lower, called *Rowſly*, falls into *Derwent*, and there loſes its Name. The next in order is *Derwent*, a black Water too, and that not only from its Fountain, but quite through its Progreſs, not having theſe cryſtal Springs to waſh and cleanſe it which the two fore-mentioned have, but abounds with *Trout* and *Grayling*, ſuch as they are, towards its Source, and with *Salmon* below; and this River, from the upper and utmoſt Part of this County where it ſprings, taking its Courſe by *Chatſworth*, *Darly*, *Matlock*, *Derby*, *Burrow-Aſh*, and *Awberſon*, falls into *Trent*, at a Place called *Wildon*, and there loſes its Name. The Eaſt Side of this County of *Derby* is bounded by little inconſiderable Rivers, as *Awber*, *Eroways*, and the like, ſcarce worth naming, but *Trouty* too, and further we are not to inquire. But, Sir, I have carried you, as a Man may ſay, by Water, till we are now come to the Deſcent of the formidable Hill I told you of; at the Foot of which runs the River *Dove*, which I cannot but love above all the reſt, and therefore prepare yourſelf to be a little frighted.

*Via.* Sir, I ſee you would fortify me, that I ſhould not ſhame myſelf; but I dare follow where you pleaſe to lead me; and I ſee no Danger yet; for the Deſcent methinks is thus far green, even, and eaſy.

*Pif.* You will like it worſe preſently, when you come to the Brow of the Hill; and now we are here, what think you?

*Via.* What do I think? Why I think it the ſtrangeſt Place that ever ſure Men and Horſes went

down,

down, and that (if there be any Safety at all) the safeſt Way is to alight.

*Pif.* I think ſo too for you, who are mounted upon a Beaſt not acquainted with theſe ſlippery Stones; and, though I frequently ride down, I will alight too, to bear you Company, and to lead you the Way; and, if you pleaſe, my Man ſhall lead your Horſe.

*Via.* Marry, Sir, and thank you too; for, I am afraid, I ſhall have enough to do to look to myſelf; and, with my Horſe in my Hand, ſhould be in a double Fear, both of breaking my Neck, and my Horſes falling on me, for it is as ſteep as a Penthouſe.

*Pif.* To look down from hence it appears ſo, I confeſs, but the Path winds and turns, and will not be found ſo troubleſome.

*Via.* Would I were well down though. Hoiſt thee! there is one fair Eſcape! Theſe Stones are ſo ſlippery, I cannot ſtand. Yet again! I think I were beſt lay my Heels in my Neck, and tumble down.

*Pif.* If you think your Heels will defend your Neck, that is the way to be ſoon at the Bottom; but, give me your Hand at this broad Stone, and then the worſt is paſs.

*Via.* I thank you, Sir, I am now paſt it, I can go myſelf. What's here! the Sign of a Bridge? Do you uſe to travel with Wheelbarrows in this Country?

*Pif.* Not that ever I ſaw, Sir. Why do you ask that Queſtion?

*Via.* Becauſe this Bridge was made for nothing elſe: Why, a Mouſe can hardly go over it; 'tis not two Fingers broad.

*Pif.*

*Pif.* You are pleaſant, and I am glad to ſee you ſo; but I have rid over the Bridge many a dark Night.

*Via.* Why, according to the *French* Proverb, and it is a good one, among a great many of worſe Senſe and Sound that Language abounds in, "Ce "que Diu garde, eſt bien gardé." *They whom God takes Care of, are in ſafe Protection.* But, let me tell you, I would not ride over it for a thouſand Pound, nor fall off it for two, and yet I think I dare venture on Foot; though, if you were not by to laugh at me, I ſhould do it on all Four.

*Pif.* Well, Sir, your Mirth becomes you, and I am glad to ſee you ſafe over; and now you are welcome into *Staffordſhire.*

*Via.* How, *Staffordſhire!* What do I there trow! there is not a Word of *Staffordſhire* in all my Direction.

*Pif.* You ſee you are betrayed into it; but it ſhall be in order to ſomething that will make Amends, and it is but a little Mile or two out of your Way.

*Via.* I believe all things, Sir, and doubt nothing. Is this your beloved River *Dove?* 'Tis clear and ſwift indeed, but a very little one.

*Pif.* You ſee it here at the worſt; we ſhall come to it anon again, after two Miles riding, and ſo near as to lie upon the very Banks.

*Via.* Would we were there once; but I hope we have no more of theſe *Alps* to paſs over.

*Pif.* No, no, Sir, only this Aſcent before you, which you ſee is not very uneaſy, and then you will no more quarrel with your Way.

*Via.* Well! if ever I come to *London* (of which any a Man there, if he were in my Place, would make a Queſtion) I will ſit down and write my Travels, and, like *Tom Coriate*, print them at my own

own Charge. Pray, what do you call this Hill we come down?

*Pif.* We call it *Hanſon-Toot.*

*Via.* Why, farewel, *Hanſon-Toot*, I will no more on thee; I will go twenty Miles about firſt. Puh! I ſweat, that my Shirt ſticks to my Back.

*Pif.* Come, Sir, now we are up the Hill, and now, how do you?

*Via.* Why, very well, I humbly thank you. Sir, and warm enough, I aſſure you. What have we here, a Church? As I am an honeſt Man, a very pretty Church! Have you Churches in this Country, Sir?

*Pif.* You ſee we have: But, had you ſeen none, why ſhould you make that Doubt, Sir?

*Via.* Why, if you will not be angry, I will tell you. I thought myſelf a Stage or two beyond *Chriſtendom.*

*Pif.* Come, we will reconcile you to our Country before we part with you, if ſhewing you good Sport with angling will do it.

*Via.* My Reſpect to you, and that together, may do much, Sir; otherwiſe, to be plain with you, do not find myſelf much inclined that way.

*Pif.* Well, Sir, your Raillery upon our Mountains, has brought us almoſt home; and look where the ſame River of *Dove* has again met us to bid you welcome, and to invite you to a Diſh of *Trouts* To-morrow.

*Via.* Is this the ſame we ſaw at the Foot o *Penmen-Maure?* It is a much finer River here.

*Pif.* It will appear yet much finer To-morrow But look you, Sir, here appears the Houſe that i now like to be your Inn, for want of a better.

*Via.* It appears on a ſudden, but not before i was looked for: It ſtands prettily, and here

We

Wood about it too, but so young, as seems to be of your own planting.

*Pis.* It is so; will it please you to alight, Sir? And now permit me, after all your Pains and Dangers, to take you in my Arms, and assure you, that you are infinitely welcome.

*Via.* I thank you, Sir, and am glad, with all my Heart, I am here; for, in downright Truth, I am exceeding weary.

*Pis.* You will sleep so much the better; you shall presently have a light Supper, and to Bed. Come, Sirs, lay the Cloth, and bring what you have presently, and let the Gentleman's Bed be made ready, in the mean time, in my Father *Walton*'s Chamber. And now, Sir, here is my Service to you, and once more welcome.

*Via.* Ay marry, Sir, this Glass of good Sack has refreshed me, and I will make as bold with your Meat, for the Trot has got me a good Stomach.

*Pis.* Come, Sir, fall too then; you see my little Supper is always ready when I come Home, and I will make no Stranger of you.

*Via.* That your Meal is so soon ready, is a Sign your Servants know your certain Hours, Sir; I confess, I did not expect it so soon; but, now it is here, you shall see I will make myself no Stranger.

*Pis.* Much good do your Heart, and I thank you for that friendly Word; and now, Sir, my Service to you in a Cup of *Mordland*'s Ale, for you are now in the *Mordlands*, but within a Spit and a Stride of the *Peak*. Fill my Friend his Glass.

*Via.* Believe me, you have good Ale in the *Mordlands*, far better than that at *Ashborn*,

*Pif.* That it may ſoon be, for *Aſtbern* has (which is a Kind of Riddle) always in it the beſt Malt, and the worſt Ale in *England*. Come, take away, and bring us ſome Pipes, and a Bottle of Ale, and go to your own Suppers. Are you for this Diet, Sir?

*Via.* Yes, Sir, I am for one Pipe of Tobacco, and I perceive your's is very good by the Smell.

*Pif.* The beſt I can get in *London*, I aſſure you. But, Sir, now you have thus far complied with my Deſigns, as to take a troubleſome Journey into an ill Country, only to ſatisfy me; how long may I hope to enjoy you?

*Via.* Why truly, Sir, as long as I conveniently can; and longer, I think, you would not have me.

*Pif.* Not to your Inconvenience, by any Means, Sir. But I ſee you are weary, and therefore I will preſently wait on you to your Chamber; where take Council of your Pillow, and To-morrow reſolve me. Here, take the Lights, and pray follow them, Sir. Here you are like to lie: And now I have ſhewed you your Lodging, I beſeech you to command any thing you want, and ſo I wiſh you a good Reſt.

*Via.* Good Night, Sir.

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## CHAP. III.

### *The Morning's Recreation, and the Deſcription of the Fiſhing-Houſe.*

*Pif.* GOOD Morrow, Sir; what! up and dreſſed ſo early?

*Via.* Yes, Sir, I have been dreſſed this half Hour, for I reſted ſo well, and have ſo great a Mind

Mind either to take or see a *Trout* taken in your fine River, that I could no longer lie a Bed.

*Pis.* I am glad to see you so brisk this Morning, and so eager of Sport; though, I must tell you, this Day proves so calm, and the Sun rises so bright, as promises no great Success to the Angler; but, however, we will try, and, one way or other, we shall sure do something. What will you have to your Breakfast? or what will you drink this Morning?

*Via.* For Breakfast, I never eat any; and, for Drink, am very indifferent; but, if you please to call for a Glass of Ale, I am for you; and let it be quickly, if you please, for I long to see the little Fishing-house you spoke of, and to be at my Lesson.

*Pis.* Well, Sir, you see the Ale is come without calling for; for though I do not know your's, my People know my Diet, which is always one Glass as soon as I am dressed, and no more till Dinner; and so my Servants have served you.

*Via.* My Thanks; and now, if you please, let us look out this fine Morning.

*Pis.* With all my Heart: Boy, take the Key of my Fishing-house, and carry down these two Angle-rods in the Hall Window thither, with my Fish-pannier, Pouch, and Landing-net, and stay you there till we come. Come, Sir, we will walk after; where, by the Way, I expect you should raise all the Exceptions against our Country you can.

*Via.* Nay, Sir, do not think me so ill-natur'd, nor so uncivil. I only made a little bold with it last Night to divert you, and was only in jest.

*Pis.* You were then in as good Earnest as I am now with you; but, had you been really angry at it, I could not blame you; for, to say the Truth, it is not very taking at first Sight. But look you,

ſir, now you are Abroad, does not the Sun ſhine as bright here, as in *Eſſex*, *Middleſex*, or *Kent*, or any of your Southern Counties?

*Vin.* 'Tis a delicate Morning, indeed; and I now think this a marvellous pretty Place.

*Pif.* Whether you think ſo or no, you cannot oblige me more, than to ſay ſo; and thoſe of my Friends, who know my Humour, and are ſo kind as to comply with it, uſually flatter me that Way. But look you, Sir, now you are at the Brink of the Hill, how do you like my River? The Vale it winds through like a Snake? And the Situation of my little Fiſhing-houſe?

*Vin.* 'Truſt me, 'tis all very fine, and the Houſe ſeems, at this Diſtance, a neat Building.

*Pif.* Good enough for that Purpoſe; and here is a Bowling-green too, cloſe by it; ſo, though I am myſelf no very good Bowler, I am not totally devoted to my own Pleaſure, but that I have alſo ſome Regard to other Men's. And now, Sir, you are come to the Door, pray walk in, and there we will ſit and talk as long as you pleaſe.

*Vin.* Stay, what is here over the Door? PISCATORIBUS SACRUM *. Why then, I perceive, I have ſome Title here, for I am one of them, though one of the worſt; and here, below it, is the Cypher too you ſpoke of. 'Tis prettily contrived. Has my Maſter *Walton* ever been here to ſee it, for it ſeems new built?

*Pif.* Yes, he ſaw it cut in the Stone before it was ſet up, but never in the Poſture it now ſtands, for the Houſe was but building when he was laſt here,

* DEVOTED TO ANGLERS.

There is under this Motto the Cypher of [illegible] Pearce, and the Part of the Fiſhing-houſe, he [illegible]: but the Mountains of the River, Mountains, and Meadows about it, cannot; unleſs Sir *Philip Sidney*, or Mr. Cotton's Father, were again alive to do it.

*W Burgh Sculpsit.*

here, and not raiſed ſo high as the Arch of the Door, and, I am afraid, he will not ſee it yet; for he has lately writ me Word, he doubts his coming down this Summer; which, I do aſſure you, was the worſt News he could poſſibly have ſent me.

*Via.* Men muſt ſometimes mind their Affairs to make more room for their Pleaſures; and 'tis odds, he is as much diſpleaſed with the Buſineſs that keeps him from you, as you are that he comes not. But I am the moſt pleaſed with this little Houſe, of any thing I ever ſaw; it ſtands in a kind of Peninſula too, with a delicate clear River about it. I dare hardly go in, leaſt I ſhould not like it ſo well within as without; but, by your Leave, I will try. Why, this is better and better, fine Lights, finely wainſcoted, and exceeding neat, with a Marble-table, and all in the Middle!

*Pif.* Enough, Sir, enough, I have laid open to you the Part were I can worſt defend myſelf; and now you attack me there. Come, Boy, ſet two Chairs; and, whilſt I am taking a Pipe of Tobacco, which is always my Breakfaſt, we will, if you pleaſe, talk of ſome other Subject.

*Via.* None fitter then, Sir, for the Time and Place, than thoſe Inſtructions you promiſed.

*Pif.* I begin to doubt, by ſomething I diſcover in you, whether I am able to inſtruct you or no, though, if you are really a Stranger to our clear Northern Rivers, I ſtill think I can; and, therefore, ſince it is yet too early in the Morning, at this Time of the Year, to Day being but the ſeventh Day of *March*, to caſt a Fly upon the Water, if you will but direct me what Kind of fiſhing for a *Trout* I ſhall read you a Lecture on, I am willing and ready to obey you.

*Via.* Why, Sir, if you will ſo far oblige me, and that it may not be too troubleſome to you, I would intreat you would run through the whole Body of it; and I will not conceal from you, that I am ſo far in Love with you, your Courteſy, and pretty *Moreland* Seat, as to reſolve to ſtay with you long enough, by Intervals (for I will not oppreſs you) to hear all you can ſay on that Subject.

*Pif.* You cannot oblige me more than by ſuch a Promiſe; and therefore, without more Ceremony, I will begin to tell you, that my Father *Walton* having read to you before, it would look like a Preſumption in me, and peradventure, would do ſo in any other Man, to pretend to give Leſſons for angling after him, who, I do really believe, underſtands as much of it, at leaſt as any Man in *England*, did I not pre-acquaint you, that I am not tempted to it by any vain Opinion of myſelf, that I am able to give you better Directions; but having, from my Childhood, purſued the Recreation of angling in very clear Rivers, truly I think by much, ſome of them at leaſt, the cleareſt in this Kingdom, and the manner of angling here with us, by Reaſon of that exceeding Clearneſs, being ſomewhat different from the Method commonly uſed in others, which, by being not near ſo bright, admit of ſtronger Tackle, and allow a nearer Approach to the Stream: I may, peradventure, give you ſome Inſtructions that may be of uſe even in your own Rivers, and ſhall bring you acquainted with more Flies, and ſhew you how to make them, and with what Dubbing too, than he has taken Notice of in his *Compleat Angler*.

*Via.* I beſeech you, Sir, do; and, if you will lend me your Steel, I will light a Pipe the while, for that is commonly my Breakfaſt in a Morning too.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

### *Containing the various Methods of* Trout *and* Grayling *fishing.*

*Pis.* WHY then, Sir, to begin methodically, as a Master in any Art should do (and I will not deny, but that I think myself a Master in this) I shall divide angling for *Trout* or *Grayling* into these three Ways; at the *Top*, at the *Bottom*, and in the *Middle*. Which three Ways though they are all of them (as I shall hereafter endeavour to make it appear) in some Sort common to both those Kinds of Fish, yet are they not so generally and absolutely so, but that they will necessarily require a Distinction, which, in due Place, I will also give you. That which we call angling at the *Top*, is with a *Fly*; at the *Bottom*, with a *Ground-bait*; in the Middle, with a *Minnow*, or *Ground-bait*. Angling at the Top is of two Sorts, with a *Quick-fly*, or with an *Artificial-fly*: That we call angling at the Bottom is also of two Sorts; *by Hand*, or with a *Cork* or *Float*: That we call angling in the Middle is also of two Sorts, with a Minnow for a *Trout*, or with a Ground-bait for a *Grayling*. Of all which several Sorts of Angling, I will, if you can have Patience to hear me, give you the best Account I can.

*Via.* The Trouble will be your's, and mine the Pleasure, and the Obligation. I beseech you therefore to proceed.

*Pis.* Why then, first of Fly-fishing.

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## CHAP. V.

### *Of* Fly-fishing.

*Pis.* FLy-fishing, or fishing at the Top, is, as I said before, of two Sorts, with a natural and *living*, or with an artificial and *made Fly*.

First then of the natural Fly, of which we generally use but two Sorts, and those but in the two Months of *May* and *June* only; namely, the *Green-drake*, and the *Stone-fly*; though I have made use of a third that Way, called the *Caudlat-fly*, with very good Success, for *Grayling*, but never saw it angled with by any other after this Manner, my Master only excepted, who did many Years ago, and was one of the best Anglers that ever I knew.

These are to be angled with with a short Line, not much more than half the Length of your Rod, if the Air be still; or with a longer, very near or all out as long as your Rod, if you have any Wind to carry it from you. And this Way of fishing we call Dapping, Dabbing, or Dibbling, wherein you are always to have your Line flying before you, up or down the River, as the Wind serves, and to angle as near as you can to the Bank of the same Side whereon you stand; though, where you see a Fish rise near you, you may guide your quick Fly over him, whether in the Middle, or on the contrary Side; and, if you are pretty well out of Sight, either by kneeling, or the Interposition of a Bank or Bush, you may almost be sure to raise, and take him too, if it be presently done; the Fish will otherwise peradventure be removed to some other Place, if it be in the still Deeps, where he is always in Motion, and roving up and down to look for Prey; though in a Stream you may always almost, especially if there be a good Stone near, find him in the same Place. Your Line ought, in this Case, to be three good Hairs next the Hook, both by Reason you are, in this Kind of angling, to expect the biggest Fish, and also, that, wanting Length to give him Line after

he

he is ſtruck, you muſt be forced to tug for it; to which I will alſo add, that not an Inch of your Line being to be ſuffered to touch the Water in dibbling, it may be allowed to be the ſtronger. I ſhall now give you a Deſcription of thoſe Flies, their Shape and Colour, and then give you an Account of their Breeding, and withal, ſhew you how to make and uſe them; but ſhall defer that to their proper Place and Seaſon.

*Via.* In earneſt, Sir, you Diſcourſe very rationally of this Affair; and, I am glad to find myſelf miſtaken in you; for, in plain Truth, I did not expect ſo much from you.

*Pif.* Nay, Sir, I can tell you a great deal more than this, and will conceal nothing from you. But I muſt now come to the ſecond Way of angling at the Top, which is with an artificial Fly, which alſo I will ſhew you how to make before I have done; but firſt ſhall acquaint you, that, with this, you are to angle with a Line longer by a Yard and an half, or ſometimes two Yards, than your Rod, and with both this, and the other, in a ſtill Day, in the Streams, in a Breeze that curls the Water in the ſtill Deeps, where (excepting in *May* and *June*, that the beſt *Trouts* will lie in ſhallow Streams to watch for Prey, and even then too) you are like to hit the beſt Fiſh.

For the Length of your Rod, you are always to be governed by the Breadth of the River you ſhall chuſe to angle at; and, for a *Trout* River, one of five or ſix Yards long is commonly enough, and longer (though never ſo neatly or artificially made) it ought not to be, if you intend to fiſh at eaſe; and, if otherwiſe, where lies the Sport?

Of theſe, the beſt that ever I ſaw are made in *Yorkſhire*, which are all of one Piece; that is to

ſay,

ſay, of ſeveral, ſix, eight, ten or twelve Pieces, ſo neatly pieced and tied together with fine Thread below, and Silk above, as to make it taper, like a Switch, and to ply with a true Bent to your Hand; and theſe are light too, being made of Fir-wood, for two or three Lengths, neareſt to the Hand, and other Wood nearer to the Top, that a Man might very eaſily manage the longeſt of them, that ever I ſaw, with one Hand; and theſe, when you have given over angling for a Seaſon, being taken to Pieces, and laid up in ſome dry Place, may afterwards be ſet together again in their former Poſture, and will be as ſtrait, ſound, and good, as the firſt Hour they were made; and, being laid in Oil and Colour, according to your Maſter *Walton*'s Directions*, will laſt many Years.

The Length of your Line, to a Man that knows how to handle his Rod, and to caſt it, is no manner of Incumbrance, except in woody Places, and in landing of a Fiſh, which every one that can afford to angle for Pleaſure has ſomebody to do for him; and the Length of Line is a mighty Advantage to the fiſhing at Diſtance; and to fiſh *fine*, and *far off*, is the firſt and principal Rule for *Trout* angling.

Your Line, in this Caſe, ſhould never be leſs, nor exceed *two* Hairs next to the Hook, for *one* (though ſome I know will pretend to more Art than their Fellows) is indeed too few, the leaſt Accident with the fineſt Hand, being ſufficient to break it: But he that cannot kill a *Trout* of twenty Inches long with two, in a River clear of Wood and Weeds, as this and ſome others of ours are, deſerves not the Name of an Angler. Now, to have your whole Line as it ought to be, two of the firſt Lengths neareſt the Hook, ſhould be of

two,

* Page 194.

two Hairs a-piece, the next three Lengths above them of three, and the next three above them of four, and so of five, and six, and seven, to the very Top; by which Means your Rod and Tackle will in a manner be taper from your very Hand to your Hook, your Line will fall much better and straiter, and cast your Fly to any certain Place to which the Hand and Eye shall direct it, with less Weight and Violence, that would otherwise circle the Water, and fright away the Fish.

In casting your Line, do it always before you, and so that your Fly may first fall upon the Water, and as little of your Line with it as is possible; though, if the Wind be stiff, you will then of Necessity be compelled to drown a good Part of your Line to keep your Fly in the Water; and, in casting your Fly, you must aim at the further or nearer Bank, as the Wind serves your Turn, which also will be with and against you, on the same Side, several Times in an Hour, as the River winds its Course, and you will be forced to angle up and down by Turns accordingly; but are to endeavour, as much as you can, to have the Wind evermore on your Back, and always be sure to stand as far off the Bank as your Length will give you leave, when you throw to the contrary Side; though, when the Wind will not permit you so to do, and that you are constrained to angle on the same Side whereon you stand, you must then stand on the very Brink of the River, and cast your Fly at the utmost Length of your Rod and Line, up or down the River, as the Gale serves.

It only remains touching your Line, to enquire whether your two Hairs next to the Hook are better twisted, or open? And for that, I should declare, that I think the open Way the better, because it makes the less shew in the Water; but

that

that I have found an Inconvenience or two, or three, that have made me almoſt weary of that Way; of which one is, that, without Diſpute, they are not ſo ſtrong twiſted as open; another, that they are not eaſily to be faſtened of ſo exact and equal Length in the arming, that the one will not cauſe the other to bag, by which Means, a Man has but one Hair upon the Matter to truſt to; and the laſt is, that theſe looſe flying Hairs are not only more apt to catch upon every Twig or Bent they meet with, but moreover the Hook, in falling upon the Water, will very often rebound, and fly back betwixt the Hairs, and there ſtick (which, in a rough Water eſpecially, is not preſently to be diſcerned by the Angler) ſo as the Point of the Hook ſhall ſtand reverſe; by which Means, your Fly ſwims backwards, makes a much greater Circle in the Water, and, till taken home to you, and ſet right, will never raiſe any Fiſh; or, if it ſhould, I am ſure, but by a very extraordinary Chance, can hit none.

Having done with both theſe Ways of fiſhing at the Top, the Length of your Rod and Line and all, I am next to teach you how to make a Fly; and afterwards, of what Dubbing you are to make the ſeveral Flies, I ſhall hereafter name to you.

In making a Fly then (which is not a *Hackle* or *Palmer-fly*, for of thoſe, and their ſeveral Kinds, we ſhall have Occaſion to ſpeak every Month in the Year) you are firſt to hold your Hook faſt betwixt your Fore-finger and Thumb of your Left-hand, with the Back of the Shank upwards, and the Point towards your Fingers End; then take a ſtrong ſmall Silk, of the Colour of the Fly you intend to make, wax it well with Wax of the ſame Colour too (to which End, you are always,

by

by the Way, to have Wax of all Colours about you) and draw it betwixt your Finger and Thumb to the Head of the Shank, and then whip it twice or thrice about the bare Hook, which, you muſt know, is done, both to prevent ſlipping, and alſo that the Shank of the Hook may not cut the Hairs of your *Tought*, which ſometimes it will otherwiſe do. Which being done, take your Line, and draw it likewiſe betwixt your Finger and Thumb, holding the Hook ſo faſt as only to ſuffer it to paſs by, until you have the Knot of your *Tought* almoſt to the Middle of the Shank of your Hook on the Inſide of it, then whip your Silk twice or thrice about both Hook and Line, as hard as the Strength of the Silk will permit; which being done, ſtrip the Feathers for the Wings proportionable to the Bigneſs of your Fly, placing that Side downwards which grew uppermoſt before, upon the Back of the Hook, leaving ſo much only as to ſerve for the Length of the Wing of the Point of the Plume, lying reverſed from the End of the Shank upwards, then whip your Silk twice or thrice about the Root-end of the Feather, Hook, and *Tought*; which being done, clip off the Root-end of the Feather cloſe by the Arming, and whip the Silk faſt and firm about the Hook and *Tought* till you come to the Bend of the Hook, but not further, as you do at *London* (and ſo make a very unhandſome, and, in plain *Engliſh*, a very unnatural and ſhapeleſs Fly) which being done, cut away the End of your *Tought*, and faſten it: Then take your *Dubbing*, which is to make the Body of your Fly, as much as you think convenient, and holding it lightly with your Hook betwixt the Finger and Thumb of your Left Hand, take your Silk with the Right, and twiſting it betwixt the Finger and the Thumb

of

of that Hand, the Dubbing will ſpin itſelf about the Silk; which, when it has done, whip it about the armed Hook backwards, till you come to the ſetting on of the Wings, and then take the Feather for the Wings, and divide it equally into two Parts, and turn them back towards the Bend of the Hook, the one on the one Side, and the other on the other of the Shank, holding them faſt in that Poſture betwixt your Fore-finger and Thumb of your Left Hand; which done, warp them ſo down, as to ſtand and ſlope towards the Bend of the Hook; and, having warpt up to the End of the Shank, hold the Fly faſt betwixt the Finger and Thumb of the Left Hand, and then take the Silk betwixt the Finger and Thumb of your Right Hand, and, where the Warping ends, pinch or nip it with your Thumb Nail againſt your Finger, and ſtrip away the Remainder of your Dubbing from the Silk, and then, with the bare Silk, whip it once or twice about, make the Wings to ſtand in due Order, faſten, and cut it off; after which, with the Point of a Needle, raiſe up the Dubbing gently from the Warp, twitch off the ſuperfluous Hairs of your Dubbing, leaving the Wings of an equal Length (your Fly will never elſe ſwim true) and the Work is done. And this Way of making a Fly, which is certainly the beſt of all other, was taught me by a Kinſman of mine, one Captain *Henry Jackſon*, a near Neighbour, an admirable Fly-angler, by many Degrees the beſt Fly-maker that ever I yet met with. And now that I have told you how a Fly is to be made, you ſhall preſently ſee me make one; with which you may peradventure take a *Trout* this Morning, notwithſtanding the Unlikelineſs of the Day, for it is now nine of the Clock, and Fiſh will begin to riſe, if they will riſe to Day. I will walk along by you, and

look

look on, and after Dinner I will proceed in my Lecture of Fly-fishing.

*Via.* I confess, I long to be at the River, and yet I could sit here all Day to hear you; but some of the one, and some of the other, will do well, and I have a mighty Ambition to take a *Trout* in your River *Dove*.

*Pis.* I warrant you shall; I would not, for more than I will speak of, but you should, seeing I have so extolled my River to you; nay, I will keep you here a Month, but you shall have one good Day of Sport before you go.

*Via.* You will find me, I doubt, too tractable that Way; for, in good Earnest, if Business would give me Leave, and that if it were fit, I could find in my Heart to stay with you for ever.

*Pis.* I thank you, Sir, for that kind Expression, and now let me look out my Things to make this Fly.

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## CHAP. VI.

### *The Way of making a Fly, with some Trials of Sport.*

*Pis.* BOY, come, give me my Dubbing-bag here presently; and now, Sir, since I find you so honest a Man, I will make no Scruple to lay open my Treasure before you.

*Via.* Did every one see the like! what a Heap of Trumpery is here! certainly, never an Angler in *Europe*, has his Shop half so well furnished as you have.

*Pis.* You, perhaps, may think now, that I rake together this Trumpery, as you call it, for Shew only; to the End, that such as see it (which are not many I assure you) may think me a great Master in

in the Art of angling; but, let me tell you, here are ſome Colours, as contemptible as they ſeem here, that are very hard to be got, and ſcarce any one of them, which, if it ſhould be loſt, I ſhould not miſs, and be concerned about the Loſs of it too, once in the Year; but look you, Sir, amongſt all theſe, I will chuſe out theſe two Colours only; of which, this is Bear's Hair; this darker, no great Matter what; but, I am ſure, I have killed a great deal of Fiſh with it, and, with one or both of theſe, you ſhall take a *Trout* or *Grayling* this very Day, notwithſtanding all Diſadvantages, or my Art ſhall fail me.

*Via.* You promiſe comfortably, and I have a great deal of Reaſon to believe every thing you ſay; but I wiſh the Fly was made, that we were at it.

*Piſ.* That will not be long a doing; and pray obſerve then: You ſee firſt how I hold my Hook, and thus I begin; look you, here are my firſt two or three Whips about the bare Hook; thus I join Hock and Line; thus I put on my Wings; thus I twirl and lap on my Dubbing; thus I work it up towards the Head; thus I part my Wings; thus I nip my ſuperfluous Dubbing from my Silk; thus faſten, thus trim and adjuſt my Fly, and there is a Fly made: And now, how do you like it?

*Via.* In earneſt, admirably well! and it perfectly reſembles a Fly; but we, about *London*, make the Bodies of our Flies both much bigger and longer, ſo long, as even almoſt to the very Beard of the Hook.

*Piſ.* I know it very well, and had one of thoſe Flies given me by an honeſt Gentleman who came with my Father *Walton* to give me a Viſit, which, to tell you the Truth, I hung in my Parlour Window

to

to laugh at; but, Sir, you know the Proverb, *They who go to* Rome, *muſt do as they at* Rome *do*; and believe me, you muſt here make your Flies after this Faſhion, or you will take no Fiſh. Come, I will look you out a Line, and you ſhall put it on and try it. There, Sir, now I think you are fitted, and now, beyond the farther End of the Walk, you ſhall begin; I ſee, at that Bend of the Water above, the Air criſps the Water a little, knit your Line firſt here, and then go up thither, and ſee what you can do.

*Via.* Did you ſee that, Sir?

*Pif.* Yes, I ſaw the Fiſh, and he ſaw you too, which made him turn ſhort; you muſt fiſh further off, if you intend to have any Sport here; this is no *New River*, let me tell you. That was a good *Trout*, believe me; did you touch him?

*Via.* No, I would I had, we would not have parted ſo. Look you! there was another; this is an excellent Fly.

*Pif.* That Fly, I am ſure, would kill Fiſh if the Day were right; but they only chew at it I ſee, and will not take it. Come, Sir, let us return back to the Fiſhing-houſe, this ſtill Water, I ſee, will not do our Buſineſs to Day: You ſhall now, if you pleaſe, make a Fly yourſelf, and try what you can do in the Streams with that; and I know a *Trout*, taken with a Fly of your own making, will pleaſe you better than twenty with one of mine. Give me that Bag again, Sirrah; look you, Sir, there is a Hook, Tought, Silk, and a Feather for the Wings; be doing with thoſe, and I will look you out a Dubbing that I think will do.

*Via.* This is a very little Hook?

*Pif.* That may ſerve to inform you that it is for a very little Fly, and you muſt make your

Wings

Wings accordingly; for, as the Case ſtands, it muſt be a little Fly, and a very little one too, that muſt do your Buſineſs. Well ſaid, believe me, you ſhift your Fingers very handſomely: I doubt I have taken upon me to teach my Maſter. So, here is your Dubbing now.

*Via.* This Dubbing is very black.

*Piſ.* It appears ſo in Hand, but ſtep to the Door, and hold it up betwixt your Eye and the Sun, and it will appear a ſhining Red: Let me tell you, never a Man in *England* can diſcern the true Colour of a Dubbing any Way but that, and therefore chuſe always to make your Flies on ſuch a bright Sun-ſhine Day as this; which alſo you may the better do, becauſe it is worth nothing to fiſh in; here put it on, and be ſure to make the Body of your Fly as ſlender as you can. Very good! upon my Word, you have made a marvellous handſome Fly.

*Via.* I am very glad to hear it: It is the firſt that ever I made of this Kind in my Life.

*Piſ.* Away, away! you are a Doctor at it; but I will not commend you too much, leſt I make you proud. Come, put it on, and you ſhall now go downward to ſome Streams betwixt the Rocks, below the little Foot-bridge, you ſee there, and try your Fortune. Take Heed of ſlipping into the Water, as you follow me under this Rock. So, now you are over, and now throw in.

*Via.* This is a fine Stream indeed: There is one! I have him!

*Piſ.* And a precious Catch you have of him; pull him out, I ſee you have a tender Hand: This is a diminutive Gentleman, e'en throw him in again, and let him grow till he be more worthy your Anger.

*Via.*

*Via.* Pardon me, Sir, all is Fiſh that comes to the Hook with me now. Another!

*Piſ.* And of the ſame Standing.

*Via.* I ſee I ſhall have good Sport now. Another! and a *Grayling*. Why, you have Fiſh here at Will.

*Piſ.* Come, come, croſs the Bridge, and go down the other Side lower, where you will find finer Streams, and better Sport, I hope, than this. Look you, Sir, here is a fine Stream now, you have Length enough; ſtand a little further off let me intreat you, and do but fiſh this Stream like an Artiſt, and peradventure a good Fiſh may fall to your Share. How now! what is all gone?

*Via.* No, I but touched him; but that was a Fiſh worth taking.

*Piſ.* Why, now let me tell you, you loſt that Fiſh by your own Fault, and through your own Eagerneſs and Haſte; for you are never to offer to ſtrike a good Fiſh, if he do not ſtrike himſelf, till firſt you ſee him turn his Head after he has taken your Fly, and then you can never ſtrain your Tackle in the Striking, if you ſtrike with any manner of Moderation. Come, throw in once again, and fiſh me this Stream by Inches; for, I aſſure you, here are very good Fiſh, both *Trout* and *Grayling*, lie here; and, at that great Stone on the other Side, 'tis ten to one a good *Trout* gives you the Meeting.

*Via.* I have him now, but he is gone down towards the Bottom; I cannot ſee what he is; yet he ſhould be a good Fiſh by his Weight; but he makes no great ſtir.

*Piſ.* Why then, by what you ſay, I dare venture to aſſure you, it is a *Grayling*, who is one of the deadeſt-hearted Fiſhes in the World, and the bigger

bigger he is, the more eaſily taken. Look you, now you ſee him plain; I told you what he was; bring hither that Landing-Net, Boy, and now, Sir, he is your own, and, believe me, a good one, ſixteen Inches long I warrant him. I have taken none ſuch this Year.

*Via.* I never ſaw a *Grayling* before look ſo black.

*Piſ.* Did you not? Why then, let me tell you, that you never ſaw one before in right Seaſon; for then a *Grayling* is very black about his Head, Gills, and down his Back, and has his Belly of a dark Grey, dappled with black Spots, as you ſee this is; and, I am apt to conclude, that from thence he derives his Name of *Umber*. Though, I muſt tell you, this Fiſh is paſt his Prime, and begins to decline, and was in better Seaſon at *Chriſtmas*, than he is now. But move on, for it grows towards Dinner-time, and there is a very great and fine Stream below, under that Rock, that fills the deepeſt Pool in all the River, where you are almoſt ſure of a good Fiſh.

*Via.* Let him come, I will try a Fall with him; but I had thought, that the *Grayling* had been always in Seaſon with the *Trout*, and had come in and gone out with him.

*Piſ.* Oh! no, aſſure yourſelf, a *Grayling* is a Winter Fiſh; but ſuch a one as would deceive any but ſuch as know him very well indeed; for his Fleſh, even in his worſt Seaſon, is ſo firm, and will ſo eaſily calver, that, in plain Truth, he is very good Meat at all Times; but, in his perfect Seaſon (which, by the Way, none but an over-grown *Grayling* will ever be) I think him ſo good a Fiſh, as to be little inferior to the beſt *Trout* that ever I taſted in my Life.

*Via.*

*Via.* Here's another *Skip-jack*, and I have raiſed five or ſix more at leaſt whilſt you were ſpeaking. Well, go thy Way little *Dove!* thou art the fineſt River that ever I ſaw, and the fulleſt of Fiſh. Indeed, Sir, I like it ſo well, that I am afraid you will be troubled with me once a Year, ſo long as we two live.

*Pif.* I am afraid I ſhall not, Sir; but, were you once here a *May* or a *June*, if good Sport would tempt you, I ſhould then expect you would ſometimes ſee me, for you would then ſay it were a fine River indeed, if you had once ſeen the Sport at the Height.

*Via.* Which I will do, if I live, and that you pleaſe to give me Leave. There was one! and there another!

*Pif.* And all this in a ſtrange River, and with a Fly of your own making! Why, what a dangerous Man you are!

*Via.* Ay, Sir, but who taught me? And, as *Dametas* ſays by his Man *Dorus*, ſo you may ſay by me;

*If my ſhrewd Man ſuch Praiſes have,*
*What merit I, that taught the Knave?*

But, what have we got here? a Rock ſpringing up in the Middle of the River! This is one of the oddeſt Sights that ever I ſaw.

*Pif.* Why, Sir, from that Peak *, that you ſee ſtanding up there diſtant from the Rock, this

* 'Tis a Rock in the Faſhion of a Spire-ſteeple, and almoſt as big. It ſtands in the midſt of the River *Dove*, and not far from Mr. *Cotton*'s Houſe; below which Place, this delicate River takes a ſwift Career betwixt many mighty Rocks, much higher and bigger than St. *Paul's Church*, before it was burnt. And this *Dove*, being oppoſed by one of the higheſt of them, has at laſt forced itſelf a Way through it; and, after a Mile's Concealment, appears again with more Glory and Beauty than before that Oppoſition, running through the moſt pleaſant Vallies, and moſt fruitful Meadows, that this Nation can juſtly boaſt of.

is called *Peak-Pool*; and young Mr. *Isaac Walton* was so pleased with it, as to draw it in Landskip in black and white in a blank Book I have at Home, as he has done several Prospects of my House also, which I keep for a Memorial of his Favour, and will shew you, when we come up to Dinner.

*Via.* Has young Mr. *Isaac Walton* been here too?

*Pis.* Yes, marry has he, Sir, and that again and again, and in *France* since, and at *Rome*, and at *Venice*, and I cannot tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard Questions, so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next Month: In the mean time, Sir, to come to this fine Stream, at the Head of this great Pool, you must venture over these slippery cobbling Stones. Believe me, Sir, there you were nimble, or else you had been down; but, now you are got over, look to yourself, for, on my Word, if a Fish rise here, he is like to be such an one as will endanger your Tackle. How now!

*Via.* I think you have such Command here over the Fishes, that you can raise them by your Word, as they say Conjurers can do Spirits, and afterwards make them do what you bid them; for, here is a *Trout* has taken my Fly, I had rather have lost a Crown: What Luck is this! he was a lovely Fish, and turn'd up a Side like a *Salmon*.

*Pis.* Oh, Sir, this is a War where you sometimes win, and must sometimes expect to lose; never concern yourself for the Loss of your Fly, for ten to one I teach you to make a better. Who is that calls?

*Serv.* Sir, will it please you to come to Dinner.

*Pis.*

*Pif.* We come. You hear, Sir, we are called; and now take your choice, whether you will climb this ſteep Hill before you, from the Top of which you will go directly into the Houſe, or back again over theſe ſtepping Stones, and about by the Bridge?

*Pia.* Nay ſure, the neareſt Way is beſt, at leaſt my Stomach tells me ſo, and I am now ſo well acquainted with your Rocks, that I fear them not.

*Pif.* Come then, follow me; and ſo ſoon as we have dined, we will down again to my little *Fiſhery*, where I will begin at the Place I left off about Fly-fiſhing, and read you another Lecture, for I have a great deal more to ſay upon that Subject.

*Pia.* The more the better; I could never have met with a more obliging Maſter, my firſt excepted, nor ſuch Sport can all the Rivers about *London* ever afford, as is to be found in this pretty River.

*Pif.* You deſerve to have better, both becauſe I ſee you are willing to take Pains, and for liking this little ſo well, and better I hope to ſhew you before we part.

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## CHAP. VII.

### *The Firſt Lecture on making* Artificial-Flies.

*Pia.* COME, Sir, having now well dined, and being again ſet in your little Houſe, I will now challenge your Promiſe, and intreat you to proceed in your Inſtructions for Fly-fiſhing; which, that you may be the better encouraged to do, I will aſſure you, that I have not loſt, I think, one Syllable of what have you told me, but very well retain all your Directions, both for the Rod, Line, and making a Fly, and now deſire an Account of the Flies themſelves.

*Pif.* Why, Sir, I am ready to give it you, and shall have the whole Afternoon to do it in, if nobody comes in to interrupt us; for you must know, besides the Unfitness of the Day, that the Afternoons, so early in *March*, signify very little to angle with a Fly, though, with a *Minnow*, or a *Worm*, something might, I confess, be done. To begin then where I left off; my Father *Walton* tells us but of twelve artificial * Flies only, to angle with at the Top, and gives their Names, of which some are common with us here, and, I think, I guess at most of them by his Description, and, I believe, they all breed, and are taken in our Rivers, though we do not make them either of the same Dubbing or Fashion as it may be in the Rivers about *London*, which, I presume, he has most frequented, and where 'tis likely he has done most Execution; There is not much Notice taken of many more, but we are acquainted with several others here (though, perhaps, I may reckon some of his by other Names too) but, if I do, I shall make you Amends by an Addition to his Catalogue, and although the fore-named great Master in the Art of angling, for so in Truth he is, tells you, that no Man should in Honesty catch a *Trout* till the Middle of *March* †, yet, I hope, he will give a Man Leave sooner to take a *Grayling*, which, as I told you, is, in the dead Months, in his best Season; and do assure you, which I remember by a very remarkable Token, I did once take, upon the sixth Day of *December*, one, and only one, of the biggest *Graylings*, and the best in Season, that ever I yet saw or tasted, and do usually take *Trout* too, and with a Fly, not only before the Middle of this Month, but almost every Year, in *February*, unless it be a very ill Spring indeed; and have sometimes

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ſometimes in *January*, ſo early as *New-Year's-Tide*, and in Froſt and Snow, taken *Grayling*, in a warm ſun-ſhiny Day, for an Hour or two about Noon, and to fiſh for him with a *Grub*, it is then the beſt Time of all; I ſhall therefore begin my Fly-fiſhing with that Month (though, I confeſs, very few begin ſo ſoon, and that ſuch as are ſo fond of the Sport as to embrace all Opportunities, can rarely in that Month find a Day fit for their Purpoſe) and tell you, that, upon my Knowlege, theſe Flies, in a warm Sun, for an Hour or two in the Day, are certainly taken.

*January* 1. A Red-brown. The Wings of the Male of a *Mallard* almoſt white: The Dubbing, of the Tail of a black, long-coated Cur, ſuch as Muffs are made of; for the Hair on the Tail of ſuch a Dog dies, and turns to a Red-brown, but *that* of a ſmooth-coated Dog of the ſame Colour will not, becauſe it will not die, but retains its natural Colour. This Fly is taken in a warm Sun this whole Month through. 2. A very little bright-dun *Gnat*, as little as poſſibly can be made, ſo little as never to be fiſhed with with above one Hair next the Hook. This is to be made of a mixed Dubbing of *Marten's-fur*, and the white of a *Hare's* Scut, with a very white, ſmall Wing. 'Tis no matter how fine you fiſh, for nothing will riſe this Month but *Grayling*, and of them I never at this Seaſon ſaw any, taken with a Fly, of above a Foot long, but of little ones, about the Bigneſs of *Smelt*; in a warm Day, and a glowing Sun, you may take enough with theſe two Flies. And they are both taken the whole *North* through.

*February* 1. Where the *Red-brown* of *laſt* Month ads, another, almoſt the ſame Colour, begins

with *this*, ſaving the Dubbing muſt be of ſomething a blacker Colour, and both of them warped on with red Silk. The trueſt Dubbing is to be got off the black Spot of a *Hog*'s Ear; not that a Black Spot in any Part of the Hog will not afford the ſame Colour, but the Hair in that Place is by many Degrees ſofter and fitter for the Purpoſe; his Wing muſt be as the laſt named; this kills all this Month, and is called the *Leſſer Red-brown*. 2. A plain *Hackle*, or *Palmer-fly*, made with a rough, black Body, of black *Spaniel*'s Fur, or the Whirl of an *Oſtrich* Feather, the red Hackle of a *Capon* over all. It will kill, and, if the Weather be right, make very good Sport. 3. A leſſer Hackle, with a black Body alſo, Silver-twiſt over that, and a red Feather over all, will fill your *Pannier* with very good Fiſh, if the Weather be open, and not bound up in Ice and Snow; but, in caſe of the latter, you are to angle only with the ſmalleſt Gnats, Browns and Duns, you can make, and with thoſe are only to expect *Graylings* no bigger than *Sprats*. 4. Upon a whirling, round Water, we have a great *Hackle*, the Body black, wrapped with a red Feather of a *Capon* untrimm'd, that is, the whole Length of the Hackle ſtaring out, for we ſometimes barb the *Hackle* Feather ſhort all over, ſometimes only a little, ſometimes cloſe underneath, leaving the whole Length of the Feather on the Top or Back of the Fly, which makes it ſwim better, and, as Occaſion ſerves, kill very great Fiſh. 5. Another great *Hackle*, the Body black, ribb'd over with Gold-twiſt, and a red Feather over all, which does great Execution. 6. A great *Dun*, made with dun *Bear's Hair*, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard* near his Tail. This is abſolutely the beſt Fly can be thrown

on

on a River this Month, and with which an Angler ſhall have admirable Sport. 7. The great blue *Dun*; the Dubbing, of the Bottom of *Bear's* Hair next the Roots, mixed with a little blue *Camblet*, the Wings, of the dark-grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 8. A Dark-brown; the Dubbing, of the brown Hair off the Flanks of a brended *Cow*, the Wings, of the grey *Drake's* Feather.

*Note*, That theſe ſeveral *Hackles*, or *Palmer-flies*, are ſome for one Water and Sky, ſome another, and, according to the Change of thoſe, we alter their Size and Colour. *Note alſo*, That in this, and all other Months of the Year, when you do not certainly know what Fly is taken, or cannot ſee any Fiſh riſe, put on a ſmall *Hackle*, if the Water be clear, or a larger, if ſomething thick, till you have taken one, and then thruſting your Finger through his Gills, pull out his *Gorge*, which opening with your Knife, you will diſcover what Fly is taken, and may fit yourſelf accordingly. For the making of a *Hackle* or *Palmer-fly*, my Father *Walton* has already given you ſufficient Direction *.

*March*. Uſe all the *Hackles* and *Flies* as in *February*, but make them leſs. We have beſides, 1. A little *Dun*, call'd a *Whirling Dun*, though not *that* indeed, which is one of the beſt Flies we have; the Dubbing muſt be of the bottom Fur of a *Squirrel's* Tail, the Wing of the grey Feather of a *Drake*. 2. The *Bright-brown*; the Dubbing, of the Brown of a *Spaniel* or a *Cow's* Flank, with a grey Wing. 3. A *whitiſh Dun*, made of the Roots of *Camel's* Hair, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 4. The *Thorn-Tree-fly*; Dubbing an abſolute black, mixed with eight or ten Hairs of *Iſabella* colour'd *Mohair*, the Body as



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little as can be made, the Wings of a bright *Mallard's* Feather: And admirable Fly, in great Repute among us. 5 The *Blue-Dun*; the Dubbing is thus to be got: Take a small Tooth-comb, and with it comb the Neck of a black *Greyhound*, the *Down* which sticks in the Teeth will be the finest *Blue* you ever saw. The Wings of this Fly can hardly be too white; he is taken about the 15th of this Month, and lasts till the 24th. 6. The little *Black Gnat*, taken at the same Time; the Dubbing, of the Fur of a black *Water-dog*, or the Down of a young black *Water-coot*, the Wings of the Male of a *Mallard*, as white as may be, the Body as little as you can possibly make it, and the Wings as short as his Body *. 7. The *Bright-brown*, taken from the Middle of *March* to the same of *April*; the Dubbing, to be had out of a *Parliament-makers* Lime-pits, from the Hair of an abortive *Calf*, which the Lime will turn to be so bright as to shine like Gold; the Feather of a brown *Hen* is best for Wings.

*April.* All the *Hackles* and *Flies* taken in *March*, will be taken this Month also, with this Distinction only concerning the *Flies*, that all the *Browns* be lapped with red Silk, and the *Duns* with yellow. To these, 1. A small *Bright-brown*, made of *Spaniel's* Fur, with light grey Wing, in a bright Day, and clear Water, is very well taken. 2. A little *Dark-brown*; the Dubbing of that Colour, and some violet *Camlet*, mixed; the Wing, the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 3. The *Violet-fly*, from the 6th to the 15th of this Month, made of a dark violet Stuff, the Wings of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 4. The *Whirling Dun*, comes in about the 12th of this Month,

* Some make his Body of the *Calf*, or *Tyt-Feather*, of a *Plover's* Head.

Month, taken about *Mid-day* every Day this Month through, and by Fits from thence to the End of *June*: It is commonly made of the Down of a *Fox Cub*, which is Aſh-coloured at the Roots next the Skin, ribb'd about with yellow Silk, the Wings of the pale grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 5. A *Yellow Dun*; the Dubbing of *Camel's* Hair, and yellow *Camlet* or Wool, mix'd, and a white grey Wing. 6. Another *little Brown*, with a very ſlender Body; the Dubbing, of dark-brown and violet *Camlet* mix'd, and a grey Wing. Though the Direction for making be near the other, it is yet another Fly, and will take when the other will not, eſpecially in a bright Day, and clear Water. 7. The *Horſe-Fleſh-fly*, comes in about the 20th of this Month; the Dubbing is a blue *Mohair* with Pink-colour'd and red *Tammy* mix'd, a light-colour'd Wing, and dark-brown Head. This Fly is taken beſt in an Evening, from two Hours before Sun-ſet till Twilight, and is taken the Month through.

*May*. And now, Sir, that we are entering into the Month of *May*, I think it requiſite to beg not only your Attention, but your beſt Patience, for I muſt be a little tedious, and dwell upon this Month longer than ordinary; which, that you may the better endure, I muſt tell you, this Month deſerves and requires to be inſiſted on, as *it*, and the Month following, afford more Pleaſure to the *Fly-angler*, than all the reſt. And here it is that you are to expect an Account of the *Green-drake* and *Stone-fly*, promiſed you ſo long ago, and ſome others, that are peculiar to this and Part of the following Month; and that though not ſo great, either in Bulk or Name, do yet ſtand in Compe-

tition with the two laſt-named, and ſo, that it is yet undecided amongſt *Anglers*, to which, of the Pretenders to the Title of the *May-fly* it does properly and duly belong; neither dare I, where ſo many of the Learned in the Art of Angling are got in Diſpute about the Controverſy, take upon me to determine; but, I think, I ought to have a Vote amongſt them, and, according to that Privilege, ſhall give you my free Opinion; and peradventure, when I have told you all, you may incline to think me in the right.

*Via.* I have ſo great a Deference to your Judgment in theſe Matters, that I muſt always be of your Opinion; and the more you ſpeak, the faſter I grow to my Attention, for I can never be weary of hearing you upon this Subject

*Pif.* Why, that is Encouragement enough: And now prepare yourſelf for a tedious Lecture; but I will firſt begin with the Flies of leſs Eſteem, though almoſt any thing will take a *Trout* in *May*, that I may afterwards inſiſt the longer on thoſe of greater Note and Reputation. Know therefore, that the firſt Fly we take Notice of in this Month is called, 1. The *Yarly-fly*; the Dubbing, ravell'd out of ſome blue Stuff, and lapp'd about with yellow Silk, the Wings of a grey *Mallard's* Feather. 2. A great *Hackle*, or *Palmer-fly*, with a yellow Body, ribb'd with Gold-twiſt, and large Wings of a *Mallard's* Feather dy'd yellow, with a red *Capon's* Hackle over all. 3. A *Black-fly*; the Dubbing, of a black *Spaniel's* Fur, and the Wings, of a grey *Mallard's* Feather. 4. A *Light-brown*, with a ſlender Body; the Dubbing, twiſt'd upon a ſmall red Silk, and raiſed with the Point of a Needle, that the Ribs or Rows of Silk may appear through, the Wings, of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*.

5. A *Little Dun*; the Dubbing, of *Bear's* Dun whirl'd upon yellow Silk, the Wings, of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 6. A *White Gnat*, with a pale Wing, and black Head. 7. The *Peacock-fly*; the Body made of a Whirl of a *Peacock's* Feather, with a red Head, and Wings, of a *Mallard's* Feather. 8. The *Dun-cut*, a very killing Fly; the Dubbing, is a *Bear's* Dun, a little blue and yellow mix'd with it, a large dun Wing, and two Horns at the Head, made of the Hairs of a *Squirrel's* Tail. 9. The *Cow-Lady*, a little Fly, the Body of a *Peacock's* Feather, the Wing of a red Feather, or Strips of the red Hackle of a *Cock*. 10. The *Cow-turd Fly*; the Dubbing, light brown and yellow mix'd, the Wing, the dark Feather of a grey *Mallard*. And *note*, That beſides theſe above-mentioned, all the ſame *Hackles* and *Flies* that are taken in *April* will be taken this Month, the *Hackles* only brighter, and the *Flies* ſmaller, as alſo all Browns and Duns. And now I come to my *Stone-fly* and *Green-drake*, which are the Matadores for killing of *Trout* and *Grayling*, and, in their Seaſon, kill more Fiſh in our *Derbyſhire* Rivers than all the reſt, paſt and to come, in the whole Year beſides.

But Firſt, I am to tell you, that we have four ſeveral Flies which contend for the Title of the *May-fly*; namely, the *Green-drake*, the *Stone-fly*, the *Black-fly*, and the little yellow *May-fly*: all theſe have their Champions and Advocates to diſpute and plead their Priority, though I do not underſtand why the two laſt named ſhould, the firſt two having ſo manifeſtly the Advantage, both in their Beauty, and the wonderful Execution they do in their Seaſon. Of theſe,

11. The *Green-drake* comes in about the 20th of this Month, or betwixt that and the latter End, for they are sometimes sooner, and sometimes later, according to the Quality of the Year, but never well taken till towards the End of this Month, and the Beginning of *June*: The *Stone-fly* comes much sooner, so early as the Middle of *April*, but is never well taken till towards the Middle of *May*, and continues to kill, much longer than the *Green-drake* stays with us, as long as to the End almost of *June*, and indeed so long as there are any of them to be seen upon the Water, and sometimes, in an artificial Fly, and late at Night; or before Sunrise in a Morning longer.

Now both these Flies, and I believe many others, though I think not all, are certainly and demonstratively bred in the very Rivers where they are taken; our *Cadews*, or *Cod-bait*, which lie under the Stones, at the Bottom of the Water, most of them turning into those two Flies, and, being gathered in the Husk, or Crust, near the Time of their Maturity, are very easily known and distinguished, and are of all others the most remarkable, both for their Size, as being of all other the biggest, the shortest of them being a full Inch long or more, and for the Execution they do; the *Trout* and *Grayling*, being much more greedy of them than any others; and indeed the *Trout* never feeds fat, nor comes into his perfect Season, till these Flies come in.

Of these, the *Green-drake* never discloses from his Husk, till he be first there grown to full Maturity, Body, Wings, and all, and then he creeps out of his Cell, but with his Wings so crimpt, and ruffled, by being pressed together in that narrow Room, that they are some Hours totally

useless

uſeleſs to him ; by which Means, he is compelled either to creep upon the Flags, Sedges, and Blades of Graſs, if his firſt riſing from the Bottom of the Water be near the Banks of the River, till the Air and Sun ſtiffen and ſmooth them : Or, if his firſt Appearance above Water happen to be in the Middle, he then lies upon the Surface of the Water like a Ship at Hull, for his Feet are totally uſeleſs to him there, and he cannot creep upon the Water, as the *Stone-fly* can, until his Wings have got Stiffneſs to fly with, if by ſome *Trout* or *Grayling* he be not taken in the *interim*, which ten to one he is, and then his Wings ſtand high, and cloſed exact upon his Back, like the Butterfly, and his Motion in flying is the ſame ; his Body is in ſome of a paler; in others of a darker yellow, for they are not all exactly of a Colour, ribb'd with Rows of green, long, ſlender, and growing ſharp towards the Tail, at the End of which he has three long ſmall Whisks, of a very dark Colour, almoſt black, and his Tail turns up towards his Back like a *Mallard*, from whence, queſtionleſs, he has his Name of a *Green-drake*; theſe, as I think I told you before, we commonly dap or dibble with, and having gathered great Store of them into a long Draw-Box, with Holes in the Cover to give them Air, where alſo they will continue freſh and vigorous a Night or more, we take them out thence by the Wings, and bait them thus upon the Hook. We firſt take one, for we commonly fiſh with two of them at a time, and putting the Point of the Hook into the thickeſt Part of his Body, under one of his Wings, run it directly through, and out at the other Side, leaving him ſpitted croſs upon the Hook, and then taking the other, put him on after the ſame Manner, but with his Head the contrary Way ; in which Poſture

they;

they will live upon the Hook, and play with their Wings, for a quarter of an Hour, or more; but you muſt have a care to keep their Wings dry, both from the Water, and alſo, that your Fingers be not wet when you take them out to bait them, for then your Bait is ſpoiled.

Having now told you how to angle with this Fly alive, I am now to tell you next, how to make an artificial Fly, that will ſo perfectly reſemble him, as to be taken in a rough windy Day, when no Flies can lie upon the Water, nor are to be found about the Banks and Sides of the Rivers, and with which you ſhall certainly kill the beſt *Trout* or *Grayling* in the River.

The artificial *Green-drake* then is made upon a large Hook, the Dubbing *Camel's* Hair, bright *Bear's* Hair, and the ſoft Down that is combed from a *Hog's* Briſtles, and yellow *Camlet*, well mix'd together, the Body long, and ribb'd about with green Silk, or rather yellow, wax'd with green Wax; the Whisks of the Tail, of the long Hairs of Sables or Fitchet; and the Wings, of the white-grey Feather of the *Mallard* dy'd yellow, which is alſo to be dy'd thus: *Take the Root of a Barbary-tree and ſcrape it, and put to it Woody-viſs, with as much Alom as a Walnut, and boil your Feathers in it with Rain-water, and they will be of a very fine yellow.* I have now done with the *Green-drake*, excepting to tell you, that he is taken at all Hours during his Seaſon, whilſt there is any Day upon the Sky; and, with a Made-fly, I once took, after a Shower, and in a whiſtling Wind, five-and-thirty very great *Trouts* and *Graylings*, betwixt five and eight of the Clock in the Evening, and had no leſs than five or ſix Flies, with three good Hairs a-piece, taken from me, in deſpite of my Heart, beſides,

12. I ſhould now come next to the *Stone-fly*, but there is another Gentleman in my Way, that muſt of Neceſſity come in between, and that is the *Grey-drake*, which in all Shapes and Dimenſions is perfectly the ſame with the other, but quite almoſt of another Colour, being of a paler, and more livid yellow and green and ribb'd with black, quite down his Body, with black ſhining Wings, and ſo diaphanous and tender, Cob-web like, that they are of no manner of uſe for Dapping; but come in, and are taken after the *Green-drake*, and, in an artificial Fly, kill very well: Which Fly is thus made; the Dubbing of the Down of *Hog's* Briſtles, and black *Spaniel's* Fur, mix'd, and ribb'd down the Body with black Silk, the Whisks of the Hairs of the Beard of a black *Cat*, and the Wings of the black grey Feather of a *Mallard*. And now I come to the *Stone-fly*, but am afraid I have already wearied your Patience; which, if I have, I beſeech you freely to tell me ſo, and I will defer the remaining Inſtructions for Fly-angling till ſome other time.

*Via.* No truly, Sir, I can never be weary of hearing of you: But, if you think fit, becauſe I am afraid I am too troubleſome, to refreſh yourſelf with a Glaſs, and a Pipe; you may afterwards proceed, and I ſhall be exceedingly pleaſed to hear you.

*Piſ.* I thank you, Sir, for that Motion; for, believe me, I am dry with talking: Here, Boy, give us here a Bottle, and a Glaſs; and, Sir, my Service to you, and to all our Friends in the South.

*Via.* Your Servant, Sir, I will pledge you as heartily; for the good powdered Beef I eat at Dinner, or ſomething elſe, has made me thirſty.

## CHAP. VIII.

### *The Second Lecture on making* Artificial-Flies.

*Vin.* SO, Sir, I am now ready for another Leſſon, ſo ſoon as you pleaſe to give it me.

*Piſ.* And I, Sir, as ready to give you the beſt I can. Having told you the Time of the *Stone-fly's* coming in, and that he is bred of a *Cadis*, in the very River where he is taken, I am next to tell you, that 13. This ſame *Stone-fly* has not the Patience to continue in his Cruſt or Husk till his Wings be full grown; but ſo ſoon as ever they begin to put out, that he feels himſelf ſtrong (at which Time we call him a *Jack*) ſqueezes himſelf out of Priſon, and crawls to the Top of ſome Stone, where, if he can find a Chink that will receive him, or can creep betwixt two Stones, the one lying hollow upon the other (which, by the way, we alſo lay ſo purpoſely to find them) he there lurks till his Wings be full grown, and there is your only Place to find him, and from thence doubtleſs he derives his Name, though, for want of ſuch Convenience, he will make ſhift with the Hollow of a Bank, or any other Place where the Wind cannot come to fetch him off. His Body is long, and pretty thick, and as broad at the Tail almoſt as in the Middle; his Colour a very fine brown, ribb'd with yellow, and much yellower on the Belly than the Back; he has two or three Whiſks alſo at the Tag of his Tail, and two little Horns upon his Head; his Wings, when full grown, are double, and flat down his Back of the ſame Colour, but rather darker than his Body, and longer than it, though he makes but little uſe of them, for you ſhall rarely ſee him flying, though often ſwimming and paddling, with ſeveral Feet he has

has under his Belly, upon the Water, without ſtirring a Wing; but the *Drake* will mount Steeple-Height in the Air, though he is to be found upon Flags and Graſs too, and, indeed, every-where, high and low, near the River, there being ſo many of them in their Seaſon, as where they not a very inoffenſive Inſect, would look like a Plague; and theſe *Drakes* (ſince I forgot to tell you before, I will tell you here) are taken by the Fiſh, to that incredible Degree, that, upon a calm Day, you ſhall ſee the ſtill Deeps continually all over Circles by the Fiſhes riſing, who will gorge themſelves with thoſe Flies, till they purge again out of their Gills; and the *Trouts* are at that Time ſo luſty and ſtrong, that one of eight or ten Inches long, will then more ſtruggle and tug, and more endanger your Tackle, than one twice as big in Winter: But pardon this Digreſſion. This *Stone-fly* then we dape or dibble with as with the *Drake*, but with this Difference; that whereas the *Green-drake* is common both to Stream and Still, and to all Hours of the Day; we ſeldom dape with this but in the Streams, for, in a whiſtling Wind, a Made-fly in the Deep is better, and rarely but early and late; it not being ſo proper for the Mid-time of the Day, though a great *Grayling* will then take it very well in a ſharp Stream, and here and there a *Trout* too, but much better towards eight, nine, ten, or eleven of the Clock at Night; at which Time alſo the beſt Fiſh riſe, and the later the better, provided you can ſee the Fly; and when you cannot, a Made-fly will murder; which is to be made thus: The Dubbing of *Bear's* Dun, with a little brown and yellow *Camlet*, very well mix'd, and ſo placed, that your Fly may be more yellow on the Belly, and towards the

the Tail underneath, than in any other Part; and you are to place two or three Hairs of black *Cat's* Beard on the Top of the Hook in your Arming, so as to be turn'd up, when you warp on your Dubbing, and to ſtand almoſt upright, and ſtaring one from another: And note, That your Fly is to be ribb'd with yellow Silk, and the Wings long, and very large, of the dark grey Feather of a *Mallard*. The next *May-fly* is, 14. The *Black-fly*, made with a black Body of the Whirl of an *Oſtridge's* Feather, ribb'd with Silver-twiſt, and the black Hackle of a *Cock* over all, and is a killing Fly, but not to be named with either of the other. 15. The little yellow *May-fly*, the laſt of the four Pretenders, in Shape exactly the ſame with the *Green-drake*, but a very little one, and of as bright a yellow as can be ſeen, made of a bright yellow *Camlet*, the Wings, of a white grey Feather dy'd yellow. 16. The *Camlet-fly*, and the laſt for this Month, which, though it comes in the Middle of it, continues all *June*. In Shape like a Moth, with fine diaper'd or Water-wings, and with which, as I told you before, I ſometimes uſed to dibble; and *Grayling* will riſe mightily at it. But the artificial Fly, which is only uſed amongſt our Anglers, is made of a dark brown ſhining *Camlet*, ribb'd over with a very ſmall light green Silk, the Wings, of the double grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 'Tis a killing Fly for ſmall Fiſh. And ſo much for *May*.

*June*. From the Firſt, to the Four-and-twentieth, the *Green-drake* and *Stone-fly* are taken, as I told you before: Then are, 1. The *Owl-fly*, taken from the 12th to the 24th. Late at Night; the Dubbing, of a white *Weaſel's* Tail, and a white

grey

grey Wing. 2. The *Barme-fly*, named from its yelly Colour; the Dubbing, the Fur of a yellow dun *Cat*, a grey Wing, of a *Mallard's* Feather. 3. A *Hackle*, with a purple Body, whip'd about with a red *Capon's* Feather. 4. A *Gold-twist Hackle*, with a purple Body, whip'd exactly as above. 5. A *Flesh-fly*; the Dubbing, of black *Spaniel's* Fur, and blue *Wool*, mix'd, and a grey Wing. 6. The little *Flesh-fly*; the Body of the Whirl of a *Peacock's* Feather, Wings, of the grey Feather of a *Drake*. 7. The *Peacock-fly*; the Body and Wing both made of the Feather of *that Bird*. 8. The *Ant-fly*; the Dubbing, of brown and red *Camlet* mix'd, with a light grey Wing. 9. The *Brown-gnat*, with a very slender Body, of brown and violet *Camlet* well mix'd, and a light grey Wing. 10. A little *Black-gnat*; the Dubbing, of black *Mohair*, and a white grey Wing. 11. A *Green Grashopper*; the Dubbing, of green and yellow Wool mix'd, ribb'd over with green Silk, and a red *Capon's* Feather over all. 12. A little *Dun Grashopper*; the Body made slender of dun *Camlet*, a dun *Hackle* at Top.

*July*. All the small Flies are taken in this Month that were in *June*. We have then, 1. The *Orange-fly*; the Dubbing, of *Orange-wool*, the Wing, of a black Feather. 2. A little *White-dun*; the Body of white *Mohair*, the Wings blue, of a *Heron's* Feather. 3. The *Wasp-fly*, a dark brown Dubbing, or else the Fur of a black *Cat's* Tail, ribb'd about with yellow Silk, the Wing, of the grey Feather of a *Mallard*. 4. A *Black Hackle*; the Body, of the Whirl of a *Peacock's* Feather, a black *Hackle* Feather on Top. 5. *Another*, made of a *Peacock's* Whirl, without Wings. 6. The

*Shell-*

*Shell-fly*; the Dubbing, of yellow green *Jersey* Wool, and a little white *Hog's* Hair, mix'd. I call this the *Palm-fly*, and do believe it is taken for a Palm that drops off the Willows into the Water. I have seen *Trouts* take little Pieces of Moss as they swam down the River for this Fly; by which, I conclude, the best Way to hit the right Colour, is to compare your Dubbing with the Moss, and mix the Colours as near as you can. 7. A *Black-blue Dun*; the Dubbing, of the Fur of a black *Rabbit*, mix'd with a little yellow, the Wings, of the Feather of a blue *Pigeon's* Wing.

*August*. The same Flies with *July*. Then, 1. Another *Ant-fly*; the Dubbing, the black-brown Hair of a *Cow*, some red warp'd in for the Tag of his Tail, and a dark Wing; a killing Fly. 2. The *Fern-fly*; the Dubbing, of the Fur of a *Hare's* Neck, that is of the Colour of *Fern*, with a darkish grey Wing of a *Mallard's* Feather; a Killer too. 3. A white *Hackle*; its Body of white *Mohair*, wrap'd about with a white *Hackle* Feather, *and this is assuredly taken for* Thistle-down 4. A *Harry-long-legs*; the Body made of *Bear's* Dun and blue Wool mix'd, and a brown *Hackle* Feather over all: All the same Browns and Duns are taken this Month that were in *May*.

*September*. The same Flies are taken this Month that were in *April*: To which I shall only add, 1. A *Camel-brown-fly*; the Dubbing, pull'd out of the Lime of a Wall, whip'd about with red Silk, and a darkish grey *Mallard's* Feather for the Wing. 2. *One* other, for which we have no Name. It is made of the black Hair of a *Badger's* Skin, mix'd with the yellow softest Down of a sanded *Hog*.

*October*.

*October.* The ſame Flies that were taken in *March.*

*November.* The ſame that were taken in *February.*

*December.* Few Men angle with a Fly this Month, no more than they do in *January*; but yet, if the Weather be warm, as I have known it ſometimes in my Life to be in this cold Country, where it is leaſt expected, then a Brown, that looks red in the Hand, and yellowiſh betwixt your Eye and the Sun, will both raiſe and kill in a clear Water, and free from *Snow-broth*. But, at beſt, it is hardly worth a Man's Labour.

And now, *Sir*, I have done with Fly-fiſhing, or angling at the Top, excepting once more to tell you, that of all theſe, and I have named you a great many very killing Flies, none are fit to be compared with the *Drake* and *Stone-fly*, both for many and very great Fiſh; and yet there are ſome Days that are by no Means proper for the Sport, and in a Calm, you ſhall not have near ſo much, even with *Dapping*, as in a whiſtling Gale of Wind; for two Reaſons, both becauſe you are not then ſo eaſily diſcovered by the Fiſh, and alſo, that there are but few Flies can then lie upon the Water; for where they have ſo much Choice, you may eaſily imagine they will not be ſo eager and forward to riſe at a Bait, that both the Shadow of your Body, and of your Rod, nay, of your very Line, in a hot calm Day, will, in ſpite of your beſt Caution, render ſuſpected to them. But even then, in ſwift Streams, or by ſitting down patiently behind a Willow-buſh, you ſhall do more Execution than at almoſt any other Time of the Year with any other Fly, though one

may

may sometimes hit of a Day when he shall come home very well satisfied with Sport with several other Flies. But with these two, the *Green-drake* and the *Stone-fly*, I do verily believe I could, some Days in my Life, had I not been weary of Slaughter, have loaded a lusty Boy; and have sometimes, I do honestly assure you, give over upon the mere Account of satiety of Sport; which will be no hard Matter to believe, when I likewise assure you, that, with this very Fly, I have, in this very River that runs by us, in three or four Hours, taken thirty, five and thirty, and forty, of the best *Trouts* in it. What shame and pity is it then, that such a River should be destroyed by the basest Sort of People in those unlawful Ways of Fire * and Netting in the Night, and of Damming, Groping, Spearing, Hanging, and Hooking, by Day, which are now grown so common, that though we have very good Laws to punish such Offenders, every Rascal does it, for ought I see, with Impunity.

To conclude, I cannot now, in honesty, but frankly tell you, that many of these Flies I have named, at least so made as we make them here, will peradventure do you no great Service in your southern Rivers; and I will not conceal from you, but that I have sent Flies to several Friends in *London*, that, for ought I could ever learn, never did any great Feats with them; and therefore, if you intend to Profit by my Instructions, you must come to angle with me here in the *Peak*. And so, if you please, let us walk up to Supper, and To-morrow, if the Day be windy, as our Days here commonly are, 'tis ten to one but we shall take a good Dish of Fish for Dinner.

CHAP.

* Page 93.

## CHAP. IX.

### *A Morning Conference.*

*Pif.* A Good Day to you, Sir: I ſee you will always be ſtiring before me.

*Via.* Why, to tell you the Truth, I am ſo allured with the Sport I had Yeſterday, that I long to be at the River again; and, when I heard the Wind ſing in my Chamber Window, could forbear no longer, but leap out of Bed, and had juſt made an End of dreſſing myſelf, as you came in.

*Pif.* Well, I am both glad you are ſo ready for the Day, and that the Day is ſo fit for you; and look you, I have made you three or four Flies this Morning; this Silver-twiſt Hackle, this Bear's Dun, this light Brown, and this dark Brown, any of which, I dare ſay, will do; but you may try them all, and ſee which does beſt; only I muſt aſk your Pardon, that I cannot wait upon you this Morning, a little Buſineſs being fallen out, that, for two or three Hours, will deprive me of your Company; but I will come to call you home to Dinner, and my Man ſhall attend you.

*Via.* Oh! Sir, mind your Affairs by all Means, do but lend me a little of your Skill to theſe fine Flies; and, unleſs it have forſaken me ſince Yeſterday, I ſhall find Luck of my own, I hope, to do ſomething.

*Pif.* The beſt Inſtruction I can give you is, that, ſeeing the Wind curles the Water, and blows the right Way, you would now angle up the ſtill deep to Day; for betwixt the Rocks where the Streams are, you would find it now too briſk, and beſides, I would have you take Fiſh in both Waters.

*Via.*

*Via.* I'll obey your Directions, and ſo a good Morning to you. Come, young Man, let you and I walk together. But hark you, Sir, I have not done with you yet; I expect another Leſſon for angling at the Bottom, in the Afternoon.

*Piſ.* Well, Sir, I'll be ready for you.

## CHAP. X.

### *A Trial at fiſhing; with the Way of dreſſing the* Trout *and* Grayling.

*Piſ.* OH! Sir, are you returned? You have but juſt prevented me. I was coming to call you.

*Via.* I am glad then I have ſaved you the Labour.

*Piſ.* And how have you ſped?

*Via.* You ſhall ſee that, Sir, preſently; look you, Sir, here are three Brace of *Trouts*, one of them, the biggeſt but one, that ever I killed with a Fly in my Life; and yet I loſt a bigger than that with my Fly to Boot; and here are three *Graylings*, and one of them longer by ſome Inches than that I took Yeſterday, and yet I thought that a good one too.

*Piſ.* Why, you have made a pretty good Morning's Work on it; and now, Sir, what think you of our River *Dove*?

*Via.* I think it to be the beſt *Trout* River in *England*; and am ſo far in love with it, that if it were mine, and that I could keep it to myſelf, I would not exchange that Water for all the Land it runs over, to be totally debarr'd from it.

*Piſ.* That Compliment to the River, ſpeaks you a true Lover to the Art of angling: And now, Sir,

Sir, to make Part of Amends for ſending you ſo uncivilly out alone this Morning, I will myſelf dreſs you this Diſh of Fiſh for your Dinner, walk but into the Parlour, you will find one Book or other in the Window to entertain you the while, and you ſhall have it preſently.

*Via.* Well, Sir, I obey you.

*Piſ.* Look you, Sir, have I not made haſte?

*Via.* Believe me, Sir, that you have, and it looks ſo well, I long to be at it.

*Piſ.* Fall too then; now, Sir, what ſay you! Am I a tolerable Cook, or no?

*Via.* So good a one, that I did never eat ſo good Fiſh in my Life. This Fiſh is infinitely better than any I ever taſted of the Kind. 'Tis quite another Thing, than our *Trouts* about *London.*

*Piſ.* You would ſay ſo, if that *Trout* you ate of were in right Seaſon: But, pray, eat the *Grayling*; which, upon my Word, at this Time, is by much the better Fiſh.

*Via.* In earneſt, and ſo it is; and I have one Requeſt to make to you, which is, that as you have taught me to catch *Trout* and *Grayling*, you will now teach me how to dreſs them as theſe are dreſt, which, queſtionleſs, is of all other the beſt Way.

*Piſ.* That I will, Sir, with all my Heart, and am glad you like them ſo well, as to make that Requeſt, and they are dreſt thus:

*Take your* Trout, *waſh and dry him with a clean Napkin, then open him, and having taken out all his Guts, and all the Blood, wipe him very clean within, but waſh him not; and give him three Scotches with a Knife to the Bone on one Side only: After which, take a clean Kettle, and put in as much hard ſtale Beer,*

*Beer, but it muſt not be dead, Vinegar, and a little White-wine and Water, as will cover the Fiſh you intend to boil; then threw into the Liquor a good Quantity of Salt, the Rind of a Lemon, a Hand-ful of ſliced Horſe Radiſh-root, with a handſome little Faggot of Roſemary, Thyme and Winter Sa-vory. Then ſet your Kettle upon a quick Fire of Wood, and let your Liquor boil up to the Height before you put in your Fiſh; and, if there be many, put them in one by one, that they may not ſo cool the Liquor, as to make it fall; and, whilſt your Fiſh is boiling, beat up the Butter for your Sauce with a Ladleful or two of the Liquor it is boiling in; and being boiled enough, immediately pour the Liquor from the Fiſh; and, being laid in a Diſh, pour your Butter upon it, and ſtrewing it plentifully over with ſhav'd Horſe Radiſh, and a little pounded Ginger, garniſh your Sides of your Diſh, and the Fiſh itſelf with a ſliced Lemon or two, and ſo ſerve it up.*

A *Grayling* is alſo to be dreſſed exactly after the ſame Manner, ſaving that he is to be ſcal'd, which a *Trout* never is; and that muſt be done either with one's Nails, or very lightly and carefully with a Knife, for fear of bruiſing the Fiſh. And note, That theſe Kinds of Fiſh, a *Trout* eſpecially, if he is not eaten within four or five Hours after he is taken, is worth nothing.

But come, Sir, I ſee you have dined, and there-fore, if you pleaſe, we will walk down again to the little Fiſhing-houſe, and there I will read you a Lecture of angling at the Bottom.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XI.

*Directions for fishing at Bottom for a* Trout.

*Via.* SO, Sir, now we are here, and set, let me have my Instructions for angling for *Trout* and *Grayling* at the Bottom; which, though not so easy, so cleanly, nor (as it is said) so genteel a Way of fishing, as with a Fly, is yet, if I mistake not, a good holding Way, and takes Fish when nothing else will.

*Pis.* You are in the right, it does so; and a Worm is so sure a Bait at all Times, that, excepting in a Flood, I would I had laid a thousand Pounds that I had killed Fish, more or less, with it, Winter or Summer, every Day throughout the Year; those Days always excepted, that, upon a more serious Account, always ought so to be. But not longer to delay you, I will begin, and tell you, that angling at the Bottom is also commonly of two Sorts (and yet there is a third Way of angling with a Ground-bait, and to a very great Effect too, as shall be said hereafter) namely, *by Hand*, or with a Cork or *Float*. That we call angling *by Hand* is of three Sorts. The first with a Line about half the Length of the Rod, a good weighty Plumb, and three Hairs next the Hook, which we call a Running-line, and with one large *Brandling*, or a *Dew-worm*, of a moderate Size, or two small ones of the first, or any other Sort, proper for a *Trout*, of which my Father *Walton* has already given you the Names, and saved me a Labour, or indeed almost any Worm whatever; for if a *Trout* be in the Humour to bite, it must be such a Worm as I never yet saw, that he will refuse; and, if you fish with two, * you are then to bait your Hook thus; you are first to run the Point of your Hook



* The Way of baiting with *one* Worm (See *p.* 68.)

in at the very Head of your firſt Worm, and ſo down through his Body, till it be paſt the Knot, and then let it out, and ſlip the Worm above the Arming, that you may not bruiſe it with your Fingers, till you have put on the other, by running the Point of the Hook in below the Knot, and upwards through his Body towards his Head, till it be but juſt covered with the Head; which being done, you are then to ſlip the firſt Worm down over the Arming again, till the Knots of both Worms meet together. The ſecond Way of angling *by Hand*, and with a Running-line, is with a Line ſomething longer than the former, and with Tackle made after this ſame manner. At the utmoſt Extremity of your Line, where the Hook is always placed in all other Ways of angling, you are to have a large Piſtol or Carrabine Bullet, into which the End of your Line is to be faſtened, with a Peg or Pin, even and cloſe with the Bullet, and about half a Foot above that, a Branch of Line, of two or three Handfuls long, or more for a ſwift Stream, with a Hook at the End thereof, baited with ſome of the fore-named Worms, and half a Foot above that, another armed and baited after the ſame Manner, but with another Sort of Worm, without any Lead at all above; by which Means, you will always certainly find the true Bottom in all Depths, which, with Plumbs upon your Line above, you can never do, but that your Bait muſt always drag whilſt you are ſounding (which, in this Way of angling, muſt be continually) by which Means you are like to have more Trouble, and peradventure, worſe Succeſs. And both theſe Ways of angling at the Bottom, are moſt proper for a dark and muddy Water, by reaſon, that, in ſuch a Condition of the Streams,

a Man

a Man may ſtand as near as he will, and neither his own Shadow, nor the Roundneſs of his Tackle, will hinder his Sport. The third Way of angling by Hand with a Ground-bait, and by much the beſt of all other, is, with a Line full as long, or a Yard and half longer than your Rod, with no more than one Hair next the Hook, and for two or three Lengths abovē it, and no more than one ſmall Pellet of Shot for your Plumb: your Hook little, your Worms of the ſmaller *Brandlings* very well ſcoured, and only one upon your Hook at a time, which is thus to be baited; the Point of your Hook is to be put in at the very Tag of his Tail, and run up his Body quite over all the Arming, and ſtill ſtript on, an Inch at leaſt, upon the Hair, the Head and remaining Part hanging downward; and with this Line and Hook thus baited, you are ever more to angle in the Streams, always in a clear, rather than a troubled Water, and always up the River; ſtill caſting out your Worm before you, with a light one-handed Rod, like an artificial Fly; where it will be taken, ſometimes at the Top, or within a very little of the Superficies of the Water, and almoſt always before that light Plumb can ſink it to the Bottom, both by reaſon of the Stream, and alſo, that you muſt always keep your Worm in Motion, by drawing ſtill back towards you, as if you were angling with a Fly; and, believe me, whoever will try it, ſhall find this the beſt Way of all other to angle with a Worm, in a bright Water eſpecially; but then his Rod muſt be very light and pliant, and very true and finely made, which, with a ſkilful Hand, will do Wonders; and, in a clear Stream, is undoubtedly the beſt Way of angling for a *Trout* or *Grayling* with a Worm, by many Degrees, that any Man can make choice of,

and of moſt Eaſe and Delight to the Angler. To which let me add, that if the Angler be of a Conſtitution that will ſuffer him to wade, and will ſlip into the Tail of a ſhallow Stream, to the Calf of the Leg, or the Knee, and ſo keep off the Bank, he ſhall almoſt take what Fiſh he pleaſes. The ſecond Way of angling at the Bottom, is with a Cork or Float, and that is alſo of two Sorts; with a *Worm*, or with a *Grub* or *Cadis*. With a Worm, you are to have your Line within a Foot, or a Foot and an half, as long as your Rod; in a dark Water with two, or, if you will, with three, but, in a clear Water, never with above one Hair next the Hook, and two or three for four or five Lengths above it, and a Worm of what Size you pleaſe; your Plumbs fitted to your Cork, your Cork to the Condition of the River (that is, to the Swiftneſs or Slowneſs of it) and both, when the Water is very clear, as fine as you can, and then you are never to bait with above one of the leſſer Sort of *Brandlings*; or, if they are very little ones indeed, you may then bait with two, after the Manner before directed. When you angle for a *Trout*, you are to do it as deep, that is, as near the Bottom as you can, provided your Bait do not drag; or, if it do, a *Trout* will ſometimes take it in that Poſture: If for a *Grayling*, you are then to fiſh further from the Bottom, he being a Fiſh that uſually ſwims nearer to the Middle of the Water, and lies always looſe, or, however, is more apt to riſe than a *Trout*, and more inclined to riſe, than to deſcend: Even to a Ground Bait. With a *Grub* or *Cadis*, you are to angle with the ſame Length of Line; or, if it be all out as long as your Rod, it is not the worſe, but never of above one Hair for two or three Lengths next the Hook,

Hook, and with the ſmalleſt Cork or Float, and the leaſt Weight of Plumb you can, that will but ſink, and that the Swiftneſs of your Stream will allow; which alſo you may help, and avoid the Violence of the Current, by angling in the Returns of a Stream, or the Eddies betwixt two Streams, which alſo are the moſt likely Places wherein to kill a Fiſh in a Stream, either at the Top or Bottom. Of *Grubs*, for a *Grayling*, the *Aſh-Grub*, which is plump, milk-white, bent round from Head to Tail, and exceeding tender, with a red Head; or the *Dock-worm* or *Grub*, of a pale yellow: Longer, lanker, and tougher, than the other, with Rows of Feet all down his Belly, and a red Head, alſo are the beſt, I ſay, for a *Grayling*; becauſe, although a *Trout* will take both theſe (the *Aſh-Grub* eſpecially) yet he does not do it ſo freely as the other, and I have uſually taken ten *Graylings* for one *Trout*, with that Bait; though, if a *Trout* come, I have obſerved, that he is commonly a very good one. Theſe Baits we uſually keep in Bran, in which an *Aſh-Grub* commonly grows tougher, and will better endure baiting; though he is yet ſo tender, that it will be neceſſary to warp in a Piece of ſtiff Hair with your Arming, leaving it ſtanding out about a Straw's Breadth at the Head of your Hook, ſo as to keep the *Grub* either from ſlipping totally off when baited, or at leaſt down to the Point of the Hook, by which Means your Arming will be left wholly naked and bare: Which is neither ſo ſightly, nor ſo likely to be taken; though, to help that (which will however very often fall out) I always arm the Hook I deſign for this Bait with the whiteſt Horſe-hair I can chuſe, which itſelf will reſemble, and ſhine like that Bait, and, conſequently, will do more good, or leſs

harm, than an Arming of any other Colour. These *Grubs* are to be baited thus; the Hook is to be put in under the Head or Chaps of the Bait, and guided down the Middle of the Belly, without suffering it to peep out by the way (for then, the *Ash-Grub* especially, will issue out Water and Milk, till nothing but the Skin shall remain, and the Bend of the Hook will appear black through it) till the Point of your Hook come so low, that the Head may rest and stick upon the Hair that stands to hold it, by which means it can neither slip off itself, neither will the Force of the Stream, nor quick pulling out, upon any Mistake, strip it off. Now, the *Cadis*, or *Cod-bait* (which is a sure killing Bait, and, for the most Part, by much surer than either of the other) may be put upon the Hook, two or three together, and is sometimes to very great Effect join'd to a Worm, and sometimes to an artificial Fly to cover the Point of the Hook; but is always to be angled with at the Bottom, when by itself especially, with the finest Tackle, and is, for all Times of the Year, the most holding Bait of all other whatever, both for *Trout* and *Grayling*. There are several other Baits besides these few I have named to you, which also do very great Execution at the Bottom; and some that are peculiar to certain Countries and Rivers, of which every Angler may, in his own Place, make his own Observation; and some others that I do not think fit to put you in mind of, because I would not corrupt you, and would have you, as in all things else I observe you to be, a very honest Gentleman, and a fair Angler. And so much for the second Sort of angling for a *Trout* at the Bottom.

*Ven.* But, Sir, I beseech you, give me Leave to ask you one Question: Is there no Art to be used

to

o Worms, to make them allure the Fiſh, and, in: t manner, compel them to bite at the Bait ?

*Piſ.* Not that I know of; or did I know any ſuch Secret, I would not uſe it myſelf, and therefore would not teach it you. Though, I will not deny to you, that, in my younger Days, I have made Trial of *Oil* of *Oſprey*, *Oil* of *Ivy*, *Cambaire*, *Aſſa-fœtida*, Juice of *Nettles*, and ſeveral other Devices that I was taught by ſeveral *Anglers* I met with, but could never find any Advantage by them, and can ſcarce believe there is any thing to be done that Way; though, I muſt tell you, I have ſeen ſome Men, who I thought went to work no more artificially than I, and have yet, with the ſame kind of Worms I had, in my own Sight taken five, and ſometimes ten for one. But we will let that Buſineſs alone, if you pleaſe; and becauſe we have Time enough, and that I would deliver you from the Trouble of any more Lectures, I will, if you pleaſe, proceed to the laſt Way of angling for a *Trout* or *Grayling*, which is in the *Middle*, after which, I ſhall have no more to trouble you with.

*Via.* 'Tis no Trouble, Sir, but the greateſt Satisfaction that can be, and I attend you.

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## CHAP. XII.

*Of fiſhing at* Middle-water. *The Concluſion.*

*Piſ.* ANgling in the Middle then for a *Trout* or *Grayling* is of two Sorts, with a *Pink* or *Minnow* for a *Trout*, or with a *Worm*, *Grub*, or *Cadis*, for a *Grayling*.

For the firſt, it is with a *Minnow*, half a Foot, or a Foot, within the Superficies of the Water; and, as to the reſt that concerns this Sort of angling, I ſhall wholly refer you to Mr. *Walton*'s

Direction, * who is undoubtedly the beſt Angler with a *Minnow* in *England*; only, in plain Truth, I do not approve of thoſe Baits he keeps in Salt †, unleſs where the living ones are not poſſibly to be had (though I know he frequently kills with them, and peradventure, more than with any other; nay, I have ſeen him refuſe a living one for one of them) and much leſs of his artificial one ‡; for though we do it with a counterfeit Fly, methinks it ſhould hardly be expected, that a Man ſhould deceive a Fiſh with a counterfeit Fiſh; which having ſaid, I ſhall only add, and that out of my own Experience, that I do believe a *Bull-head*, with his Gill-fins cut off, at ſome Times of the Year eſpecially, to be a much better Bait for a *Trout* than a *Minnow*, and a *Loach* much better than that; to prove which, I ſhall only tell you, that I have much oftener taken *Trouts* with a *Bull-head*, or a *Loach*, in their Throats (for there a *Trout* has queſtionleſs his firſt Digeſtion) than a *Minnow*; and that one Day eſpecially, having angled a good Part of the Day with a *Minnow*, and that in as hopeful a Day, and as fit a Water, as could be wiſhed for that Purpoſe, without raiſing any one Fiſh; I at laſt fell to it with a *Worm*, and with that, took fourteen in a very ſhort Space; amongſt all which, there was not, to my Remembrance, ſo much as one that had not a *Loach* or two, and ſome of them three, four, five, and ſix *Loaches* in his Throat and Stomach; from whence I concluded, that had I angled with that Bait, I had made a notable Day's Work of it. But, after all, there is a better Way of angling with a *Minnow*, than perhaps is fit either to teach or to practice; to which I ſhall only add, that a *Grayling* will certainly riſe at, and ſometimes

* Page 69. † Page *ibid.* ‡ Page 70.

ſometimes take a *Minnow*, though it will be hard to be believed by any one, who ſhall conſider the Littleneſs of that Fiſhes Mouth, very unfit to take ſo great a Bait: But it is affirmed by many, that he will ſometimes do it, and I myſelf know it to be true; for though I never took a *Grayling* ſo, yet a Man of mine once did, and within ſo few Paces of me, that I am as certain of it, as I can be of any thing I did not ſee; and, which made it appear the more ſtrange, the *Grayling* was not above eleven Inches long. —— I muſt here alſo beg Leave of your Maſter and mine, not to controvert, but to tell him, that I cannot conſent to his Way of throwing in his Rod to an over-grown *Trout* *, and afterwards recovering his Fiſh with his Tackle; for though I am ſatisfied he has ſometimes done it, becauſe he ſays ſo, yet I have found it quite otherwiſe; and though I have taken with the Angle, I may ſafely ſay, ſome thouſands of *Trouts* in my Life, my Top never ſnaped (though my Line ſtill continued faſt to the remaining Part of my Rod, by ſome Lengths of Line curled round about my Top, and there faſtened with waxed Silk, againſt ſuch an Accident, nor my Hand never ſlacked or ſlipped by any other Chance) but I almoſt always infallibly loſt my Fiſh, whether great or little, though my Hook came home again. And I have often wondered, how a *Trout* ſhould ſo ſuddenly diſengage himſelf from ſo great Hook as that we bait with a *Minnow*, and ſo deep bearded as thoſe Hooks commonly are, when I have ſeen, by the fore-named Accidents, or the Slipping of a Knot in the upper Part of the Line, by ſudden, and hard ſtriking, that though the Line has been immediately recovered, almoſt before it could be all drawn



* Page 91.

into the Water, the Fish cleared, and gone in a Moment. And yet, to justify what he says, I have sometimes known a *Trout*, having carried away a whole Line, found dead three or four Days after, with the Hook fast sticking in him; but then it is to be supposed he had gorged it, which a *Trout* will do, if you be not too quick with him, when he comes at a *Minnow*, as sure, and much sooner than a *Pike*; and I myself have also, once or twice in my Life, taken the same Fish with my own Fly sticking in his Chaps that he had taken from me the Day before, by the slipping of a Hook in the Arming; but, I am very confident, a *Trout* will not be troubled two Hours with any Hook that has so much as one Handful of Line left behind with it, or that is not struck through a Bone, if it be in any Part of his Mouth only; nay, I do certainly know, that a *Trout*, as soon as ever he feels himself prick'd, if he carries away the Hook, goes immediately to the Bottom, and will there rout like a Hog upon the Gravel, till he either rub out, or break the Hook in the Middle. And so much for this first Sort of angling in the Middle for a *Trout*. The second Way of angling in the Middle is with a *Worm*, *Grub*, or *Cadis*, or any other Ground-bait for a *Grayling*, and that is with a Cork, and a Foot from the Bottom; a *Grayling* taken, is much better there than at the Bottom, as has been said before, and this always in a clear Water, and with the finest Tackle. To which we may also, and with very good Reason, add the third Way of angling *by Hand* with a Ground-bait, as a third Way of fishing in the Middle, which is common to both *Trout* and *Grayling*; and, as I said before, the best Way of angling with a *Worm*, of all other I ever tried whatever. And

now,

now, Sir, I have said all, I can at present think of, concerning angling for a *Trout* and *Grayling*; and, I doubt not, have tired you sufficiently; but I will give you no more Trouble of this Kind whilst you stay, which, I hope, will be a good while longer.

*Via.* That will not be above a Day; but, if I live till *May* come Twelvemonth, you are sure of me again, either with my Master *Walton*, or (if I am to be so unhappy) without him; and, in the mean time, shall acquaint him, how much you have made of me for his Sake; and I hope he loves me well enough to thank you for it.

*Pis.* I shall be glad, Sir, of your good Company at the Time you speak of, and shall be loath to part with you now; but when you tell me you must go, I will then wait upon you more Miles on your Way, then I have tempted you out of it, and heartily wish you a good Journey.

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# The RETIREMENT.

## Irregular Stanzas,

## To *Mr.* ISAAC WALTON.

I.

*THOU busy World farewell! and may*
*We never meet again:*
Here *I can eat, and sleep, and pray,*
*And do more Good in one short Day,*
*Than he, who his whole Age outwears*
*On the most throng'd, conspicuous Theatres,*
*Where nought but* Vanity *and* Vice *appear.*

II.

Good God! *how sweet are all Things here!*
*How beautiful the Fields appear!*

*How*

*How cleanly do we feed and lie!*
*What healthful, temperate Hours we keep!*
*How quietly we sleep!*
*What Peace, what Unanimity!*
*How innocent from the lewd Fashion,*
*Is all our Business, all our Recreation!*

III.

*Oh, how happy,* here's *our leisure!*
*Oh, how harmless all our Pleasure!*
*Oh, ye Valleys, Meads, and Mountains!*
*Lonely Groves, and chrystal Fountains!*
*How I love at Liberty*
*By turns, to come and visit ye!*

IV.

*Dear* Solitude, *Thought's readiest Friend,*
*That Man, acquainted with himself dost make,*
*And, all his* MAKER'S *Wonders to intend,*
*With* thee, *I here converse at will,*
*And would be glad to do so still,*
*For, it is* thou *alone, that keep'st the Soul awake.*

V.

*How calm, and quiet a Delight*
*Is it, alone*
*To read, and meditate, and write;*
*By none offended, and, offending none?*
*To walk, ride, sit, in unmolested Ease,*
*And, pleasing guiltless self, none others to displease.*

VI.

*Oh, my unequall'd Nymph, fair Dove!*
*Princess of Rivers, how I love*
*Upon thy flowry Banks to lie;*
*And view thy silver Stream,*
*When gilded by a Summer's Beam,*
*And in it, all thy wanton Fry*
*Playing at fearless Liberty:*
*And with my Angle upon them,*

(*The*

*(The all of Treachery*
*I ever learn'd) induſtriouſly to try.*

VII.

*Such Streams,* Rome's *yellow* Tiber *cannot ſhow,*
*Th'* Iberian Tagus, *or* Ligurian Po ;
*The* Mauſe, *the* Danube, *and the* Rhine,
*Are mere thick, muddy Floods, compared with thine;*
*And* Loires *pure Streams yet too polluted are*
*With thine much purer to compare ;*
*The rapid* Garonne, *and the winding* Seine,
*Are both too mean.*
*Lov'd, beauteous* Dove, *with thee*
*To vie Priority ;*
*Nay,* Tame *and* Iſis, *when conjoin'd, ſubmit,*
*And lay their Trophies at thy ſilver Feet.*

VIII.

*Oh, my lov'd Rocks ! that ſtately riſe*
*To awe the Earth, and brave the Skies :*
*From ſome aſpiring Mountains crown,*
*How dearly do I love,*
*Giddy with Pleaſure, to look down ;*
*And from the Vales, to view the noble Heights above!*

IX.

*Oh, my lov'd ſilent Caves ! from Dog-ſtars heat,*
*And all Anxieties, my ſought Retreat :*
*What Safety, Privacy, what true Delight,*
*In the artificial Night*
*Your gloomy Entrals make*
*Have I taken, do I take !*
*How oft when Grief has made me fly*
*To hide me from Society,*
*Even, of my deareſt Friends, have I*
*In your Receſſes friendlier Shade,*
*All my Sorrows open laid ;*
*And, my moſt ſecret Woes, in Truſt, giv'n to your Pri-*
(*vacy.*

X.

*Liv'd I, from vexing Man, alone ;*
*What a too happy, happy one,* *Should*

*Should I deem myself to be!*
*Might I in* this defart Place
*(Which, in Opinion, muft difgrace)*
*Live but undifturb'd and free!*
Here, *in this defpis'd Recefs*
*Would I, Spite of Winter's Cold,*
*And the Summer's worft Extreams,*
*Try to live out to fixty full Years old!*
*And, all the while,*
*Without an envious Eye*
*On any, thriving under Fortune's Smile,*
*Live, all contented —— and contented die.*

CHARLES COTTON.

*End of the Second Part.*

A SHORT

# A SHORT

# DISCOURSE

By Way of

# *POSTCRIPT,*

Concerning the

# LAWS of ANGLING.

## In a Letter to *Mr.* WALTON.

*My good Friend,*

I CANNOT but tender my particular Thanks to you, for that you have been pleased, by several Editions of your *Compleat Angler*, freely to dispense your dear-bought Experiences to all the Lovers of that Art; and have thereby so excellently vindicated the Legality thereof, as to divine Approbation, that if I should go about to say more in that Behalf, it indeed were to light a Candle to the Sun: But since all Pleasures (though never so innocent in themselves) lose that Stamp, when they are either pursued with inordinate Affections, or to the Prejudice of another, therefore as to the former, every Man ought to endeavour, through a serious Consideration of the Vanity of worldly Contentments, to moderate his

Affections

Affections thereunto, whereby they may be made of excellent Uſe, as ſome Poiſons, allayed, are in Phyſick: And, as to the latter, we are to have recourſe to the known Laws, Ignorance whereof excuſeth no Man, and by their Directions ſo ſquare our Actions, that we hurt no one, but keep cloſe to that golden Rule, *To do to all Men, as we would ourſelves be done unto.*

Now, concerning the *Art of Angling*, we may conclude, Sir, that as you have proved it to be of great Antiquity, ſo I find it favoured by the Laws of this Kingdom; for where Proviſion is made by our Statutes, *primo Eliz. cap.* 17. againſt taking Fiſh by Nets that be not of ſuch and ſuch a Size there ſet down, yet thoſe Law-makers had ſo much Reſpect to Anglers, as to except them, and leave them at Liberty to catch as big as they could, and as little as they would catch. And yet, though this apoſtolical Recreation be ſimply in itſelf lawful, yet no Man can go upon another Man's Ground to fiſh, without his Licence, but that he is a Treſpaſſer; but if a Man have Licence to enter into a Cloſe or Ground for ſuch a Space of Time, there, though he practiſe angling all that Time, he is not a Treſpaſſer, becauſe his fiſhing is no Abuſe of his Licence: But this is to be underſtood of running Streams, and not of Ponds or ſtanding Pools; for, in Caſe of a Pond or ſtanding Pool, the Owner thereof hath a Property in the Fiſh, and they are ſo far ſaid to be his, that he may have Treſpaſs for the Fiſh againſt any one that ſhall take them without his Licence, though it be upon a Common, or adjoining to the King's Highway, or adjoining to another Man's Ground, who gives Licence; but, in caſe of a River, where one or more have *libera piſcaria*, only it is otherwiſe, for

there

there the Fiſh are ſaid to be *feræ naturæ*, and the taking of them with an Angle is not Treſpaſs, for that no Man is ſaid to have a Property in them till he have caught them, and then it is a Treſpaſs for any to take them from him: But this is not to be underſtood of Fiſh confined to a Man's own Ground by Grates, or otherwiſe, ſo that they cannot paſs away, but may be taken out or put in at Pleaſure, for, in that Caſe, the Party hath a Property in them, as in the Caſe of a ſtanding Pool.

But where any one hath *ſeparalis piſcaria*, as in *Child* and *Greenhills* Caſe, in *Trin.* 15. *Car.* I. in the *King's-Bench*, there it ſeemeth that the Fiſh may be ſaid to be his, becauſe no Man elſe may take them whilſt they are within his ſeveral fiſhing; therefore what is meant by a ſeveral fiſhing is neceſſary to be conſidered; and though the Difference between a free fiſhing and a ſeveral fiſhing be often treated of in the antient Books of the Law, and ſome Opinions will have the Difference to be great, and others ſmall, or nothing at all; yet the certaineſt Definition of a ſeveral fiſhing is, where one hath the Royalty, and owneth the Ground on each Side of the Water; which agreeth with Sir *W. Calthropp*'s Caſe, *Mich.* 17. *E.* 4. 6. and *Paſc.* 18. *E.* 4. 4. where an Action was brought by him againſt another for fiſhing in his ſeveral fiſhing, *&c.* to which the Defendant pleaded, That the Place wherein the Treſpaſs was ſuppoſed to be done, contained ten Perches of Land in Length, and twenty Perches in Breadth, which was his own Freehold at the Time when the Treſpaſs was ſuppoſed to be done, and that he fiſhed there, as was lawful for him to do; and this was adjudged a good Plea by the whole Court; and, upon Argument in that Caſe, it was agreed, that

that no Man could have a feveral fifhing but in his own Soil, and that free fifhing may be in the Soil of another Man; which was all agreed unto by *Littleton*, our famous *English* Lawyer. So that from all this may be drawn this fhort Conclufion, *That if the Angler take care that he offend not with his Feet, there is no great Danger of his Hands.*

But there are fome covetous, rigid Perfons, whofe Souls hold no fympathy with thofe of the innocent Anglers, having either got to be Lords of Royalties, or Owners of Lands adjoining to Rivers, do, by fome apted, clownifh Nature and Education, for the Purpofe infult and domineer over the innocent Angler; beating him, breaking his Rod, or at leaft taking it from him, and fometimes imprifoning his Perfon, as if he were a Felon; whereas a true-bred Gentleman fcorns thofe Spider-like Attempts, and will rather refrefh a civil Stranger at his Table, than warn him from coming on his Ground upon fo innocent an Occafion. It would therefore be confidered, how far fuch furious Drivers are warranted by the Law, and what the Angler may, in cafe of fuch Violence, do in Defence of himfelf. If I come upon another Man's Ground without his Licence, or the Licence of the Law, I am a Trefpaffer, for which the Owner may have an Action of Trefpafs againft me; and if I continue there after Warning to depart by the Owner, or his Servant thereunto authorized, the Owner, or his Servant, by his Command, may put me off by Force, but not beat me, but in cafe of Refiftance by me, for then I, by refifting, make the Aflault; but if he beat me, I not refifting, in that cafe he makes the Aflault,

and

and I may beat him in Defence of myſelf, and to free myſelf from his Violence: And in caſe I ſhall leave my Rod behind in his Ground, he may take it Damage Feaſant, but he can neither take it from my Perſon by Force, nor break it, but he is a Treſpaſſer to me: Which ſeems clear by the Caſe of *Reynell* and *Champernoon*, *Alich.* 7. *Car.* I. where *Reynell* brought an Action of Treſpaſs againſt *Champernoon* for taking and cutting his Nets; the Defendant juſtified, for that he was ſeized in Fee of a ſeveral fiſhing, and that the Plaintiff, with others, endeavoured to row upon his Water, and with the Nets to catch his Fiſh, and that for the Safe-guard of his fiſhing, he took and cut the Nets and Oars: To which Plea the Plaintiff demurred: And there it was adjudged by the whole Court, that he could not, by ſuch Colour, cut the Nets and Oars; and Judgment was thereupon given for the Plaintiff.

Doubtleſs, our Fore-fathers well conſidered, that Man to Man was a Wolf, and therefore made good Laws to keep us from devouring one another; and, amongſt the reſt, a very good Statute was made in the three-and-fortieth Year of Queen *Elizabeth*, whereby it is provided, That, in perſonal Actions in the Courts at *Weſtminſter*, being not for Land or Battery, when it ſhall appear to the Judges, and be ſo by them ſignified, that the Debt or Damages to be recovered amount not to the Sum of forty Shillings or above, the ſaid Judges ſhall award to the Plaintiff no more Coſts than Damages, but leſs, at their Diſcretion.

And

And now, with my Acknowledgment of the Advantage I have had, both by your Friendſhip and your Book, I with nothing that looks like an Alteration in the firſt, nor any thing in the laſt, but that, by Reaſon of the uſeful Pleaſure of it, you had called it the *Arcadia of Angling*, for it deſerves that Title, and I would deſerve the Continuance of your Friendſhip.

AN

# AN APPENDIX.

## Shewing at one VIEW,

1. The moſt proper *Rivers*. 2. Particular *Haunts*. 3. *Baits*. 4. Their *Seaſons*; and *Hours*, in the Day, of biting. 5. General Directions in Practice, *for every Kind of* Fiſh *that is to be angled for*. Alphabetically diſpoſed.

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## BARBEL.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames* at *London*, *Kingſton*, and *Chertſey* Bridges, *Sheperton* and *Walton* Deeps, *Hampton* Ferry, all the Locks between *Maidenhead* and *Oxford*; the Holes under *Cooper's-Hill*; *Byfleet* and *Weybridge* Rivers, *Surry*; the *Lea*, *Eſſex*; *Avon*, *Worceſterſhire*; and *Trent*.

*N. B.* Theſe Fiſh are never in Meers, Ponds, or ſtanding Waters.

HAUNTS. Generally the End of a gravelly Shoal, among Weeds; under a Bank near the Shore; under Bridges; about Mill-tails, Piles, or the Aprons of Sluices and Weirs in clear ſwift Streams. In *Summer*, they lie on the ſwifteſt, ſhalloweſt Scowers. In *Winter*, in the quieteſt Deeps. They never quit their Places of Reſidence; a Hole famous for them once, is always ſo.

BAITS. He is delicate, muſt always have them clean, ſweet and well ſcowered; yet he prefers a green *Gentle* to another. His chief Bait is a well

ſcowered

ſcowered *Lob-worm*. *Cheeſe*, laid a Day or two in a wet Cloth to make it tough, and in clarified Honey an Hour or two before it is uſed. *Paſte* made of Sheep's Blood and Suet, or of the latter and Cheeſe, choicely good in *Auguſt*. *Ground-bait* with Tallow-Chandler's *Graves* cut in Pieces, thrown in over Night, or the *Baits* you angle with.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. He ſpawns in *April* (others ſay *Auguſt*) recovers preſently, *bites* from Sun-riſe till ten o'Clock, and from four in the Afternoon till Sun-ſet, and all Night in Summer. Principal *biting* Months, are from about the tenth of *April* till the End of *Auguſt*.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. The Rod and Line muſt be ſtrong, and of a ſufficient Length, with a little Bell at the Top of the Rod, to give warning of a Bite in Night-fiſhing. Fiſh always at Ground. You may uſe the Ledger and running Line. He muſt be cloſe watched, or he will ſuck off the Bait; and played ſome time before you offer to land him.

## BLEAK.

IS almoſt in all RIVERS in great Plenty; very large ones in *Lea*, *Eſſex*, and *Weybridge* River, *Surry*.

HAUNTS. Are in every Place, for he is in continual roving.

BAITS. *Gentles* under Water, or ſmall *Red-Worms* (in Winter chiefly) and *Houſe* or *Flat-flies* in Summer, at the Top and Middle; and all the Baits the *Roach* takes, only leſs.

Is in beſt SEASON in *Auguſt*, and bites all Day. *Ground-bait* with a little Bread well chewed, and thrown in looſely, will preſently draw Thouſands about you; or, in want of this, letting your Line fall hard into the Water, for they are dauntleſs and greedy.

GENERAL

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Are to fiſh with a Pater-noſter Line (See *p.* 158.) or whip with a Fly (See *p.* 159.) you angle deeper for them in the *Thames*, than in any other River.

## BREAM.

HIS RIVERS. The *Mole*, in *Surry*, about *Darking* Bridges, and upward; fifty Brace together have been ſeen at *Eſher* Bridge; *Medway*, in *Kent*; *Avon*, in *Worceſterſhire*, and very large in the *Nyne*, *Northamptonſhire*. They are alſo a very common *Pond* Fiſh, but very few are to be got within about twenty Miles of *London*.

HAUNTS. The quieteſt, broadeſt, and deepeſt Parts of Rivers; on a ſandy or loomy Bottom: His delightful Harbour is the *Water-dock*. Where the Stream is rougheſt, and Waves run higheſt, and keeps neareſt the Middle.

BAITS. A *Dock-worm*, found at the Roots of that Plant, or Ruſhes; and, the beſt of all, the biggeſt *Red worm* you can get. Several *Flies* (takes under Water) that are found on Flags, by the River's Side; *Green-flies*, *Butter-flies*. In *June* and *July* the *Graſshopper*, with his Legs off. *Gentles*, the young Brood of *Waſps*, or *Sheep's Blood*, dried on a Tile at the Fire. *Paſtes* of brown Bread and Honey. *Ground-bait* with *Red-worms*, or *Barley-malt* (See *p.* 132, 134, 135)

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They ſpawn about *Midſummer*, juſt with the *Tench*. May be angled for from the Beginning of *April* till *Michaelmas*; but the beſt Time is, from the Beginning of the laſt Week in *July*, to the laſt in *Auguſt*. His *Hours of biting*, are from four till eight in the Morning, and the ſame again in the Evening, or later; and, in gloomy, windy Weather, all Day long.

GENERAL

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Beſure keep very ſtill, and out of ſight. Uſe a long Rod, and ſtrong Line. Give him Time to bite, ſtrike gently, and fiſh always near the Bottom. See Directions from *p.* 130. with the Notes, to 135.

## BULL-HEAD; *or* MILLER'S-THUMB.

IS to be found in many clear gravelly *Rivers* and *Brooks*.

HAUNTS. Are under Stones, or in Holes; where he will hide himſelf, and will be eaſily ſeen in hot Weather, lying on any flat Pebble ſunning himſelf.

BAIT. A ſmall *Red-worm*.

His SEASONS begin in *April*, when he ſpawns, and in ſeveral Months in Summer, and will bite any Time of the Day, and ſo boldly, that if there are never ſo many in a Place, the moſt ſilly Angler may take them all.

## CARP.

HIS RIVERS. *Weybridge* River, *Surry*, has *Carps* of eight or nine Pounds Weight; the *Arun* and *Rother*, in *Suſſex*; *Ouſe*, *Bedfordſhire*; *Nyne*, *Northamptonſhire*; the Waters in the *Fens* in *Lincolnſhire*, called *Drains*; all the Rivers, which run into the Sea near *Harwich*, and ſome ſay in the *Sea* itſelf, about the *Iſle of Man*; *Lea*, and *New River*, near *London*; *Wandſworth* River; and the *Thames*, in *Mortlack* Deeps, and the Sides of the *Eights* againſt *Brentford*, *Iſleworth*, and *Twickenham*; but is more eſpecially a Pond Fiſh.

HAUNTS. Any ſtill, dead Pit or Hole, never in the Middle, but in the Turnings of Streams, and deepeſt Water, where there is leaſt Motion, with a Bottom of hard or bluiſh Clay; under Trees

ſhading

ſhading the Bank, and among freſh-grown Weeds, which he quits when they grow old and black; if you cut away the Weeds, they will forſake the Place. In ſtanding Waters, they are, moſt, in deep Marl-pits. They will not come near a Boat in Pond or River.

BAITS. In *March*, *Red-worms*, or rather the bluiſh *Marſh-worm*, or any other, not too big; or a green *Gentle* may poſſibly do as well. In *June*, *Cadews*. *July*, *Auguſt*, and *September*, a *Graſhopper*. Modern Anglers ſay, a *Green Pea* is his choiceſt Bait. Sweet Paſtes of all Kinds, made with *Honey*; *Gentles*, with a Bit of Scarlet-cloth on the Hook, ſoaked in Oil of *Petre*, See *p.* 126. A *Lob-worm*, uſed as the Fly, on the Top of the Water, or about eight Inches under, See the Note, *p.* 125. *Ground-bait* with dried Blood, Grains, boiled Malt, Garbage, or the Baits you angle with.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They ſpawn ſeveral Times, ſome ſay no leſs than ſix, in a Year, particularly in *May* and *Auguſt*, and are then out of Seaſon. Are in higheſt Requeſt in *April*, others ſay *March*. In the hot Months, you can never fiſh for them too early, or too late, and ſometimes they will bite all Night in the ſtill Part of the Water. Some reckon the 10th of *April* a fatal Day to *Carp*.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. As he is extremely ſubtle and quick-ſighted, you muſt always fiſh fine and ſtrong, and uſe a Quill-float; you muſt be watchful, move your Rod as little as poſſible, and be ſure to keep out of Sight, or all your Labour will be loſt. Keep him from running to his Hold in the Weeds when hooked, yet give him play enough before you offer to land him; in doing

which, always uſe a ſmall Hand-Net. In very thick, cloyith Water, you may let your Worm fall gently in Shallows near the Sides, and he will greedily take it, imagining it to be crawling out of the Bank.

## CHUB, *or* CHEVEN.

HIS RIVERS. Moſt throughout *England*; but, near *London*, the chief are, *Colne*, and the *New River*, *Middleſex*; *Lewiſham* River, *Kent*; *Mouſley*, *Eſher*, *Cobham*, and *Byfleet* Rivers, *Surry*; and *Lea* and *Ralden*, by *Woodford*; and *Ilford*, *Eſſex*.

HAUNTS. Loves large Rivers, chiefly under the Shades of Trees, on ſandy, clay Bottoms, or where Cattle come to dung in Fords in hot Weather. They generally ſwim in Droves together, and keep to one and the ſame Reſidence, like the *Barbel*.

BAITS. *Worms* chiefly in *March* or *April*. In the hot Months, *Cherries*, any Kind of ſoft *Berries* or *Flies*; his favourite is the *Owl-fly*, found in a Summer's Evening in Gardens, a great Head, whitiſh Wings, and a yellowiſh Body. A Bit of ſoft *Cheeſe*, *Gentles*, *Beetles*, without the Legs and Wings. *Snails* (very early in the Morning) the Black one, or *Slug*, with his Belly ſlit, to ſhow the white. Above all, a *Grashopper* at the *Top* of a ſwift Stream, and the young *Humble Bee*, found in long Graſs, at the *Bottom*. A *Roach*, cut in Bits, uſed as Baits; or a young *Eel*, as thick as a Straw. In *Auguſt*, and the cooler Months, yellow *Paſte* of ſtrongeſt Cheeſe pounded, a little Butter, and as much Saffron as will dye it Lemon-colour; boiled *Malt*, *p.* 174. or *Wheat*, *p.* 177. In Winter, you may uſe the Ledger-bait, *Paſte* of

*Cheeſe*

*Cheese* and *Turpentine*, the *Earth Grub* (see *p.* 173.) *Ox Brains*, or the *Pith* down his Back-bone, fat *Bacon*. He loves always a large Bait, and two or three Kinds on the Hook together.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They spawn in *March*, others say *May*; is in Prime from *Midmay* till *Candlemass*, but best in Winter. Bites in Summer from Sun-rise till nine in the Morning, and from three in the Afternoon till Sun-set, especially if there be a gentle Breeze stirring.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Float down a River in a Pont or Boat, about seven in a Summer's Evening, and angle under the Trees or Willows, at Top-water, with a *Bee*, *Moth*, or *Fly*; they will rise as fast as you can throw in. Use strong Tackle, keep out of Sight, for they are very fearful. Play him when struck, and use a Landing-Net. In warm Weather fish at Mid-water and Top (see a Method, *p.* 43, 44, with the Note) in colder, angle lower; and, in very cold, at Ground. This Rule is infallible.

## DACE.

HIS RIVERS. The same with the *Chub*, *Roach*, and *Gudgeon*, and is found in most of the Kingdom. In the *Thames*, *Lea*, all the *Surry* Rivers, and the *Roddon*, about *Barking*, in *Essex*, they are very large.

HAUNTS. A gravelly Bottom, in the deepest and shadiest Parts of the River, under a hanging Bank, and the Dark of a spreading Willow or Alder, and on the shalloweſt Scowers in hot Weather. The Eddy between two Mill-streams, or the Piles of Weirs and Bridges, or under the Leaves of Water-dock, and generally lies near the Top of the Water.

BAITS. Small *Red-worms*, and in *April*, *Caddars*; all *Worms* bred on Plants or Trees, especially the *Oak-worm*, at Top-water, like the *Fly*, boiled *Wheat*, *Sheep's* Blood dried, cut in the Bignefs of Bains. Paftes, *Earth Grub* and *Gentles* in Winter, and the *Ant* and fmall *Houfe-flies* in Summer. *Ground-bait*, in Bottom-fifhing, with *Bread* and *Bran* mixed.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They fpawn *February* and *March*, are good again in *April* and *May*, but beft in *September*; bite all Day long in Summer, but beft Morning and Evening, and in the latter, pretty late.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Very full and particular may be feen in the Notes, *p.* 171, 172.

## EEL.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames* abounds with them, and the Rivers running into it about *London*; *Lea*, in *Eſſex*, produces as fine ones of the filver Kind as any whatever; all the Rivers of *Cambridgefhire*; *Rumfey-Mere*, *Huntington*; *Severn*, *Worcefter*; *Stower*, *Dorfet*; *Arkham*, *Lincolnfhire*; are all very famous; and the *Irk*, *Lancafhire*, has the fineft, it is faid, in *England*. Mr. *Pope* celebrates the *Kennet*, *Berkfhire*.

*The* Kennet *fwift for filver* Eels *renown'd.*

HAUNTS. In foul and muddy Bottoms, and the ſtilleſt Waters: In Day they hide in Holes near the Banks, among Weeds, under Roots of Trees, Stones, Planks of Flood-gates, Mills, and the Bottoms of Sluices; but the fmaller ones are found in all Sorts of Rivers and Soils.

BAITS. *Lob-worms*, a *Frog*, *Minnow*, fmall *Gudgeon*, *Chicken's* Guts, one of their own Kind cut in Pieces; but the choiceſt Baits are, a Bit of powdered

powdered Beef; and, above all, a very little *Lamprey*, called a *Pride*.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. Are always in Season, but are beſt in Winter, and worſt in *May*. They bite beſt in a Shower, after a Thunderſtorm, and in windy, gloomy Weather.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. In dry hot Weather when the Waters are low, practice *Sniggling* (ſee the Note, *p.* 148.) or *Bobbing* (ſee the Note, *p. ibid.*) in Rivers that have Tides, during Ebb: Or lay Night-hooks, baited with ſmall *Roaches*; the Hook muſt lie in the Mouth of the Fiſh, as for *Pike*. The beſt Way of angling for them with the Rod, is with a Ledger-bait (ſee *p.* 115.) or on the *Grabble*, which is ſinking the Line by a running Plummet faſt at Bottom, that the Hook Link plays in the Water. Or throw a long Line, with ſeveral Hooks upon it, placed about a Yard diſtant, baited with *Lob-worms* and ſmall Fiſh, with a heavy Lead to ſink it. Theſe three laſt Ways may be practiſed in any likely Place while the Angler is amuſing himſelf in other fiſhing; and often, beſides *Eels*, by this Method, *Pike* and *Pearch* are taken.

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## FLOUNDER, FLUKE, *or* BUT.

HIS RIVERS. Are thoſe which have Communication with the Tides; but he will wander very far up them. There are very fine ones taken in the *Thames*, near *London*, and in the Mouths of the *Roddon* and *Lea*, *Eſſex*; *Wandell*, *Mouldſey*, *Eſher*, *Weybridge* and *Byfleet* Rivers, *Surry*; in which laſt they are very large.

HAUNTS. The Sides of Sand-banks, or on Gravel, eſpecially if there be a deep Declivity: The Tail of Mill Streams, or at the End of a

Stream, in a deep ſtill Place. They never lie on any Bottom where there is Mud.

BAITS. *Gentles*, *Waſps*, but, beſt of all, a ſmall *Red-worm*, or a little bluiſh *Marſh-worm*. *Ground-bait* with a Handful of the ſame cut in two Pieces.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They ſpawn from the End of *June* to the Middle of *July*, when they are at worſt, but are in Seaſon all the reſt of the Year. From *April* to *Auguſt* he bites all Day long.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. The uſual Way of fiſhing, is to lie upon the *Grabble* (ſee the Way of this in the General Directions for the *Eel*). If you uſe a *Float*, let it lie flat on the Surface, and, when it moves along ſlowly, and preſently ſtands upright, then ſtrike; but take Leiſure, for he is ſome time in ſucking in the Bait. Let your Hook be very ſmall.

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## GRAYLING, *or* UMBER.

HIS RIVERS are very few. The chief is the *Dove*, in *Derbyſhire*, and the *Lug*, *Herefordſhire*; though he is in the *Derwent*, *Yorkſhire*; the *Hedder* and *Trent*, *Staffordſhire*; *Avon*, *Wiltſhire*; and perhaps in no others in *England*.

HAUNTS. The ſame with the *Trout*; but that he loves to lie in the ſharpeſt and ſwifteſt Streams, and is generally found nearer the Mid-water than the Bottom.

BAITS. He takes all the *Trout* does, but ſeldom the *Minnow*. His Flies muſt be ſmall; and, under Water, an *Aſh-Grub*, *Dock-worm*, *Wheat* or *Malt* boiled, or a ſmall *Red-worm*, are the beſt of any.

SEASONS,

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They ſpawn in *May*, and are in higheſt Perfection in *December*. At that Time, in a mild ſun-ſhiny Day, they bite beſt for two Hours about Noon. In Summer, his Hours and Weather for biting, are the ſame with the *Trout*.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Your Tackle ſhould be ſomewhat finer than for a *Trout*. Your Hook whipped to *Silk-worm* Cut well waxed with *Virgin's-wax*. Fiſh at leaſt ſix or nine Inches from the Bottom, for he is apter to riſe than deſcend. Keep concealed as much as may be, for he is the quickeſt ſighted, and eaſilieſt feared, of any Fiſh; and be gentle with him when ſtruck, or he is ſo tender mouthed, he will break his Hold.

## GUDGEON.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames*, above Bridge. *Teddington* Banks are remarkable; at *Sunbury*, *Sheperton*, *Windſor*, and eſpecially *Marlow*. In the *New River* are vaſt Plenty; and in *Byfleet*, *Surry*; *Uxbridge* River breeds them very large, but there are none finer than in the *Lea*, *Eſſex*.

HAUNTS. The cleareſt, ſandy or gravelly Bottoms, and moderately ſharp Streams, where they lie in Shoals on the Shallows in Summer, but get deeper about Autumn; under any Bridge or Plank in ſmall Rivers, for they are fond of Shade

BAITS. *Gentle*, *Paſte*, *Cadis*, *Waſps*; but the beſt is a ſmall well-ſcowered *Red-worm*, or the *Blood-worm*, found in the Mud of Cow-ponds near *London*. This Fiſh never riſes at *Flies*, nor takes them under.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*, They ſpawn in the End of *April*, and in *November*. He bites all

Day, from *March* to *October*, an Hour after Sun-rife, and till the ſame Time before Sun-ſet.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Fiſh always at Ground; if you uſe a Float, the *Cork one* is beſt, but better fiſhing by Hand with the *Running-line*. You ſhould rake the Ground with a Pole between while's, or, in want of one, throw in Earth by Handfuls, or you may Ground-bait with Crumbs of Bread chewed ſmall and thrown in. Be not too quick to ſtrike, becauſe they will often nibble the Bait before they ſwallow it, but will take it ſure. Let your Hook and Baits be ſmall, and fiſh pretty fine. You need not be careful about their ſeeing you, for they are not in the leaſt ſhy, but ſo undaunted, that, for Conveniency, you may ſtand up to the Mid-leg in Water, and catch them cloſe to your very Feet.

## LOACH.

HIS RIVERS. He is not uſually found in theſe, but in little, clear, ſwift *Brooks* or *Rills*, in the ſharpeſt Streams.

HAUNTS. Are on the Gravel, and under Stones, and always lies at the Bottom.

BAITS. A ſmall *Red-worm*, or the *Gilt-tail*. He ſpawns in *April*, but is always in Seaſon, and may be fiſhed for at any Hour. Your *Hook* muſt be of the ſmalleſt Size, of what is called a *Louſe-Hook*.

## MINNOW, *or* PINK.

HIS RIVERS. All thoſe where the *Trout* breeds.

HAUNTS. Are leaſt in deep ſtill Places where *Trouts* lie, but in ſhallow and ſwifter Streams.

BAITS. Any ſmall *Worms*, *Paſte*, *Cadis*, or *Gentles*. They ſpawn in *April*, and bite at Bottom

Bottom or Mid-water all Day, if it is clear, but never in dark windy Weather, or in the Night, when the *Trout* is moſt ravenous for Prey. Uſe a Float in fiſhing for him.

## MULLET.

HIS RIVERS are, thoſe in the *South* of *England*, near the Sea; chiefly at *Arundel* and *Chicheſter*, in *Suſſex*; the *Corniſh* Rivers; *Axe*, *Devonſhire*; and at *Poole*, in *Dorſetſhire*. It is not known whether there are any in Ponds.

HAUNTS. The ſame with the *Flounder*, they come and return with the Tide.

BAITS. *Red-worms* of all Sorts, *Waſps*, *Gentles*; and at Top, all the Flies that the *Trout* takes, but the artificial ones muſt be ſomewhat larger than for the *Trout*. Alſo a *Lob* or a *Marſh-worm* within two Foot of the Bottom.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. Are in Seaſon from *May* to *September*; they bite every Tide, ſometimes better at Ebb, at other times during Flood, and that very freely.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. He is ſhy, wary, and ſtrong, therefore you muſt angle cautiouſly, and be provided with Tackle accordingly.

## PEARCH.

HIS RIVERS. *Thames*, at *Iſleworth*, and about the *Eights*, and from *Windſor* upwards; *Mole*, in *Surry*; and the *Colne*, below *Colnbrook*, very famous; *Roddon* and *Lea*, *Eſſex*; *Charwel*, *Oxfordſhire*; *Avon*, *Warwickſhire*; *Nyne*, *Northamptonſhire*; and moſt of the Rivers in *England*. He is alſo a *Pond* Fiſh.

HAUNTS. A gravelly Scower, chiefly in any Eddy or turning of the Water, where the Stream

is gentle, and of a tolerable Depth, or in the Holes of Pits, and near any hollow Bank, Piles of Bridges, or the Roots and Stumps of Trees; but he commonly roves in the Day in Search of Spoil.

BAITS. They will take almoſt any thing except a *Fly*; *Roach* or *Dace* cut in Pieces; *Bats*, *Gentles*, *Paſtes*, are all good; but better the *Minnow*, ſmall *Frog*, and *Lob-worm*, or *Red-worm*, well ſcoured. Uſe of *Worms* at Bottom, the *Red-worm*, in *March*; the *Oak-worm*, a young *Frog*, or a *Red-ſnail*, in *April*; *Dock-worms*, or what breeds on the *Oſier*, *Oak*, or *Hawthorn* Leaves, in *May*; the *Red-worm*, with the Head nipt off, and a *Cadis* or a *Dor*, put on before it, in *June*; a large *Graſhopper*, or *Earth-Grub*, in *July*; and *Red-worms*, or *Brandlings*, in *Auguſt*, and all the Months after. *Ground-bait* with *Lob-worms* cut in Pieces.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They ſpawn but once a Year, about *February* or *March*. In Summer they bite all Day long, if it is cool, and the Weather gloomy and windy; yet his principal Times are from ſeven till ten in the Forenoon, and in the Afternoon, from two to ſix, and in hot Days later. He bites very little in Winter, unleſs in a warm Day, and about the Middle of it.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Be ſure give them Time in biting (you can ſcarce ever give them too much, unleſs they be ſmall ones) eſpecially when you fiſh with a *Minnow*, or ſmall *Frog*. The *Minnow* muſt have the Hook put through his back Fin, or his upper Lip; the *Frog*, through the upper Part of the Skin of his Leg, and you fiſh with theſe at Mid-water, or a little lower: Your Float muſt be pretty large. Some, when they uſe *Worms*, let the Bait touch the Bottom, but, about ſix

Inches

Inches from it, is more generally approved of. If you find a Hole of them, you may catch them all; but take care not to drop one off your Hook, for then all is over for that Time *there*; but you will meet with them again in an Hour or two. Whip your Hook to a ſmall Wire when you fiſh with a *Minnow*, for Fear of a *Pike*; and uſe the Inſtrument in diſengaging your Hook mentioned *p.* 140.

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## PIKE, LUCE, PICKEREL, *or* JACK.

HIS RIVERS. *Perrat* and *Ivel*, *Somerſet*, have the largeſt, fatteſt, and moſt, in the Kingdom. The long Drain from *Peterborough* to *Wiſbich*, and through all the Fens, and moſt of the Rivers of *Suffolk*; *Nyne*, *Northamptonſhire*; *Ilford*, *Lea*, and moſt of the *Eſſex* Rivers, and thoſe of *Dorſetſhire*; they avoid brackiſh Rivers, and that are near the Sea. Are alſo a Lake or Pond Fiſh.

HAUNTS. An unfrequented Place, that is quiet and ſhady, among *Ruſhes*, *Water-docks*, *Weeds*, and *Buſhes*, on a ſandy, chalk or clay Bottom; is very fond of ſuch a Situation, or retired Corner in a River, when any Brook, Ditch, or Spring, runs into it. They get upon the clear gravelly Shallows from *May* to *September*, and then retire deeper.

BAITS. He takes all Sorts but a *Fly*. The principal are, large *Gudgeons*, *Roach*, or ſmall *Dace*, the two laſt are his favourite ones; large *Minnows*, *Loaches*, *Bull-heads*, and *Bleak*; ſmall *Gregs*, or a Bit of an *Eel*, are a tempting Morſel; but your *Fiſh-baits* muſt be very freſh and ſweet. In *July*, young *Frogs*; the yelloweſt are beſt: Some uſe fat *Bacon* in the Winter Months.

SEASONS,

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting.* They ſpawn about the End of *February*, or in *March*, and may be fiſhed for, ſix Weeks after, all the Year through. Their beſt biting Time is early and late from *April* to *July*, three in the Afternoon from *July* to *September*; and, the Winter Months, he bites all Day long, but ſeldom in the Night at any Time. You have beſt Sport in clear Water, and a Gale of Wind, on a dark cloudy Day, and (in muddy Rivers only) after a Flood, when the Water is growing clear. In hot, bright, ſultry Weather, when he lies *ſumming* at the Top, he bites not at all; nor in dark, rainy Weather, nor in *White-water*, *viz.* diſcoloured in the Swellings of Land-floods.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Give him Time to pouch the Bait, and ſtrike always directly upright. You may uſe either the *Ledger* (ſee *p.* 115.) or *Walking-bait*; *viz.* a Rod carried in your Hand, or angle with a *Dead-bait* (anointed as is directed *p.* 116.) Let your Rod be always of the longeſt, and uſe ſtrong Tackle, with Gimp or Braſs-wire next your Hook. Put the Hook in the Mouth of your *Bait-fiſh*, and never let it lie ſtill, but keep it moving up and down, nor ſink it above half a Yard under Water. Do not ſtrike when he runs away with it, but let him have Line, and go his own Time; when he returns, and goes off again, then ſtrike briſkly, but not too hard, and you are ſure of him. He is taken alſo by the *Trawl*, the *Snap*, and *Snaring*.

## POPE, *or* RUFF.

HIS RIVERS. *Yare*, in *Norfolk*, is the moſt famous; yet he is in many of the large Rivers. *Thames* about *Shepperton*, *Weybridge*, *Chertſey*, and *Staines*; *Cam*; *Iſis*; *Sow*, *Staffordſhire*; the *Lune*, running into *Trent*; *Mole* and *Wey*, *Surry*.

His

His HAUNTS are, a deep gentle Stream covered with Trees, where there is Sand or Gravel; they always flock in *Shoals* together. They ſpawn in *April*, will bite almoſt at any thing, *Gentles*, *Cadis*, and even, greedily, at a *Minnow* as big as themſelves; but a *Brandling* or *Red-worm* has the Preference. Earth thrown in by Handfuls, is an excellent *Ground-bait*; uſe then a Paternoſter-line, and you will catch from Top to Bottom, and as long as there is one Fiſh left in the Hole.

## ROACH, *or* RUD.

HIS RIVERS, the very ſame with the *Dace*; the *Thames*, and the *Lea*, are the principal; but they grow largeſt in Ponds. *Rud*, or broad *Roach*, and of a finer Kind, are in the Lakes near *Lincoln*, and thoſe about *Holderneſs*, *Yorkſhire*; and the Rivers, *Yare*, *Norfolk*; *Cherwell*, *Oxfordſhire*; and the *Roddon*, *Eſſex*, above *Ilford*.

His HAUNTS. Gentle ſhallow Streams, where is Sand or Gravel, with here and there deeper Holes at the Ends of Scouers, where they uſually lie; eſpecially againſt the Mouth of a ſmall Brook or River, emptying into a larger. The *Rud* feeds nearer the Top.

BAITS. All the *Dace* takes, and thoſe for the *Chub*, except that the *Flies* muſt be uſed under Water; he will riſe in hot Weather at a *May* or *Ant-fly*, uſed one particular Way (ſee Directions p. 170.) Uſe *Paſte* or *Gentles* in Winter; *Worms* or *Cadis* in *April*; in the very hot Months, a *Shrimp*, the little *White-ſnail*, or *Flies* (as above-mentioned) and a *Red-worm* in any windy Weather. Always uſe Ground-bait, as for the *Dace*.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. Spawns in Middle of *May*, and may be fiſhed for ſix Weeks after. Bites all Day long.

GE-

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. For *Thames*, Bottom and Stern-fishing (see the Notes, *p.* 169, 170.) *Rud* may be fished for as the *Dace*; at Top-water with a *Fly*, or a *Rud-worm* a little under. The *Rud* is very strong, struggles hard, and requires suitable Tackle, and Time in landing.

## SALMON.

HIS RIVERS. The six Summer Months, all those that communicate with the Sea. The best *Salmon* are in *Thames*, but they are few, he loving rather the colder Northern Rivers; of those, *Tweed* has the greatest Plenty, and *Tamer*, in *Cornwall*, of the Western Coast; even as to occasion a Distich;

Cornwall, *from* England, Tamer's *Streams divide*;
*Whence, with fat* Salmon, *all the Land's supply'd.*

He is in almost all Rivers in the Kingdom, but those on the Coasts of *Suffolk*, *Essex*, and *Sussex*. The *Wye* and *Usk*, *Monmouthshire*; and the *Ex*, *Devon*, contrary to all others, have the *Salmon* in Season the six Winter Months. *Salmon-Peal* are in the Rivers of *Dorset*, *Devon*, and *Yorkshire*. These never grow to above sixteen Inches.

HAUNTS. The clearest Waters, nearest the Spring-Heads in Summer; the deepest Part of a rapid Stream, in the Middle; and near the Ground, on pebble, chaulk, or gravelly Bottoms. *Salmon-Peal* chuse deep Holes, near the Bank, under the Root of a Tree.

BAITS. All those the *Trout* takes, especially a large *Lob-worm* exceedingly well scoured in Moss sixteen, twenty Days, or longer, with the Unguents recommended *Pages* 103, 104. and in the Notes. He is not so fond of a *Minnow*, nor of a *Fly*, as the *Trout*; of *Flies*, the live one succeeds best;

beſt; your *artificial Sort* muſt be large, and of flaring gaudieſt Colours, the Bodies made with gold and ſilver Threads, and with four, or, it is better, of ſix Wings, made ſtanding one before another, and both theſe and the Tail muſt be long. A raw *Cockle*, or *Muſcle*, taken out of the Shell, are recommended, or a *Prawn*. They are very nice and whimſical in the changing their Baits. For *Salmon-Peal*, the beſt Bait is a well ſcowered *Brandling*, bred in *Tanner's-bark*; and they will riſe at any *Trout-fly*.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. He bites from the Middle of *April* to *Auguſt*, about nine in the Forenoon, and three in the Afternoon, in a ſun-ſhiny Day that is rough and windy, eſpecially if it blows againſt the Stream. *Salmon-Peal*, Morning and Evening, all the Summer long.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Fiſh five times as ſtrong as for a *Trout*. You may uſe the *Ledger-bait* for a large *Salmon*, with a live white *Minnow*, *Loach*, *Gudgeon*, or *Dace*, at Mid-water; and ſome prefer that Depth, or a little lower, with a Worm; though it is common to fiſh that Way at Ground, either with a Float or Running-line. He is alſo trouled for. Your Hook muſt be large, armed with *Gimp*, or whipped on to two *Hog's* Briſtles.

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## SMELT.

HIS RIVERS. The *Thames*, and other great Rivers. Viſits them twice a Year, in *March* and *Auguſt*; in the firſt, is taken about *Chelſea* and *Hammerſmith*; in the laſt, ſeldom above *London-Bridge*.

BAITS. A *Gentle*, white *Paſte*, or a Bit of one of his own Species. Uſe a Pater-noſter-line.

STICKLE-

## STICKLEBACK.

IS found in every River, Pond, and Ditch; taken with a Bit of a *Red-worm*, and never uſed but as a Bait, with his Prickles cut off, for other Fiſh, as *Pike*, *Trout*, and *Eel*.

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## TENCH.

HIS RIVERS. *Stower*, in *Dorſetſhire*; *Wal-land*, *Lincolnſhire*, has *Tench* of five Pounds Weight. All the Rivers near *Harwich*, and the Drains in the Fens about *Ely*, breed very large, particularly *Wintleſea-mere*; alſo *Brecknock-mere*, in *Wales*. He is chiefly a Pond Fiſh.

HAUNTS. Are the ſame with the *Carp*, only he loves the fouleſt and muddieſt Bottoms among Weeds.

BAITS. *Marſh*, *Lob*, or *Red-worms*, anointed with *Tar*, or the Unguent mentioned in the Note, *p.* 137. *Waſps*, *Gentles*, *Cadis*, *Paſte* of brown *Bread* and *Honey*, with a little *Tar*. *Ground-bait* with *Blood* and *Grains* mixed.

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They are beſt from the Beginning of *September* till the End of *May*. In *June* or *July* they ſpawn, and are out of Seaſon the hot Months; yet then they bite freeſt, even all Night long. Early and late, as for the *Carp*, are the uſual Hours, in a ſtill, ſmooth Water, and beſt in a cloudy, drizling, or rainy Morning, when it is warm, with a ſouth or weſt Wind.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. You muſt fiſh ſtrong, and near the Bottom; or, with a *Marſh* or *Flag-worm*, more near the Middle; allow him a great deal of Time in biting. He is no ſhy Fiſh. In hot Weather you may ſnare them at Top of the Water, as the *Pike*, with a double haired Link,

not

not over-twiſted, hung in a Nooſe, tied to a Line, on a long Rod: Let it fall ſoftly before him on the Water, without touching him, till you have brought it over his Gills; then pull gently, and you have him.

## TROUT.

HIS RIVERS. All thoſe of *Hampſhire* and *Derbyſhire* are famous. He is found in moſt, that are clear ones, of the Kingdom, except on the *Eſſex*, *Suffolk* and *Suſſex* Coaſts. Near *London*, the *Lea*, above *Waltham*; the *Thames*, about *Iſleworth*, and upward, and all the Rivers that run into it from the *Surry* Side; *Lewiſham* River, and the Brooks in *Kent*; and *Uxbridge* River abound with fine *Trout*.

HAUNTS. Small purling Streams, that are clear and ſwift, uſually on the Side, or in the Eddies of the Stream, and in the quieteſt Place; in a dead Hole, behind ſome Stone, Stump, or a Point of Land that ſtands ſhooting out, and makes a moving in the Water like an Eddy; eſpecially under a Shade of a Buſh, or hollow hanging Bank. At a Stream-tail in Spring, and latter End of Summer, in *May* he keeps the upper End; and on the Shallows in Summer, or at the Aprons or Tails of Mills.

BAITS. A *Lob-worm* and *Brandling* are the chief; how to bait your Hook with theſe, ſee *p.* 68. 265. 266. though any Sort of *Worm* is grateful to him; but a large *Worm* is beſt in a thick, and a ſmaller in a clear Water. *Cadis* is another excellent Bait at Bottom, and the moſt holding through the Year. Two or three put on the Hook together, and ſometimes joined to a *Worm*, have very good Effect. *Minnow*, or any ſmall

Fiſh,

Fish, half a Foot or Foot under Water; *Bull-head* with his back Fin cut off, which is better, or *Loach*, which is beſt of all (how to order theſe, ſee *p.* 69. 272.) All *Flies*, natural or artificial, at Top; and of theſe the *May-fly*, *Palmer-fly*, *Stone-fly*, *Green-drake*, *Aſh*, *Fern*, and *Ant flies*; or a *Graſhopper* in dipping, as for *Chub* (ſee *p.* 45.)

SEASONS, *and Hours of biting*. They ſpawn about *October* or *November*; are out of Seaſon from about the Middle of *October* to the ſame Time in *March*, and in Seaſon all the Summer half Year. *April*, *May*, and *June* is his Prime. *Hours of biting are*, from Sun-riſe till within about an Hour and half of Noon, and from two till Sun-ſet, or later, and he may be fiſhed for all Night; but nine in the Morning, and three in the Afternoon, are his moſt certain Hours, either at *Ground* or *Fly*. A Water-clearing after a Flood, or dark, cloudy, and gloomy Weather, when it is windy, is moſt favourable for Sport. In *March*, *April*, *September*, and a Part of *October*, the warmeſt ſun-ſhiny Weather, and Middle of the Day, is beſt. In little chryſtal Brooks, when a Shower has raiſed and diſturbed the Water, or a Mill is firſt ſet going, it is of great Advantage, following the Courſe of the Current: And little is to be expected in ſuch Places when the contrary, unleſs they have been ſwelled ſome Time before by Land-floods.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS. Fiſh as ſtrong and fine as poſſible, and uſe the utmoſt Caution to keep unſeen. In muddy or white Water, as ſome term it, you may be more bold, fiſh coarſer, and ſtand nearer, and with a *Worm*, than with a *Fly*; unleſs when you fiſh with it in the Fly manner, or with a ſmall *Brandling*, which is the beſt Way of all in a clear Water (of which ſee full Inſtructions

*p.* 267.)

*p.* 267.) In angling with a *Float* or *Ledger-bait*, lie as near the Bottom as you can, without dragging. When with a *Fly*, keep it always playing upon the Water, drawing it up and down the Stream, as the Wind will permit. When your Flies are dead on the Hook, cut off their Wing, put one Shot to ſink them about Mid-water, and you will find your Account. After a Shower they will riſe greedily at *Gnats*: In the Evening, of a hot Day, dib with a *Graſhopper*, on a ſhort Line, as for *Chub* (ſee *p.* 45.) Where you find many *Minnows* or *Chub*, expect few or no *Trouts* in that Place. You need make but three or four throws in a Stand, for if a *Trout* takes not your Bait then, there is none there, or he will not come nigh it at all. Some *Ground-bait* the Night before.

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# Short RULES

## Concerning

1. The *Tackle*. 2. *Baits*. 3. The ſeveral *Ways of Fiſhing*. 4. *Weather* proper for *Angling*.

I. IN Choice of a Rod, made up now very cheap, and in Perfection, at the Shops in *London*, let it not in Length exceed five, or at moſt ſix Yards; all longer are unmanageable, and will not anſwer to the Motion of the Hand in ſtriking or throwing out; thoſe of Cane are better than of Hazel, as being lighteſt for a Fly. See that they are taper, and decreaſe gradually, and the Whale-bone Joint be light, and End ſmall, for if that be ſtiff and unpliable, or top-heavy, it will not, as they term it, mount well; that is, you cannot

cannot ſtrike true, but it will endanger breaking your Tackle, or loſing the Fiſh. Chuſe your *Hazel ones* of old well-ſeaſoned Wood; new and green will warp, and an Hour's fiſhing in the Rain or Sun will ſpoil them. Rods are beſt preſerved in Winter, by keeping them dry, and laying them by rubbed over with Tallow. HAIRS of all Sorts may be bought in Links of every Size, ready twiſted or ſingle. Single Hairs ſhould be glaſs-coloured round and even; for ſtrong fiſhing, *Indian-graſs*, or *Silk-worm* Gut, are beſt. Floats of Quill or Cork, may alſo be had of all Sizes; and Cork one's for the eaſe and better Direction of the Eye, ſteadier ſwimming, and on many Accounts, have the Preference. Chuſe your Hooks never too large, a ſmaller Hook, of its particular Sort, being much the beſt for all Purpoſes; and be ſure that it be never too ſhort in the Shank. Thoſe that are at a Diſtance from Town, or are deſirous to make and prepare their own Tackle, may ſee Directions for it *p.* 192, 193, 194. 227, 228.

II. *Worms*, *Gentles*, and the uſual Sorts of *artificial Flies*, are ſold ready prepared at the Shops: But as all are not near that Convenience, *Lob-worms* are found in Gardens, or Meadow Grounds, after Rain, by the Help of a Lanthorn, in the Night: The beſt of theſe are thoſe which have a red Head, a ſtreak down the Back, and a broad Tail. *Brandlings*, a pale Worm, *Gilt-tails*, another of this Kind, with a yellow Liſt on the Tail, and *Red-worms*, are all found in fat rotten Earth or Dunghills, chiefly of Cow or Hog's Dung, but the beſt are in Tanner's-bark; the *Marſh*, a bluiſh Worm, in marſhy Grounds; all theſe may be ſcoured in Fennel or Moſs waſhed clean, wetted,

ſqueezed

queezed dry, and often changed; but the beſt Way is, to take a Piece of very coarſe Cloth, hat has never been in the Fulling-mill, waſhed lean and dried, then ſoaked in freſh Beef-liquor, n which there has been no Salt, for that would ill them; wring it, but not too dry: Lay it in a road deep-glazed earthen Pan, and your Worms n it, to creep through, and ſcour themſelves in. Rinſe it out in the ſame Sort of Liquor again every wo Days, and your Worms will keep a Month, et in a cool Place, and be in excellent Order; *Bole Armoniac* put to them will haſten their ſcouring; put what you want for preſent uſe in wetted Moſs ſqueezed; *Gentles* may be made by the Direction *p.* 174. *Clap-bait*, is a whitiſh Maggot ound at any Time under a *Cow-turd*. *Earth-Grub*, the Brood of the *Beetle*, in any freſh loughed Lands: Way to preſerve them, ſee . 173. *Flag-worm*, *Dock-worm*, is found by lucking up thoſe Plants, waſhing their Roots from he Earth, and in their Fibres are little Caſes of a ed or yellow Colour; open theſe with a Pin and ou will find the Worm; but the better Sort lie n the round Stalk, after you have pulled the Flag way: They are kept in Bran as the *Gentle*. *Aſh-Grubs*, a ſoft white Inſect, are found lying bent Head to Tail under the Bark of any decayed Aſh, Oak, Alder, Birch, or any Tree that has laid any ime fallen; to be kept alſo in Bran. *Palmer-worms*, and all others bred on Herbs or Trees, ay be found on their reſpective Plants, and kept, y putting them, with the Leaves of each, into ttle Boxes with Holes to let in Air. *Oak* or *Aſh-*, is found on the Body of thoſe Trees, its Head ownwards near the Root. *Hawthorn*, and other *lies*, by beating the Boughs of Hawthorn, &c.

*Ant-flies*

*Ant-flies* are dug out of their Hills about *July*; a Way of keeping them, see *p.* 172. *Cadis* are got out of any Brook or Ditch by a River, as in the Note *p.* 178, and are kept as in *p.* 177. *May*, and other *Flies*, by the Sides of every River. *Artificial Flies*, a sufficient Variety of them may be bought at the Tackle Shops, and those that have Leisure, and are curious, have Directions (*p.* 77. *& seq.* 230. 232. 243 *to* 260.) through every particular Month, for making them.

III. The *Ways of fishing* are several. GROUND ANGLING is for all Waters and Seasons, and is the Foundation of the Art; and is, 1. With the *Ledger*, or *fixed Bait*, when the Rod is stuck in, or rested upon the Bank, of which see full Directions *p.* 112 *to* 116. This Way is used for all Fish, especially *Trout*, *Pike*, *Chub*, and *Eel*. 2. By *Hand*, or with the *Running-line*, *viz.* with so many Shot on it as will sink it to the Bottom, and suffer the Bait to be carried with the Stream; and this must always be proportioned to the Strength or Weakness of the Current. In this you use no Float, but the Bite is easily seen by the Top of the Rod, or felt from the Hand; keep the Line strait, and strike upright. It is an excellent Way for *Trout*, *Barbel*, *Gudgeon*, and other Fish. Methods of this, see *p.* 157. 265. *& seq.* 3. With the *Float*, which, in Opposition to the *Ledger*, is called the *Walking-bait*. In swift Streams, Floats of Cork are best; in gentler, those of Quill. You are to plumb the Depth of your Water, and use Ground-bait, *p.* 268. 2-4. 4. With *Night-Hooks*, *viz.* many Hooks, tied about half a Yard distant to a long Line or Cord, baited with Worms or small Fish, thrown in an Evening, cross the Bottom of a River, with a

Weight

eight to ſink it, and taken up in the Morning. hese four Methods are the whole of *Ground-gling*.

MID-WATER-FISHING is with any live *Fiſh-it* or *Worm*, or other Bait, in the Middle, or mewhat lower, and ſometimes again, within a oot of the Surface, for *Trout*, *Pike*, *Pearch*, or *bub*; for the three former of theſe, they very ten in this Way make uſe of the *Trouling-line*, hich is ſold ready-made at the Tackle-ſhops; nd, in the uſe of which, any common Angler ay direct you.

FLY-FISHING, which is the laſt Method, is ually on the very Top of the Water, and ſome-nes, when your Obſervation will ſhow you the ſh crave it ſo, a very little under; your Rod uſt be long, and your Line alſo, if you have Vind to carry it from you, otherwiſe one of half e Length is beſt. This muſt always be done in ear Water, and in which you uſe neither Lead r Float. Contrive, if you can, to have the n in your Face, the Wind in your Back, and ways throw up the Stream, and let only your y touch the Water.

*N. B.* After Floods or Rains *angle at Ground*. hen the Streams are beginning to clear, or *after* Shower that has not mudded them, but only aten down the *Flies* and *Gnats*, or *in* the Shower, you are inclined to ſtand it, *angle with a Fly*.

IV. The Weather, the laſt Conſideration, is, *Improper*. In a ſtrong Eaſt or cold Northerly ind. After a long Drought. In the Middle of ys that are exceſſive hot, eſpecially in muddy clear ſhallow Rivers. When there has been ite Froſt in the Morning. In Days of high ind. Where they have been long waſhing

Sheep.

Sheep. Juſt after Fiſh have ſpawned. Upon riſing of any ſudden Clouds that prove to preceed Rain. The Days following dark, cloudy, or windy Nights. When Rivers, eſpecially ſmall ones, are pent up by Flood-gates or Mills, and run low. 2. The moſt *proper Times* are, in calm clear Weather. In a briſk South or weſt Breeze; if you can find Shelter, no matter how high it be. When in the hotteſt Months it is cool and cloudy. After Floods, when the Water fines, and is of a *Whey-colour*. After a haſty violent Shower has a little muddied and ſwelled the Tide, eſpecially for Ground-fiſhing. A little before any Fiſhes ſpawning, when they are ſeen rubbing themſelves on the gravelly Shallows. When a River is very much ſwelled, and runs violent, in any ſtill Pit, then, by its Sides, the Mouth of any ſlow Creek running into it, and the Ends of Bridges, where the Water runs calm and quiet, if not too deep, there is admirable Sport. When Flaſhes are let down, or Mills ſet going, if you follow the Courſe of the Water.

The few brief Obſervations under theſe four Heads, contain a *Summary* of the Angler's Knowledge, and include the Subſtance of many modern Volumes that have been written on the Subject, and affect to turn all into Myſtery, Study, and Art, that ſhould be ſuppoſed to treat of nothing more than *ſimple* and *mere* Recreation.

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# ERRATA.

PAGE 19. l. 2. for *shall I*, read *I shall*. P. 37. l. 5. dele *for*; and l. 6. instead of *the Preservation*, read *for the Preservation*. P. 56. at Bottom, at *or Hill*, dele *or*. P. 66. l. 6. for *Dug*, read *Dark*. P. 94. at Bottom, read *le* a *Rule*. P. 168. for C. XVI. read XVII. P. 186. in Verses, for *Peke or*, read *Peak her*. P. 214. l. 8. read *be* it *low*. P. 226. l 21. for *your quick Fly*, read *your Fly quick*. P. 230. l. 2. for *and* read *as*. P. 236. l. 12. after *principal* [illegible] *Months*, instead of what follows, read, *are* August, September, *and* October, *especially the Middle or latter End of the last, if not severe Weather*.

*FINIS.*

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